LVCANS
PHARSALIA:
OR, THE
CIVIL WARRES
of *Rome*, between *Pompey* the great, and *Julius Cæsar*.
AN
Historical Poem being
till the Death of *Julius Cæsar*.

Englished by THOMAS MAY, *Esquire*.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Shears*, and are to be sold at the Bible in *Bedford*-street in *Coven*-garden, and in the *New-Exchange*,
1659.

THis dying Figure that rare Lucan *showes,*
Whose lofty genius *great* Apollo *chose*
When Roman liberty oppreſt ſhould dye,
To ſing her ſad, and ſolemne obſequy
In ſtately numbers, high, as Rome *was great;*
And not ſo much to yeares indebted yet,
As thou, fam'd Maro, *when thy infant verſe*
The Gnats low funerall did firſt reherſe.
Thy favour'd Muſe *did find a different fate;*
Thou gott'ſt Auguſtus *love, hee* Nero's *hate:*
But twas an act more great, and high to move
A Princes envie, then a Princes love.

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1659

TO THE RIGHT Honourable WILLIAM, Earle of *Devonshiere*, &c.

MY LORD,

THe great subject of this stately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, have enboldned me to present the Translation (how meanely soever I have performed it) to your

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Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high, and rich conceits of *Lucan* from your deepe judgement shall finde their proper, and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor*, an easie, and gentle censure. The matter of this Worke is a true Historie adorned and heightned with *Poeticall raptures*, which doe not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth, but give it a more sweete and pleasant relish. The History of it is the greatest of Histo-

ries

ries, the affaires of *Rome*, whose transcendent greatnes will admit no cõparison with other *States* either before, or after it; *Rome* was then at that great height, in which S. *Augustin* wished to have seen it, which after Ages almost with adoration have admired, and do rather conjecture then fully comprehend. The blood of her valiant citizens, and the conquests, and triumphs of so many ages had raised her now to that unhappy height, in which shee

could neither retaine her freedom without great troubles, nor fall into a *Monarchy* but most heavy and distastfull. In one the greatnesse of private Citizens excluded moderation: in the other the vast strength, and forces of the Prince gaue him too absolute and vndetermined a power. The vices of *Rome* did at this time not only grow vp to their power, but ouerthrow it. *Luxury* and *Pride*, the wicked daughters of so noble a Mother as the *Roman Virtue*,

Virtue, beganne to consume that which brought them forth. These were the seeds of that faction, which rent the State, and brought in violently a change of government. The two heads of this great division (if wee may terme *Pompey* the head of a faction, & not rather the true servant of the publike State) were *Pompey* the great, and *Julius Cæsar*, men of greater eminence then the former ages had seene any, whose prosperous atchivements in forraine

forreine wars had too far enabled them to ruine that state, which before they served. The Author of it was a noble Roman, rich in his minde as his large fortunes, of whose happy conceits, and high raptures I forbeare to dispute, or any way anticipate your Lordships judgement. To whose noble censure I refer both the Author, and my poore endeavours, and shall ever rest,

Your Lordships to command,

THO: MAY.

THE LIFE OF MARCVS ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

MARCVS *Annæus Lucanus* was by nation a Spaniard, and borne at *Cordoba*. His fathers name was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, sonne to *Lucius Annæus Seneca* the Oratour, and brother to *Iulius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the Philosopher, *Nero's* Tutor. The two elder Brothers employed at *Rome* in state affaires (especially *Seneca*) arrived at the height both of dignity, and renowne. They were both Senatours, and by their worthy endeavours deserved not onely to bee powerfull in their owne times, but famous to all posterity. *Marcus Mela* the youngest brother content with that title, which his birth gave him, a *Romane* knight, and preferring the sweetnesse of a country life before the glorious trouble

of

of Court employment, lived at home at his native *Corduba*; hee married *Casia Acilia* the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator, on whom hee begat *Marcus Annæus Lucanus* surnamed of his grandfather by the mothers side. *Annæus Mela*, though but a Roman Knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, and hee begate *Lucan*, no small addition to his greatnesse; a great Testimony of *Lucan's* worth from so judicious an authour as *Cornelius Tacitus*. He was borne at *Corduba*, the third of the Nones of *November* in the second Consulship of *Caius Cæsar Germanicus* with *Lucius Cæsianus*. When he was eight moneths old, his father brought him to *Rome*, to season his infancy (so soone as it might bee capable) with the choisest education in learning and manners. At which time (if we may credit fame, and as was before reported of *Plato*) Bees swarmed about the childes cradle, and pressed in clusters toward his mouth. A happy presage (as the learned interpreted it) of his future wit, and admired eloquence. His Tutors, and Schoolemasters were the most eminent, and famous men of those times, *Rhemnius Palæmon* the Grammarian, and *Flavius Virginius* the Rhetorician. By whose carefull instructions, as by his owne diligence, and admirable facility of naturall wit, he arrived in

a short

a short time to an high perfection as well in the Greeke, as *Romane* language. Of all his schoolefellowes hee most used the friendship of *Saleius Bassus*, & *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. Hee marryed *Pollia Argentaria* the daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a Noble, Rich, and learned Lady. Brought to the Court by his Vncle *Seneca*, he grew suddainly into great favour with *Nero* the Emperour. He was made Questor before the usuall time, and admitted into the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what virtue could long be safe in such a Court? the jealous tyrant being not able to brooke another mans praises; who amongst all his other cruelties, was most severe in depressing the fame of deserving Men. *Nero* therefore envying the Wit, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, suppresst his Works, and forbade him any more to recite Verses. Which indignity of all other most hard to bee endured (as witty *Martiall*,

Qui velit ingenio cedere rarus erit.)

Discontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Pisos* conspiracie. The conspiracie detected, *Lucan* by *Nero* was commanded to die, but liberty given him to choose his death. Who after a full feast, bad the Physitians cut his veines; and when he perceived through losse of blood his hands, and feete to waxe cold, and the vitall spirits forsaking the outward parts of his body,

dy, with a minde, and looke undaunted hee recited these Verses of his owne in the third booke of his Pharsalia.

Scinditur avulsus, nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis cadit undique venis;
Discursusque anima diversa in membra meantis
Interceptus aquis; nullius vita perempti
Est tanta dimissa via.

But others say he did not repeat these Verses, but those in the ninth Booke,

Sanguis erant lachryma: quacunque foramina novit
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora redundant,
Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenis
Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere corpus.

These were his last words. Hee dyed the day before the Calends of May, in the seven and twentyeth yeare of his age, *Nerva Sylanus* and *Vestinius Atticus* being Consuls. He was buryed at Rome in his owne most faire, and sumptuous Gardens.

To my chosen Friend,

The learned Translator of LVCAN, THOMAS MAY, Esquire.

VVHen, Rome, I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And see both climing up the slippery staire
Of Fortunes wheele by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line some pin thereof should slacke
At least, if not the generall Engine cracke.
But when againe I view the parts so poiz'd,
And those in number so, and measure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calme Brutus tenor start; but all along
Keepe due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me ravish'd with just wonder, cry
VVhat Muse, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan these true moodes! replyes my sense
VVhat gods but those of arts, and eloquence?
Phœbus, and Hermes? They whose tongue, or pen
Are still th'interpreters twixt gods, and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucans whole frame unto us, and so wrought,
As not the smallest joynt, or gentlest word
In the great masse, or machine there is stirr'd?
The selfe same Genius! so the Worke will say,
The Sunne translated, or the Sonne of May.

Your true friend in Iudgement
and Choise

BEN. IONSON.

Vpon this unæquall'd worke, and the Author.

Rome had beene still my wonder: I had knowne
Lucan, *in no expression but his owne:*
And had, as yet conjectur'd it, a wrong,
To have prais'd Cæsar in another tongue.
To bring forth One, that could but understand,
I thought a pride too great, for any Land,
Yea, for Romes *selfe. Who would be pos'd to tell*
How great she was, when she could write so well.
Till truth was neeter brought by thee: till I
Found Lucan *Languag'd, like my infancy.*
Till Rome *was met in* England *in that State,*
That was, at once, her greatnesse, and her fate;
So, all to us discover'd, that nought's hid.
Which either she could speake, or Cæsar did.
Beyond which, nothing can be done by thee,
Though thou hadst more of Lucan, *then we see*
Reveal'd in this: wherein there is so much
Of miracle, that I, durst doubt him, such
As thou hast rendred him. But that I know
Thy crosse to be thy friend, and Lucans *foe.*
Whom thou hast made so much thy selfe, that wee
May almost strive about his Pedigree;
Since Rome, *hath nothing left, to proove him hers*
But the foule instance of his Murtherers.
How neatly hast thou robb'd her of his name,
That she can onely reskew't with a shame,
Which may she doe: whilst Nations reckon thee,
Lucan in all, except Romes *infamy.*

I. VAVGHA

LVCANS PHARSALIA.

The first Booke.

The Argument of the first Booke.

The fatall causes of this warre are showne,
Enraged Cæsar *passes Rubicon,*
Invades Arim'num, where to him from Rome
Curio, *and both the banish'd Tribunes come*
With new incitements to these civill Warres.
Cæsar's *Oration to his Souldiers,*
Bold Lælius *protestation, which by all*
The rest confirmed makes the Generall
Draw out from every part of France at once
His now dispers'd, and wintring Legions,
Romes feare, great Pompey *with the Senate, flyes;*
Heaven, ayre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies.
The Prophets thence, and learned Augures show
The wrath of Heaven, and Romes ensuing woe.

Arres more then civill on Æmathian Plaines
We sing: rage licens'd; where great Rome distaines
In her owne bowels her victorious swords;
Where kindred hoasts encounter, all accords

Of Empire broke: where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the shaken world from farre
Is met; knowne Ensignes Ensignes doe defie,
Pikes (a) gainst Pikes, gainst Eagles Eagles fly.
What fury, Countreymen, what madnesse cou'd
Moove you to fealt your foes with Roman bloud?
And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
Whilst yet proud Babylon unconquer'd held
The boasting trophæs of a Roman hoast,
And unrevenged wander'd *Crassus* (b) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you have tane,
With that blouds losse, which civill hands have drawne?
Yours had been *Titans* rising, yours his set,
The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heat,
And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas;
The Seres yours, the wild Araxes too,
And those that see Niles spring, if any doe.
Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
Thou love, when all the world is overcome,
Turne backe thy hand: thou didst not want a Foe.
But now that walles of halfe fall'n houses so
Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
Of ruin'd walles, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
That untill'd Italy's with weeds orespread,
And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
Nor thou hereo *Pyrrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
This waste have made, no sword could reach so farre,
Deepe pierce the wounds receiv'd in civill warre.
But if no other way to *Neroes* reigne
The Fates could find, if gods their Crownes obtaine
At such deare rates, and Heav'n could not obey
Her *Iove*, but after the sterne Gyants fray;
Now we complaine not, gods, mischiefe and warre
Pleasing to us, since so revenged, we

Let dire *Pharſalia* growne with armed Hoaſts,
And gluc with bloud the Carthaginians Ghoſts;
With theſe let *Munda's (c)* farall Battle goe,
Mutina's (d) Siedge, *Peruſia's (e)* famine roe:
To theſe add *Actium's (f)* bloody Navall fight,
And neere Sicilia *(g)* ſeenes lavish Fleete.
Yet much owes Rome to civill enmity
For making thee our Prince; when thou the ſky,
Though late, ſhalt clime, and change thine earthly reigne,
Heaven, as much grac'd, with joy ſhall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whether thou wouldſt put on
Ioves Crowne, or ride in *Phebus* burning Throne,
(Earth will not feare the change) thence maiſt thou ſhine
Downe on thy World; to thee all powers divine
Will yield, and nature to thy choiſe will give
What god to be, or where in Heaven to live.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not regine,
Nor croſſe the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou ſhouldſt Rome behold,
If all thy weight one part of Heaven ſhould hold,
The Honour'd loade would bowe Heavens Axletree;
Hold thou the middle of the poyzed Sky:
Let all the ayre betweene tranſparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt us and *Cæſar* fly.
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and ſtrife,
And every Nation love a peacefull life:
Let peace through all the world in this bleſt ſtate
Once more ſhut warre-like *Ianus* Iron gate.
Oh be my god: If thou this breaſt inſpire,
Phebus from Cirrhees ſhades I'll not deſire,
Nor Nyſa's *Bacchus*, *Cæſar* can infuſe
Vertue enough into a Roman muſe.
The cauſe of theſe great actions Ile declare,
And ope a mighty Worke, what drew to warre
Our furious People and the World beſide.
Fates envious courſe, continuance ſtill deny'd

To mighty States, who greatest falls ſtill feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare.
So when the knot of Nature is diſſolv'd,
And the worlds Ages in one houre involv'd
In their old Chaos; Seas with Skies ſhall joyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded loſe their ſhine:
The Earth no longer ſhall extend her ſhore
To keepe the Ocean out: the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but ſcorning her old way
Croſſe him, and claime the guidance of the day:
The falling worlds now jarring frame no peace,
No league ſhall hold; great things themſelves oppreſſe;
The gods this bound to growing ſtates have ſet;
But to no Forraine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne envie ore great Rome, that awes
Both Land and Sea; ſhee's her owne ruines cauſe.
Subjected joyntly to three (*b*) Lords, how ill
Prove ſhared rules, accords, and fatall, ſtill?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th'happineſſe
To mixe your powres, and joyntly th'earth poſſeſſe?
Whilſt Land the Sea, and Ayre the Land ſhall bound,
Whilſt labouring *Titan* runnes his glorious round,
And through twelve heavenly ſignes night follows day,
No faith keepe thoſe that kingdomes joyntly ſway:
Rule brookes no ſharers; doe not this believe
In forraine ſtates, Rome can examples give.
A brothers blood did our firſt walls diſtaine,
Nor was the ſpacious earth and watry maine
This miſchiefes price: a refuge for theeves fled,
A little houſe this brothers hatred bred.

This jarring concord laſted for a ſpace:
Diſſembled twixt the two: for *Craſſus* was
The warres ſole let; like that ſmall necke of land,
That in the middſt of two great Seas does ſtand,
And will not let them joyne; that rent away,
Straight the Ionian meets th'Ægæan Sea:

So when warre-parting *Crassus* sadly slaine
With Romane blood did Asian Charan staine,
That Parthian losse to home-bred rags gave reines;
More then you thinke you did fierce Barthians
That day: our civill warre your conquest wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the sword is fought.
That State, that mistresse ore the World did reigne,
Rul'd Land and Sea, yet could not two containe.
For *Iulia's* (*t*) death, whom cruell Fates before
Had slaine, the pledge of their alliance bore
Downe to her grave, if Fate had spar'd her life,
Her furious husband, and sterne fathers strife
She had compos'd, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swords, and joyne in friendships bands:
As once the Sabin women enterpos'd
Their sires and husbands bloody jarres compos'd.
Thy death, faire *Iulia*, breakes off all accords,
And gives them leave againe to draw their swords:
On both sides powerfull æmulation beares
On their ambitious spirits. Great *Pompey* feares
That his piraticke Laurell should give place
To conquer'd France, and *Cæsars* deeds deface
His ancient triumphs; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place;
Nor now can *Cæsar* a superior brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere; who justlier tooke
Vp armes great Iudges differ, heaven approves
The conquering cause; the conquer'd *Cato* loves.
Nor were they æquall; one in yeares was growne,
And long accustom'd to a peacefull gowne
Had now forgot the Souldier: Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much sought
For popular praise: his Theaters loud shour
Was his delight; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.

As an old lofty Oake, that heretofore
Great Conquerers ſpoyles, and fained Trophees bore,
Stands ſtirne by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the ayre his naked boughes does ſpread,
And with his trunke, not leaues, a ſhaddow makes:
He, though each blaſt of Eaſterne winde him ſhakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd; but in *Ceſar* now
Remaines not onely a great Generalls name,
But reſtleſſe valour, and in warre a ſhame
Not to be Conquerour; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call
His forward Sword; confident of ſucceſſe,
And bold the favour of the gods to preſſe:
Orethrowing all that his ambition ſtay,
And loves that ruine ſhould enforce his way;
As lightning by the wind forc'd from a cloud
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loud,
Diſturbes the Day, the people terrifyes,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Ioves* owne Temple ſpares it; when no force,
No barre can hinder his prevailing courſe,
Great waſte, as fourth it ſallyes and retires,
It makes, and gathers his diſperſed fires.

Theſe cauſes moov'd the Cheifes, and ſuch as are
In mighty ſtates the common ſeeds of warre:
For ſince our Cheifs the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full, and vertue did to riches yield;
Since ſpoiles and warrelike rapine taught us ryot;
Exceſſe, in Plate, in buildings reignes, the dyet
Of former times we ſcorne; that ſoft attire,
That Women were aſham'd of, Men deſire;
Strength-breeding poverty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the ſpoyled world is ſought
The bane of States; thoſe Lands enerean'd they hold
In th' hands of unknowne Tenants, which of old

Camillus

Camillus plow-ſhare wounded, and the hands
Of th'ancient *Curij* till'd; the ſtate now ſtands,
Not as of old, when men from avarice free
Could live in peace, and wiſht but liberty.
Hence quarrels grow; what poverty eſteem'd
A vild offence: now's greateſt honour deem'd,
By Sword our Countries power in curbe to hold:
Might meaſures right: Lawes and decrees are ſold;
Conſuls and Tribunes jarres all right ſuppreſſe;
Faſces are bought, the peoples ſuffrages
Corruptly ſought, and given; hence bloody jarres
Oft ſtaine elections in the field of *Mars*:
So griping Vſury growes, ſo faith is loſt,
And civill warre, as gainefull, ſought by moſt.
By this time *Ceſar* the cold Alpes orepaſt
In his great thoughts the future warre had caſt,
And now to Rubicon's ſmall current come
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With count'nance ſad through dusky night appeares:
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haires
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd, when ſhe
Thus ſighing ſpeakes, oh whither carry yee
My Enſignes, Souldiers? If you come as friends,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (*t*)
A ſudden feare ſtraight chilles the Generals veines,
His haire's with horrour rais'd, faintneſſe detaines
His ſteps upon the banke; then thus he prayes:
Thou, *Iove*, whoſe eye theſe Citie walls ſurveyes
From thy Tarpeian hill: You Deities
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid myſteries,
Thou Larian *Iove* worſhipt on th'Alban mount,
You Veſtall fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greateſt God, bleſſe this attempt; not thee
Doe I invade: Conquerer by land and ſea
Thy *Ceſar* comes, thy Souldier ſtill: Be hee,
He in the faule, that caus'd this enmity.

Then brooking no delay, the ſtreame ſhowre-ſwell'd
He marches ore; ſo in a Lybian field
A Lion viewing his ſterne foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubt full ſtand:
But ſtraight when his Tailes ſwindge has made him hot,
And rais'd his ſhaggy Mane, from his wide throat
He roares; then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft have pierc'd his ſide, void of all feare,
Regardleſſe of that wound he ruſhes on.
Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a ſmall Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley does divide
Gallia from Italy, now Winter lent
Him ſtrength, and *Cynthia* her full hornes had ſpent
In ſhowres to raiſe his flood, and melted ſnow
The moiſt Eaſt-wind made downe the Alpes to flow.
The Horſe-men firſt are plac'd againſt the ſtreame,
To take the waters fury: under them
The Foote-men ſhelter'd found a paſſage ore
More calme, the current being broke before.
But now when *Cæſar* had ore-come the flood,
And *Italy's* forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leave, quoth he;
Farewell all Leagues: Fortune Ile follow thee.
No more wee'l truſt: Warre ſhall determine all.
This ſaid, by Night the active Generall
Swifter then Parthian back-ſhot ſhaft, or ſtone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum; when every ſtar
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd, that firſt theſe broiles ſhould ſee,
Either the moiſt South-winds, or Heavens decree
With pitchy Clouds darkened the fatall day;
When now the Souldiers by command made ſtay
I'th'Market place, ſhrill trumpets flouriſht round,
And the hoarſe Hornes wicked alarums ſound.

With this ſad noiſe the Peoples reſt was broke,
The young men roſe, and from the Temples tooke
Their Armes, now ſuch as a long peace had marr'd,
And their old bucklers now of leather's barr'd:
Their blunted Pikes not of a long time us'd,
And Swords with th'eatings of blacke ruſt abus'd.
The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
And *Cæſar* in the midd'ſt high mounted ſcene,
The townesmens trembling joynts for horror faint,
And to themſelves they make this ſad complaint:
Oh ill built Citie too too neere the Gaule,
Oh ſadly ſituated place; when all
The world have peace, we are the ſpoyle of warre,
And firſt that are invaded: happier farre
Might we have liv'd in farthest North, or Eaſt,
Or wandring tents of Scythia, then poſſeſt
The edge of Italy. This towne of ours
Firſt felt the furious Gaules, and Cimbrian powers,
Hither the Lybians firſt, and Germans come,
This is warres way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
Thus ſilently they mourne, and durſt not lend
Their griefe a word, nor teares in publicke ſpend:
As Birds by winters raging cold are ſtill'd,
And the mid-ocean does no murmur yeild.
But when bright day diſſolv'd the dampes of night,
The Fates new fire-brands bring, and ſtirre to fight
Cæſars yet doubting mind, leaving no pauſe
To ſhame, but fortune findes him out a Cauſe
Of armes, and labours to make juſt his warre.
The factious Tribunes by the Senate are
Againſt their ſacred privilege exil'de,
And by the *Gracchi's* (*l*) factious names revil'de.
These now to *Cæſar* came, and brought along
With them bold *Curio's* (*m*) mercenary tongue,
That tongue, that once the Peoples boldly ſtood
Gainſt armed great ones, for the publike good.

Hee when he ſaw the Generall muſing, ſaid,
While this my voice, *Cæſar*, thy cauſe could aide,
Wee did prorogue, though gainſt the Senate's will,
Thy government, while Oratories skill
Could turne the wavering Peoples hearts to thee;
But ſince by warres rough hand Lawes ſilenc'd be,
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it ſuſtaine
To be endeniz'd by thy Sword againe,
Whilſt their yet ſtrengthleſſe ſide is onely ſcar'd,
Vſe no delay: delay hurts men prepar'd.
A greater price on equall danger here
Is ſet; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeare
Thou haſt conſum'd, but here, one field well fought,
Rome has the world to thy ſubjection brought.
Now thy returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites: no Bayes for thee
Shall decke the Capitoll; baſe envies hands
Keepe backe thy due; conqueſt of warlike Lands
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: nor canſt thou now divide
The world; the world thou maiſt poſſeſſe alone.
This ſpeech gave fire to *Cæſar* too too prone
Before to warre; ſo peoples ſhouts raiſe more
A fierce Olympicke Steed ſtriving before
To force the Liſts, and breake th'oppoſing bars.
Straight to the Standard all his Souldiers
Cæſar aſſembling, 'midſt their murmuring noiſe
Commands a ſilence with his hand and voice.
Fellowes in Armes, that have endur'd with me
A thouſand ſtormes in ten yeares victory,
Have our ſpent bloods in northern Climes deſerv'd
This, all our wounds, ſo many winters ſerv'd
Vnder the Alpes? not more proviſion Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hannibal* had come
Over the Alpes: Cohorts they reinforce;
Forreſts are fell'd for Shipping; all the force

Of Land and Sea is arm'd gainſt *Cæſar* now.
What more (had wee beene vanquiſht) would they do?
If the fierce Gaules our flying backs purſu'd,
That dare now wrong us; when our warres conclude
Succesfully, and friendly Gods us call?
Let the long peace-infeebled Generall
His gownes, and new rais'd Souldiers bring alongs
Vaine names the *Catoes*, and *Marcellus* tongue.
Muſt he with Forreigne, and bought clients be
Glutted with ſtill continuing Soveraigntie?
Can he triumphant Chariots mount before
The Yeares appointed, (*n*) and let go no more
Honours (*o*) uſurp't? why ſhould I now complaine
Of the lawes breach, and famine (*p*) made for gaine?
Th'affrighted *forum* (*q*) with arm'd men beſet,
Drawne Swords invironing the Iudgment ſeat,
When 'gainſt all law, *Milo* for murder try'd
Pompey's proud Colours clos'd on every ſide?
Now left his age, though tir'd, a private ſtate
Should end, by impious civill warre his hate
Hee ſeekes to glut, ſcorning but to excell
His maſter *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell, (blood
Whom their fierce Damme with ſlaughtred Cattels
Was wont to nouriſh in th'Hyrcanian wood,
Nere loſe their fury: ſo thou *Pompey* us'd
To lick the blood that *Sylla's* ſwords effus'd
Retain'ſt thy former thirſt, never againe
Grow thoſe jawes pure, that blood did once diſtaine.
When wilt thou end thy too long tyranny,
Where bound thy (*r*) guilt? in this at leaſt to thee
A patterne let thy Maſter *Sylla* be
To leave off ſuch uſurped Soveraigntie.
After the Pirates, and tyr'd Pontick King,
Whoſe war to end ſcarce Poiſons (*s*) helpe could bring,
Muſt *Cæſar's* fall *Pompey's* laſt triumph make,
Becauſe commanded I did not forſake

My

My conquering Army? but if I be barr'd
My labours meede, let these have the reward
Of their long service; let these Souldiers all
Triumph, though under any Generall.
Where shall their bloodlesse age after the Warre
Find rest? what lands shall my old Souldiers share?
Where shall they plow? where shall their Citie stand?
Are Pirates, (t.) *Pompey*, worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away,
The strength that we have made, wee must imploy.
He gives the strongest all things, that denies
His due; nor want wee ayding Deities:
Nor spoile those armes doe seeke, nor Soveraignty:
But to free Rome, though bent to slavery.
Thus spake he: the yet doubting Souldiers
Vncertaine murmurs raise: though fierce with wars
Long use, their houshold gods their minds gan move,
And piety: but straight the swords dire love
And feare of *Cæsar* turn'd them backe againe.
Lelius the first Files leading did obtaine:
For saving of a Roman Souldier
Oake-crown'd, and freed from duties of the warre.
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Souldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieves us all
That such long patience kept thee from so just
A war: or didst thou not thine army trust?
While blood of life these breathing bodys warmes,
While brandish'd Darts fly from these agile armes,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates reigne endure?
In civil war is Conquest so impure?
Lead us through Libyas gulfes, cold Scythian land,
Lead us ore thirsty Affrickes scorched sand.
This arme the conquer'd world behind to leave
Has plow'd the British Oceans curled wave,
And broke the Rhines swift current; thy command
To doe, my will's as ready as my hand.

Hee's not my friend, gainſt whom thy trumpets ſound.
By theſe thy Colours, which ten Camps have found
Ever victorious, *Cæſar*, here I ſweare,
And by thy triumphs, ore what foe ſoe're,
If thou command me ſpill my brothers life,
Kill my old Father, or my pregnant wife,
Ile do't though with a moſt unwilling hand;
Fire Temples, rob the gods at thy command.
Great *Iunoes* Temple in our flames ſhall ſinke:
If to encampe on Tuſcan Tybers brinke,
Ile boldly pitch in Italy thy tent,
If to diſmantle townes be thy intent,
Theſe armes of mine the battering Rams ſhall place,
Although the citie thou wouldſt quite deface,
Were Rome it ſelfe. The Souldiers all agree,
And promiſe him their lifted hands on high
To any war. Their ſhout not that can paſſe,
Which the loud blaſt of Thracian *Boreas*
On piny Oſſa makes, and bowes amaine
The rattling wood, or lets it riſe againe.
Cæſar perceiving that the Fates gave way
To warre, and his men prone, fearing delay,
His troopes through France diſperſ'd ſtraight calling home
With flying Colours marches on to Rome.
They leave their tents pitcht by Lemanus (*u*) Lake,
And thoſe on Vogeſus high Rocks forſake,
Which aw'd the painted Lingones ſo ſtrong,
Iſara's Fords they leave, that runne ſo long
Alone; but in a River of more fame
Falling to'th Ocean beares another name.
The yellow Ruthens eas'd of their long feare:
Mild Arax joyes no Roman ſhips to beare;
And Varus Italies increaſed bound,
That haven *Alcides* conſecrated ground
With Cliffes orelookes the Sea; no Northweſt winds
Nor Weſt blow there: *Circius* their proper wind

Reignes there, where ſafe *Alcides* fort does ſtand,
And that ſtill doubtfull coaſt, that Sea and Land
Challenge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but Sea at every flow.
Whether the wind ſtrong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, too and fro doe toule
The Sea: or that the Moone his courſe doe guide:
Or burning *Titan* moiſt food to provide
Attracting lift the Ocean to the skie,
Seeke you that labour for ſuch skill: for mee
What ere thou be that cauſe this ebbe and flow,
Be ſtill conceal'd; ſince heaven will have it ſo.
They march away that *Nemoſſus* did hold,
And Adors banks, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crookt ſhore the ſea that gently flowes.
The Santon rejoyce now free'd from foes:
Leuci and Rhemi, Archers good, with theſe
Bituriges, and Speare-arm'd Sueſſones;
The dwellers neere Sequana skilfull riders,
The Belgæ hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders,
Sprung from the Trojan blood the Hedui,
That durſt clame brotherhood of Italy;
Rebellious Nervians (a) ſtain'd with Cotta's fate,
And they that in looſe Mantles imitate
Sarmatia, fierce Batavians whom to warre
Crookt trumpets call; thoſe that neere Cinga are;
Where Aranis with Rhodanus now met
Runs joyn'd into the Sea; the men whoſe ſeate
Is on Gebenna mount cover'd with ſnow.
The Pictones now free their fields can plow.
The fickle Turones are not reſtrain'd
By garriſon; the Andian now diſdain'd
To pine in Medua's thick fogges: but goes
For pleaſure, where delightfull Liger flowes.
Faire Genabos is freed from garriſon;
Trever is glad the warre from thence is gone.

The

The Ligures now ſhorne, once, like the reſt,
Long hair'd, of all the unſhorne Gaules the beſt:
And where with offrings ſtayn'd in humane blood
Hermes and *Mars* their cruell Altars ſtood,
And *Iove's* that vile as Scythian Dian's are.
Then you that valiant ſoules, and ſlaine in warre
Doe celebrate with praiſe, that never dyes,
You Bards ſecurely ſung your Elegyes.
You Druides now freed from warre maintaine
Your Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe.
You what heaven is, and gods alone can tell,
Or elſe alone are ignorant; you dwell
In vaſt, and deſart woods: you teach no ſpirit
Plutoes pale kingdome can by death inherit:
They in another world informe againe.
The middſt twixt long lives (if you truth maintaine)
Is death. But thoſe wild people happy are,
In this their errour, whom feare greateſt farre
Of all feares injuries not, the feare of death,
Thence are they prone to warre: nor loſſe of breath
Eſteeme: nor ſpare a life that comes againe.
They that the hair'd Cayci did conteine
In their obedience, marching now to Rome, (come.
From Rhines rude bankes, and new found country
When *Caeſars* now collected ſtrength had bred
More lofty hopes, through Italy he ſpread
His troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities ſeiz'd,
Then idle rumours their true feares increas'd,
And pierc'd the peoples hearts; ſwift fame gan ſhow
The warres approach, and their enſuing woe.
Then every tongue a falſe alarum yields:
Some dare report that on the paſture fields
Of faire Movania is the warre begunne,
And bloody *Caeſars* barbarous Cohorts runne
Where Vmbrian Nar does into Tyber flow:
That all his Eagles, and joyn'd Standards now

With

With a vast strength make furious approach:
Nor doe they now suppose him to be such,
As once they saw him: fiercer farre than so
They thinke, and savadge as his conquer'd foe:
That all th'inhabitants twixt th'Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northern clime
Follow: and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By barbarous hands shall fall; thus every one
By feare gives strength to Fame: no author knowne
They feare what they suppose: but not alone
The people does this vaine surmise deceive:
The Senate shakes: th'affrighted Fathers leave
Their seats: and flying to the Consuls give
Directions for the war; where safe to live,
What place t'avoid they know not: whither ere
Their sudden wits directs their steps, they beare
Th'amazed people forth in troopes: whom nought
So long had stirr'd: a man would then have thought
The citie fir'd, or th'houses sudden fall
By earthquake threatned, the mad people all
With hasty steps so unadvised run,
As if no way at all were left to shun
Their imminent, and feard destruction,
But to forsake their habitation:
As when rough Seas by stormy *Auster* blowne
From Libia's Sands, have broke the maine mast downe,
Master and Marriners their Ship forsake
Not torne as yet, leape into th'Sea, and make
Themselves a Shipwracke: so from home doe they
Fly into warre: no Sire his Son can stay,
No weeping wife her Husband can perswade:
No nor their household gods, till they have made
Vowes for their safety; none an eye dares cast
Back on lou'd Rome, although perhaps his last,
Irrevocably doe the people fly.
You gods that easily give prosperity,

But not maintaine it, that great City fill'd
With native ſoules, and conquer'd, that would yield
Mankind a dwelling, is abandon'd now
An eaſie prey to *Cæſar*: when a foe
Begirts our Souldiers in a forreigne Land,
One little trench nights danger can withſtand;
A ſudden worke rais'd out of earth endures
The foes aſſault; th'encamped's ſleepe ſecures.
Thou Rome, a warre but noys'd, art left by all,
Not one nights ſafety truſted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when *Pompey* flyes,
Tis time to feare. Then left their hearts ſhould riſe
With hope of future good, ſad augury bodes
A worſe enſuing fate: the threatning gods
Fill heaven, and earth, and ſea with prodigies.
Vnheard-of Starres by night poſſeſſe the skies:
Heaven ſeemes to flame, and through the Welkin fire
Oblikely flyes: ſtate-changing comets dire
Diſplay to us their blood portending haire:
Deceitfull lightnings flaſh in cleareſt ayre.
Strange formed Meteors the thick ayre had bred
Like Iavelins long, like lampes more broadly ſpred.
Lightning without one crack of thunder brings
From the cold North his winged fires, and flings
Them 'gainſt our Capitoll: ſmall ſtarres, that uſe
Onely by night, their luſtre to diffuſe,
Now ſhine in middſt of day: *Cynthia* bright
In her full orbe, like *Phœbus*, at the ſight
Of earths black ſhades ecclipſes: *Titan* hides
(When mounted in the middſt of heaven he rides)
In clouds his burning Chariot, to enfold
The world in darkneſſe quite: day to behold
No Nation hopes: as once backe to the Eaſt
He fled at ſight of ſad *Thyeſtes* feaſt.
Fierce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian Ætna's throat,
But to the ſky her flames ſhe belches not,

But on th'Italian ſhore oblikely ſlings,
Bloud from her boſome black Charybdis brings:
Sadlier barke *Scyllaes* dogs then they were wont:
The Veſtall fire goes out: on th'Alban mount
Ioves ſacrificing fire it ſelfe divides
Into two parts, and riſes on two ſides,
Like the two Theban Princes funerall fires. (ſpires
Earth opes her threatning jawes: th'Alpes nodding
Shake off their ſnow: *Thetis* does higher now
Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
The native gods did weepe: Romes certaine thrall
The Lares ſweating ſhew'd: the offrings fall
Downe in the Temples: and (as we have heard)
Nights fatall Birds in middſt of day appear'd:
Wild Beaſts at midnight from the deſerts come,
And take bold lodging in the ſtreets of Rome.
Beaſts make with mens articulate voice their mone;
Births monſtrous both in limmes proportion,
And number; mothers their owne infants fear'd:
Sibylla's fatall lines were ſung and heard
Among the people: and with bloody armes
Cybel's head-ſhaking Prieſts pronounc'd their charmes,
I'th'peoples eares howling a balefull mone:
And Ghoſts from out their quiet urnes did grone.
Claſhing of armour, and loud ſhouts they heare
In deſert groves, and threatning Ghoſts appeare.
The dwellers here without the City wall
Fled: fierce *Erinnys* had encompaſt all
The towne, her ſnaky haires, and burning brand
Shaking: as when ſhe rul'd *Agaue's* hand,
Or the ſelfe-maim'd *Lycurgus*: ſuch was ſhe,
Who once, when ſent by *Iuno's* cruelty,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell) did fright.
Shrill trumpets ſounded, diſmall ayres of night
That horrid noiſe, that meeting armies yield,
Did then preſent: in middſt of *Mars* his field

Rose *Sylla's* Ghost, and woes ensuing told:
Plowmen neere Aniens streames *Marius* behold
Rise from his sepulcher, and fly appall'd:
For these things were the Tuscan Prophets call'd
As custome was: the sagest of them all
Dwelt in Etrurian *Luna's* defart wall.
Aruns, that lightnings motion understands,
Birds flight, and entrailes op't, he first commands
Those monstrous births, that from no seed did come,
But horrid issues of a barren wombe
To be consum'd in fire: then all the towne
To be incompast in procession:
Th'high Priests (whose charge it is) he next doth urge
The City walls with hallowed rites to purge
Through their whole circuit: following after these
Th'inferiour Priests attir'd Gabinian wise:
The Vestall Maides with their vail'd Sister come,
That onely may see Troy's Palladium:
Then those that *Sibyll's* fearful verses keepe,
And *Cybell* yearly in still Almon steepe:
Septemviri that govern sacred Feasts,
The learned Augurs, and *Apollos* Priests:
The noble *Flamen*, Salius that beares
On his glad neck the target of great *Mars*.
Whilst they the towne compasse in winding traets,
Aruns the Lightnings dispers'd fire collects,
And into th'earth with a sad murmure flings:
Then names the places, and to th'Altar brings
A chosen Bull: then wine betwixt his hornes
He powres, and sprinkles ore with Salt and Corne
His knife: the Bull impatient long denies
Himselfe to so abhorr'd a Sacrifice:
But by the girded Sacrificers strength
Hanging upon his hornes, o'recome at length
Bending his knees holds forth his conquer'd neck:
Nor did pure blood come out, but poyson black

Instead of blood, from the wound open'd flyes.
Aruns grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
And the gods wrath he in the Entrailes seekes,
Whose colour scar'd him: pale they were with streakes
Of black, th'infected blood congealed showes
(Sprinkled with different paleneſſe) various.
The liver putrifi'd, on th'hoſtile ſide
Were threatning veines; the lungs their fillets hide;
A narrow line divides the vitall parts;
The heart lyes ſtill, and corrupt matter ſtarts
Through gaping clefts: no part oth'caule is hid:
And that which never without danger did
Appeare, on th'entrailes was a double head,
One head was ſicke, feeble, and languiſhed:
The other quicke his pulſes nimbly beates.
By this when he perceiv'd what woe the Fates
Prepar'd, he cry'd aloud, all that you doe
O gods, I muſt not to the People ſhow;
Nor with this hapleſſe ſacrifice can I
Great *Iupiter* thy anger pacifie:
The black infernall Deities appeare
In th'entrailes: woes unſpeakable we feare,
But greater will enſue: you gods lend ayde,
And let no credit to our Art be had,
But counted *Tages* fiction: thus with long
Ambages darkly the old Tuſcan ſung.
But *Figulus*, whoſe care it was aright
To know the gods and heavens; to whom for ſight
Of Planets, and the motion of each Starre,
Not great Ægyptian *Memphis* might compare,
Either no lawes direct the world, quoth he,
And all the ſtarres doe move uncertainly;
Or if Fates rule, a ſwift deſtruction
Threatens mankind, and th'earth, ſhall Cities downe
By earthquakes ſwallow'd be? intemperately
Shall ayre grow hot? falſe earth her ſeeds deny?

Or ſhall the waters poyſon'd be? what kinde
Of ruine is it, gods, what miſchiefes finde
Your cruelties? many dire aſpects meete,
If *Saturne* cold in midſt of heaven ſhould ſit,
Aquarius would *Deucalions* flood have bred,
And all the earth with waters overſpred;
If *Sol* ſhould mount the Nemean Lions backe,
In flames would all the worlds whole fabrick cracke,
And all the ſky with *Sol's* burnt chariot blaze.
Theſe aſpects ceaſe; but thou that burnſt the clawes,
And fir'ſt the tayle of threatning Scorpion,
What great thing breedſt thou *Mars*? milde *Iove* goes
Oppreſſed in his fall, and in the skyes (downe
The wholeſome ſtarre of *Venus* dulled is;
Mercurie loſes his ſwift motion,
And fiery *Mars* rules in the ſky alone.
Why doe the ſtarres their courſe forſaking, glide
Obſcurely through the ayre? why does the ſide
Of ſword-bearing *Orion* ſhine too bright?
Warres rage is threatned; the ſword's power all right
Confounds by force: impietie ſhall beare
The name of Virtue, and for many a yeare
This fury laſts; it bootes us not to crave
A peace: with peace a maſter we ſhall have.
Draw out the ſerics of thy miſery,
O Rome, to longer yeares, now onely free
From civill warre. Theſe prodigies did ſcare
The multitude enough; but greater farre
Enſue: as on the top of Pindus mount
The Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
To rave; ſo now a Matron ran poſſeſt
By *Phœbus* urging her inſpired breaſt.
Where am I carried now? where leav'ſt thou me,
Paan, already rape above the Sky?
Pangæa's ſnowy top, Philippi plaines——
I ſee: ſpeake, *Phœbus*, what this fury meanes:

What swords, what hands shall in Romes battels meet,
What warres without a foe? oh whither yet
Am I distracted? to that Easterne land,
Where *Nile* discolours the blew Ocean:
There, there alas I know what man it is,
That on *Nile's* banke a trunke deformed lies.
Ore Syrtes sands, ore scorched Libya,
Whither the reliques of Pharsalia,
Erinnys carri'd; ore th' Alpes cloudy hill,
And high Pyrene am I carried still.
Then backe againe to Rome, where impious,
And fatall warre defiles the Senate house.
The Factions rise againe; againe I goe
Ore all the world; shew me new Kingdomes now,
New Seas; *Philippi* I have seene; this spoke
The furious fit her wearied breast forsooke.

FINIS *Libri primi.*

Annotations on the first BOOKE.

(a) *Romane Darts or Iavelins which their Foot men used, about five foot long. If any man quarrell at the word* Pile, *as thinking it scarce English, I desire them to give a better word. For Dart or Iavelin is a word too generall, and cannot intimate a civill warre: for darts had fought against darts, though a Romane Army had fought against barbarous, and forreigne Nations. But* Pilum *was a peculiar name to the Roman darts, and so meant by* Lucan, *which if any deny, let him read these Verses in the seventh booke of our Author:*

——scelerisque crimine nullo
Externam maculant Chalybem, stetit omne coactum
Circà pila nefas.——

(b) Marcus Crassus *a great, and rich Roman, ruling*

the Province of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the Parthian warre, and was there defeated, and slaine, together with his Sonne, and his whole Army, by Surena *the Kings Generall.*

(c) *Neere* Munda *a Citie in Spaine, the two Sonnes of* Pompey *were overcome by* Iulius Cæsar. Cneius *was slaine, and* Sextus *fled, thirty thousand Pompeians were there slaine: insomuch that* Cæsar *to besiedge the conquered, made a countermure of dead carkesses.*

(d) Antonius *besiedged* D. Brutus *in Mutina a citie of Gallia Cisalpina: in raising which siedge, both the Consuls,* Hircius *and* Pansa *were slaine: but* Augustus *afterwards raised it.*

(e) *Perusia a Citie in Thuscia, whither* Lucius Antonius *had fled, was by* Augustus *forced to yeeld through Famine.*

(f) *Where* Augustus *in a Sea fight vanquished* Antonius *and* Cleopatra.

(g) *A fight on the Sicilian Sea, where* Sextus Pompeius *had armed Slaves and bondmen against* Augustus, *by whom hee was there defeated.*

(h) *These three were* Crassus, Cæsar, *and* Pompey; *who all excelling in wealth, dignity, fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in affinity, entred into such a league, that nothing should bee done in the Common-wealth, that displeased themselves, dividing among themselves, Provinces, and Armies.* Pompey *by his Lieutenants governed Spaine and Affrica;* Cæsar *had his government over all Gallia prorogued for another five yeares;* Crassus *governed all Syria.*

(i) Iulia *a vertuous Roman Lady daughter to* Cæsar, *and wife to* Pompey *the great; who died untimely for the Common-wealth, since her life might have preserved peace betweene her husband and her father.*

(k) *Besides Rubicon was a pillar raised up, and upon it a Decree of the Senate engraven, that it should not be*

lawfull for any to come armed homeward beyond that place.

(l) Quintus Cassius and Marcus Antonius Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalfe of Cæsar, were commanded out of the Court by the two Consuls, Marcellus and Lentulus, who upbraided them with the sedition of the Gracchi, and threatned the same end to them unlesse they departed, the Tribunes escaping out of the Citie by night, in poore and base attire, fled to Cæsar, and with them Curio.

(m) This Curio had lately beene Tribune of the people, and a great enemy to Cæsar; he was beloved by the Vulgar, and an excellent speaker, but being much in debt, Cæsar relieved him, and made him of his faction.

(n) The lawfull age to triumph in was thirtie yeares old: but Pompey the great had triumphed over Hiarbas King of Numidia, when hee was but foure and twentie yeares old.

(o) The Prætorship Pompey, without voyces, tooke to himselfe, being twenty three yeares old; hee was Consull alone, and had held other Honours contrary to Custome.

(p) Pompey the Great, that hee might bee chosen at Rome Overseer for Corne, tooke a course that none should bee brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the Citie endured Famine: upon which Clodius could say, The Law was not made for the Famine, but a Famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might bee made.

(q) When Milo was arraigned for Clodius death, Pompey to suppresse the tumult of the people, environed the Iudgement place with armed men, a thing unlawfull to doe.

(r) Sylla 60. yeares old gave over his Dictatorship, and lived privately at Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates King of Pontus warred with the Romans fortie yeares; hee was weakened, and received overthrowes from Sylla and Lucullus, and conquered by Pompey.

pey, *being beſieged in a towne by his ſonne* Pharnaces, *hee could not poyſon himſelfe, having much uſed Antidotes, but fell upon his ſword, and dyed.*

(t) Pompey *the great had made a Colony of* Cicilian *Pirats, whom he had vanquiſhed.*

(y) Lac de Lorange; *thoſe ſeverall Townes and Countries of France, where* Cæſars *Armie lay in Garriſon, and from whence they were now drawne, are heere ſet downe by their old names; and this little volume will not afford roome ſo far to enlarge my Annotatious, as to ſet downe the names as they are now called, being all changed.*

(x) *The moſt fierce people of the Belgians, where* Tetturius Sabinus, *and* Arunculus Cotta, *two of* Cæſars *Lieutenants, with five Cohorts were entrapped, and ſlaine by fraud of* Ambiotix.

LVCANS

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Second Booke.

The Argument.

Th' Author complaines that future fates are knowne,
The sorrow of affrighted Rome is showne.
An old man cals to mind the civill crimes
Of Marius, *and* Sylla's *bloody times.*
Brutus *with* Cato *does conferre; to whom*
Chast Martia *come from dead* Hortensius *Tombe*
Againe is married in a funerall dresse.
Pompey *to Capua flies. What Fortresses*
By Cæsar *are surpris'd; who without fight,*
Puts Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus *to flight.*
And takes Domitius *at Corfinium.*
Pompey's *Oration. From* Brundusium
He sends his eldest Sonne to bring from farre
The Easterne Monarchs to this civill Warre.
But there besieg'd by Cæsar, *scarse can hee*
Scape safe away by nights obscuritie.

NOw the gods wrath was seene: plaine signes of warre
The world had given: forespeaking nature, farre
From her true course, tumultuous monsters made,
Proclaiming woe; Oh *Iove*, why dost thou adde
This care to wretched men, to let them see

By dire portents their following misery?
Whether the worlds Creator, when he did
From the darke formelesse *Chaos* light divide,
Stablisht eternall lawes, to which he ty'd
The creatures, and himselfe, and did divide
The worlds set ages by unchanged fate:
Or whether (nothing preordain'd) the state
Of mortall things chance rules? yet let that be
Secret that thou intendst: let no eye see
His future Fate, but hope as well as feare.
When the sad City had conceiv'd how deare
Heavens truth would cost the world, her generall woe
Proclam'd a Fast: the mourning Senat goe
Like the Plebeians clad: the Consuls weare
No purple Roabes: no words their griefe declare:
Mute is their Sorrow; such a silent woe
A dying man's amazed houshold show
Before his funerall conclamation,
Before the mothers lamentation
Call on the servants weeping; but when she
Feeles his stiffe limmes, dead lookes, and standing eye,
Then tis no feare but griefe: downe she doth fall
Howling upon him. So Romes Matrons all
Leave off their habits, and attires of grace,
And in sad troopes the Altars doe embrace.
One weepes before the gods: one her torne locks
Throwes in the sacred porch: another knocks
Her brest against the ground: the god, whose eares
Were usde to prayers, now onely howling heares:
Nor to *Ioves* temple did they all repaire;
They part the gods: no alter wants his share
Of envy-making mothers: but one there
Her plaine bruis'd armes, & moysined cheekes did tear.
Now, now, quoth she, oh mothers teare your haire,
Now beat your breasts; doe not this griefe deferre
Till the last ills: while the Chiefes doubtfull are

We may lament: when one is conquerer,
We muſt rejoyce; thus griefe it ſelfe did move.
Such juſt complaints againſt the powers above
The Souldiers make, that to each army turne:
Oh miſerable men, that were not borne
When Carthage warr'd, at Trebia's overthrow,
Or Cannæ's mortall field; nor beg we now
For peace, oh gods; ſtirre each fierce Nation,
Raiſe mighty Cities: let the world in one
Conſpire: let Median powers from Suſæ come,
Nor let cold Iſter hold his Schythians from
This war: the Suevians from the Northern clime
Let Albis ſend, and the rude head of Rhine;
Make us all peoples foes, ſo not our owne:
Here let the Daci, there the Getes come on:
Let one his forces againſt Spaine imploy;
Gainſt th'Eaſterne bowes let tothers Eagles fly;
Let Rome have warre withall; or if our names
You gods would ruine, let the ſky to flames
Diſſolv'd fall downe, and quite conſume our coaſts;
Or thunder ſtrike both Captaines with their hoaſts
While they be guiltleſſe, *Iove*; ſeeke they to try
With ſo much miſchiefe who Romes Lord ſhould be?
Twere ſcarſe worth civill war that none ſhould reigne.
Thus then did bootleſſe piety complaine.
But the old men mov'd with particular griefe
Curſe their old age, and ill prolonged life,
Their yeares reſerv'd againe to civill warre:
(a) One ſeeking Preſidents for their great feare,
Such woes, quoth he, the gods intended us,
When after (b) both his triumphs, *Marius*
His flying head among the Reeds and Sedge
Once hid; the Fens then cover'd Fortunes pledge:
But taken he indur'd a priſons ſtinch,
And his old limms did yron ſhackles pinch,
To dye a Conſull, happy, and in Rome

Before

Before (c) hand suffered he for guilt to come,
Death fled him oft, and power to shed his blood
In vaine a Cimbrian (d) had, who trembling stood:
Offring a stroke, his faultring hand the sword
Let fall; his dungeon did strange light afford.
Th'affrighted Cimbrian furies seem'd to see,
And heard what *Marius* afterward should be:
Thou canst not touch this life: to fate he owes
Thousands of lives, ere he his owne can lose:
Cease thy vaine fury: if you Cimbrians wou'd
Revenge on Rome your slaughtred Nations blood,
Save this old man, whom their sterne will to serve
Not the gods love, but anger did preserve:
A cruell and fit man, when Fate contriv'd
Romes ruine: he on Libyan coasts arriv'd
Wandred through empty cottages upon
Triumphed *Iugurth's* spoyld Dominion,
And Punicke ashes troad: each others state
Carthage (e) and *Marius* there commiserate,
And both cast downe, both now the Gods excus'd:
But into *Marius* mind that ayre infus'd
A Libyan rage; when Fortune turn'd againe,
Slaves from their (f) Lords, and prisoners from the chain
He free'd, and arm'd: no man his Ensignes bore,
But who the badge of some knowne mischiefe wore,
And brought guilt to the campe: oh Fates how sad
A day was that, when conquering *Marius* had
Surpriz'd the walls? how swift flew cruell death?
Senators with Plebeians lost their breath.
The sword rag'd uncontroul'd: no breast was free;
The Temples stain'd with blood, and slippery
Were the red stones with slaughter, no age then
Was free, the neere spent time of aged men
They hasten'd on; nor sham'd with bloody knife
To cut the Infants new-span thread of life.
What crime had Infants done to merit death?

But

But t'was enough that they could loſe their breath.
Fury directs them; guilty lives to take
Alone, ſeem'd too remiſſe; for number ſake
Some fall; one cuts off heads he does not know,
Whilſt empty-handed hee's aſham'd to goe;
No hope to ſcape, but kiſſe the bloud-ſtaind (g) hand
Of *Marius*; though a thouſand ſwords did ſtand
Ready, baſe People, did you not diſdaine
At ſuch a price a life, though long, to gaine,
Much leſſe a time ſo ſhort, ſo troubleſome,
And breath but reſpited till *Sylla* come?
Who now has time to waile Plebeian fates?
Scarce can we thine, brave *Babius*, (b) whom the hates
Of the fierce multitude in pieces tore:
Nor thine *Antonius* (i) that thy death before
Couldſt propheſie, whoſe gray-head bleeding yet
On *Marius* table the rude Souldiers ſet.
Torne are the headleſſe *Craſſi*, (k) impious wood
Is ſtain'd with ſacred Tribuniall (l) bloody
Thou *Scævola* (m) that didſt a kiſſe diſdaine
Of *Marius* hand, at *Veſtues* Altar ſtaine,
And never quenched fires; but ages drought
Left thee not ſo much blood, as would put out
The flame. His ſeventh (n) Conſulſhip now come,
Old *Marius* dies: a man, that had orecome
Fortunes worſt hate, and her beſt love injoy'd,
And taſted all that Fates for man provide.
How many neere the Colline port were kill'd?
How many Carcaſſes on heapes were pil'd
At Sacriportum? (o) where almoſt her ſeat
Had the worlds Empire chang'd, and Samnis yet
Hop'd deeper farre to wound the Roman name
Then at the Caudine (p) Forks, then *Sylla* came
With a Revenge more bloody: His ſword reſt
Rome of that little blood before was left.
Whilſt cutting off (cruell Chirurgian)

Th'affected parts, too farre his lancing hand
Followes the sore; first guilty men are slaine,
At last when none but guilty could remaine,
Their hates take greater freedome; forth they breake
Without the curbe of any Law; they wreake
Their private angers now; for *Sylla's* sake
All is not done: for every one fulfills
Their owne bloud-thirsty, and revengefull wills
Pretending his command; with impious steele
Servants their masters, sonnes their fathers kill;
Which Son shall be the paricide by strife
They seeke: a brother sels a brothers life.
Some hide themselves in tombes; live men remaine
Among the dead; beasts dens can scarce containe
The flying multitude: one strangled dyes
By his owne hand; one from a precipice
Dyes broken with the fall, preventing so
The tyrany of his insulting foe.
His funerall pile one making, ere he dyes
Leapes in, and whilst he may, those rites enjoyes.
Great Captaines heads borne through the streets on (speares
Are pil'd up in the Market; there appeares
Each secret murther; not so many heads
In stables of the tyrant *Diomed's*
Thrace saw; nor Libya on *Antæus* wall,
Nor mourning Greece in *Oenomaus* hall.
Limmes putrifi'd, which all knowne marks had left
Worne out by eating time, by fearefull theft
The wretched parents take, and beare away:
My selfe (I still remember that sad day)
Desirous those forbidden rites to do
To my slaine brothers head, searcht to and fro
The carkasses of *Sylla's* peace, to see
What trunke 'mongst all would with that head agree;
What need I tell how *Catulus* was paid
With blood, how *Marius* a sad offring made,

And

And wretched ſacrifice before the tombe
Of his perchance unwilling foe did come.
His (q) mangled joynts, as many wounds as limbs
We ſaw: yet no wound deadly given him
Through his ſpoyl'd body, an example rare
Of cruelty, a dying life to ſpare,
His hands chopt off, his tongue cut out as yet
Wagg'd, and the ayre did with dumbe motions beat.
One ſlits his noſtrils, one cuts off his eares;
His eyes out laſt of all another teares,
Left in till then his mangled limbs to ſee,
A thing paſt credit, one poore man ſhould be
The ſubject of ſo many cruelties.
A lumpe deform'd his mangled body lyes
So ſtrangely ſlaughter'd, not diſfigur'd more
Floates a torne ſhipwrackt carkaſſe to the ſhore
From the mid-Sea. The fruit of all your toile
Why doe you loſe, and *Marius* face ſo ſpoile,
That none can now diſcerne him; t'were more need
Sylla ſhould know him to applaud the deed.
(r) *Praeneſte's* fortune ſaw her men all dy
In one death's ſpace, the flower of (s) Italy,
The onely youth of Latium ſadly ſlaine
Did wretched Romes Ovilia diſtaine.
So many men to cruell death at once
Oft Earthquakes, Shipwracks, or infections
Of Ayre or Earth, Famine, or War hath ſent;
Never before a doome of puniſhment.
The Souldiers throng'd could ſcarcely wield at all
Their killing hands, the ſlaine could hardly fall
Supported ſo; but number did oppreſſe
The dying people, and dead carkaſſes
Encreas'd the ſlaughter, falling heavily
On living bodies; his ſtrange cruelty
Secure and feareleſſe *Sylla* from above
Beheld; nor could ſo many thouſands move

His heart, by him commanded all to dye;
Ith' Tyrrhene gulfe their pil'd up bodies lye.
The first throwne in under the water lay,
The last on bodies, strongest ships they stay,
And Tyber parted by that fatall bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carkasses stay
The other; till the violent streame of blood
Enforc'd the waters course to Tybers flood.
Nor can the banks the River now containe,
But ore the fields the bodies floate againe.
Rowling at last into the Tyrrhene maine
On the blew waves it sets a purple staine.
For this did *Sylla* merit to be stil'd
Happy, and (*t*) saviour, and in *Mars* his field
To be interr'd? but these black mischiefes are
To be indur'd againe; this cruell warre
Will the same order, and conclusion take.
But feares more horrid suppositions make,
And in this warre mankind shall suffer more.
The exil'd *Marij* sought but to restore
Themselves againe; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruine of his enemies.
Their aymes are higher; both long powerfull take
Vp armes; and neither civill warre would make
To doe as *Sylla* did. Thus wayles old age
Remembring past, and fearing future rage.
This terror strucke not noble *Brutus* heart,
Nor in this frightfull furre was he apart
Of the lamenters; but at midnight he.
(When now her waine *Parrhasian Helice*
Turn'd) at his uncle *Catoes* no large house
Knocks; him he finds waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearfull man,
Not for himselfe; when *Brutus* thus began.
Banisht, and flying vertues onely hold,
And refuge, which no storme of Fortune could

Ere reave thee of; guide thou this wavering heart,
And to my thoughts a certaine strength impart.
At *Cæsar's* side, or *Pompey's* others stand,
Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* shall command.
Wilt thou keepe peace, and in this doubtfull age
Vnshaken stand? or mingling with the rage
Of the mad rout, this civill warre approve?
Others to this fell warre bad causes move:
One his stain'd house in peace, and feare of lawes,
Another fights for wont, mingling that cause
With the worlds wracke; blind fury leades on none's
All drawne with gainfull hopes; but thee alone
The war it selfe affects: What booteth thee
T'have beene so long from the times vices free?
This onely meed of thy long vertue take,
The wars find others guilty, thee they make.
But let not wicked war have power t'employ
These hands, O gods, let not thy lavelin fly
'Mongst others in a thicke sky darkning clouds;
Let not such vertue be in vaine bestow'd.
The wars whole chance will fall it selfe on thee.
Who would not dy upon that sword, and be
Cato's offence, though slaine by another hand?
Thou might'st alone, and quiet better stand,
As starres in heaven still unshaken are,
When lightnings, stormes and tempest rend the ayre
Nearer to earth: Winds rage, and Thunders spight
Plaine grounds must suffer; when *Olympus* height
Plac'd by the gods above the clouds, is free;
Small things jarres vex, the great ones quiet be.
'Twill glad proud *Cæsar*, in this warre, to heare
So great a Citizen has deign'd t'appeare:
Nor will it grieve him that great *Pompey's* side
Is chose, not his; t'will be enough his pride
That *Cato* has approv'd of civill war.
Romes Senate, and both Consuls armed are

Vnder a private man, and many moe
Of note and worth, to these adde *Cato* too
Vnder command of *Pompey*, none lives free
In all the world but *Cæsar*; but if we
Doe for our countries, Lawes, and freedome goe
To war; then *Brutus* is not *Cæsars* foe,
Nor *Pompey's*, but the Conquerors, who ere:
Thus *Brutus* spake; when from an inside cleare
These sacred words drew *Cato*; we confesse,
Brutus, that civill war's great wickednesse:
But where the Fates will leade, vertue shall goe
Securely on; to make me guilty now
Shall be the gods owne crime; who would endure
To see the world dissolve, himselfe secure?
Who could looke on, when heaven should fall, earth
And the confus'd world perish, and not waile? (faile,
Shall unknowne Nations in our Roman war
Engage themselves? and forreigne Kings from far
Crossing the Seas? and shall I rest alone?
Farre be it, gods, the *Daci*, and *Getes* should mone
Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* lye
Secure: as parents, when their children dye,
In person mourne, build up with their owne hands
The funerall pile, and light the fatall brands;
I will not leave thee, Rome, till I embrace
Thy hearse, and liberty, thy dying face,
And fleeting Ghost with honour doe attend.
So let it goe; let th'angry Gods intend
A compleat Roman sacrifice, no bloud
Will we defraud the war of; would the gods
Of heaven, and *Erebus* would now strike dead
For all our crimes this one condemned head.
Devoted *Decius* by his foes could fall:
Me let both Roman hoaste assaule, and all
Rhines barbarous troopes; let me i'th middst receive
All darts, all wounds, that this sad war can give.

Let me redeeme the people: let my Fate
What ere Romes maners merit, expiate.
Why ſhould the eaſily conquer'd people die,
That can endure a Lord? Strike onely me,
Me with all ſwords, and Piles, that all in vaine
Our wronged lawes, and liberties maintaine:
This threat ſhall peace to Italy obtaine.
After my death, he that deſires to raigne,
Neede not make warre: but now lets follow all
The common Enſignes, *Pompey* Generall.
Though he orecome, 'tis not yet knowne that he
Meanes to himſelfe the worlds ſole Monarchy.
Ile helpe him conquer, leſt he ſhould ſuppoſe
He conquers for himſelfe. From this aroſe
Young *Brutus* courage: this grave ſpeech too farre
Made the young man in love with civill warre.

Now *Phœbus* driving the cold darke away,
They heard a noyſe at doore; (9) chaſt *Martia*
Come from *Hortenſius* tombe, ſtood knocking there;
Once given a Mayd in marriage happier:
But when the fruit, and price of wedlocke ſhe
Three births had paid, another Family
To fill, was fruitfull *Martia* lent a Bride,
To joyne two houſes by the Mothers ſide.
Now when *Hortenſius* aſhes urned reſt,
She in her funerall robes, beating her breaſt
With often ſtrokes, and tearing her looſe haire,
Sprinkled with aſhes from the Sepulchre,
To pleaſe ſowre *Cato*, with a geſture ſad
Thus ſpeakes: Whilſt blood, and childing ſtrength I had,
Cato, I did thy will, two husbands tooke:
Now worne away, and with oft travell broke
I come, no more to part: grant now our old
Wedlocks untaſted rites; grant me to hold
The emptie name of wife, and on my Tombe
Write *Cato's Martia*, leſt in time to come

It may be ask'd whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord bestow'd or banished.
Nor come I now prosperity to share,
But to partake thy labours, and sad care,
Let me attend the Campes; leave me not heere
In peace, *Cornelia* to the war so neere.
These speaches mov'd the man; though these times are
Vnfit for *Hymen*, when fate calls to war,
Without vaine pompe to tye a nuptiall knot
In the gods presence, he refuses not.
No garlands on the marriage doores were wone,
Nor linnen fillets did the posts adorne:
No bridall Tapers shone: no bed on high
With Ivory steps, and gold embrodery:
No Matron in a towred crowne, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread:
No yellow veile cover'd her face, to hide
The fearefull blushes of a modest Bride.
No precious girdle guirded her loose Gowne:
No Chaine adornd her necke; nor linnen downe
From off her shoulders her nak'd armes orespred;
So as she was, funerall habited,
Even like her Sonnes, her Husband she embrac'd,
A funerall Robe above her purple plac'd.
The usuall Iests were spar'd: the husband wants,
After the Sabine use, his marriage rants.
None of their kinred met, the knot they tye
Silent: content with *Brutus* auspicie.
His ore-growne haire hee from that sacred face
Shaves not, nor will in his sad lookes embrace
One joy (since first that wicked war begun
He lets his unshorne hoary lockes fall downe
Ore his rough front, and a sad beard to hide
His cheekes, for he alone from factions freed,
Or hate, had leasure for mankind to weepe)
Nor in his Bridall bed would *Cato* sleepe,

Even

Even lawfull love could continence reject.
These were his manners, this sowre *Cato's* sect,
To keepe a meane, hold fast the end, and make
Nature his guide, dye for his Countreys sake.
For all the world, not him, his life was lent
He thinks, his feasts but hungers banishment;
His choisest buildings were but fence for cold:
His best attire rough gownes, such as of old
Was Romane weare; and nothing but desire
Of progeny in him warm'd *Venus* fire:
Father, and husband both to Rome was hee,
Servant to Iustice, and strict honestie:
For th'publike goods in none of *Catoes* acts
Creepes selfe-bothe pleasure, or her share exacts.

Now with his fearefull troopes *Pompey* the great
To Trojan Capua fled, meant there to seat
The war: his feather'd strength there to unite,
And his aspiring fortunes assaults to meet,
Where Apenine [illegible] somewhat higher fills
The middest of Italy with shady hills:
Then which no part of earth does swell more high
In any place, nor nearer meets the skie.

The mountaine twixt two seas extended stands
The upper, and lower sea: on the right hand
Is Pisæ seated on the Tyrrhene shore:
Ancona on the left vexe evermore
With stormes and winds, that from Dalmatia blow.
Heere from vast fountaines doe great Rivers flow,
And into th'double seas divorce doe slide
In severall channells; downe on the left side
Metaurus swift, and strong Crustumium flow,
Isapis joyn'd t'Isaurus, Sena too
And Aufidus the Adriaticke beats;
Eridanus, then which no Rivers gets
More ground, whole forrests rowles into the Sea
Or return'd: and robs of Rivers Italy.

They say that Poplars on this Rivers side
First grew, when *Phaëton* amisse did guide
The Day; his wandring Chariot burnt the skie,
And scorcht the earth: all Rivers then were drie
But this; whose streames did *Phœbus* fires withstand;
Not lesse then Nile, if on plaine Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile: not lesse then Ister 'twere,
Vnlesse that Ister running every where
The streames that fall into all seas does meet,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean greet.
From springs, that downe the hils right side doe flow,
Rutuba, Tyber, swift Vulturnus grow:
Night-ayre infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runnes, strength'ned by the Vestine rivers, through
Maricaes wooddy lands: Siler that glides
Through Salerne's fields, Macra whose Ford abides
No Ships, into the sea neere *Luna* fall.
The hill (where hee in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alpes France overlees)
To th'Vmbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and does with woody armes embrace
The people of the ancient Latine race:
Nor leaves hee Italy, before hee end
In the Scyllæan caverns, and extend
Vnto Lacinian *Iuno's* house his hill.
Longer hee was than Italy, untill
The sea divided him, and water forc'd
The land, then when two meeting seas divorc'd
What was conjoyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gave to *Pelorus* in Sicilia.

Cæsar now mad of war loves not to finde,
But make his way by blood, nor is his minde
Joy'd that in Italy hee sees no foe,
No Countreys guarded from him, meets no blowes:
But counts his journey lost; desires to breake,
Not open gates, and loves his march to make

By

By fire and ſword, not ſufferance; thinkes it ſhame
To tread permitted paths, and beare the name
Of Citizen. The Italian Cities are
Doubtfull which way to leane; and though when warre
Makes her firſt feard approach, all eaſily
Will yeelde: with Bulwarks yet they fortifie
Their walls, dig trenches round about belove;
Vaſt ſtones and weapons from above to throwe
They get, and engines on their walles provide.
The People moſt encline to *Pompey's* ſide:
But faith with terrour fights: ſo when we ſee
The South-windes horrid blaſts poſſeſſe the Sea,
The waves all follow him, till by the ſtroake
Of *Aeolus* his Speare, the open'd Rocke
To the rough Seas lets out the Eaſterne winde:
They ſtill retaine, though new aſſaults they finde,
The old, though th'Eaſt wind th'aire with darke ſtormes fill,
The Ocean does the Southwinde challenge ſtill.
But peoples mindes feare changes eaſily,
And Fortune ſwaies their wavering loyaltie.
By *Libo's* flight *Etruria's* naked left,
And *Vmbria*, *Thermus* (*y*) gone, of freedome reft:
Sylla farre differing from his Fathers fame
In civill warre, flyes hearing *Caeſars* name.
Varus, (*z*) before the firſt aſſault, forſakes
Auximum's walles, and flight diſordered takes
Ore rockes and deſarts: *Lentulus* (*a*) is beate
From Aſculum: the Foes purſuing get
His men; that now alone the Captaine flies
With empty Standards reft of Companies.
Thou *Scipio* (*b*) leav'ſt the truſt committed thee
Luceria's Fort, though in thy Campe there be
The valiantſt Youth, whom feare of Parthian warre
From *Caeſar* tooke; whom *Pompey* to repaire
His French loſſe, lent him; and while he thought good,
Beſtow'd on *Caeſar* th'uſe of Romane blood.

But

But faire Corfinium's well-fenc'd walls containe
Thee, ſtout *Domitius*: (c) in thy Campe remaine
Thoſe that arraigned *Milo* did incloſe.
Hee, when a cloud of duſt from far aroſe,
And on bright Armes the Sunne reflecting ſhone,
And glittering ſwords, cries, run my Souldiers, run
Downe to the River, drowne the Bridge, and thou
Encreas'd from all thy empti'd fountaines now
Riſe ſwelling ſtreame: breake downe and beare away
This ſcatter'd Bridge: there let the war now ſtay:
Let thy bankes make our furious enemie
Linger a while: weele count it victorie,
That *Cæſar* firſt ſtayes heere. This ſaid, in vaine
He ſends ſwift Cohorts from the towne amaine.
For *Cæſar* firſt, when from the fields he ſpy'd
His paſſage loſt by Bridge, enraged cry'd,
Cannot your walls, baſe cowards, ſhelter you
Enough, but that the fields and rivers too
Muſt helpe? Ile paſſe, though Ganges in my way
Rowl'd all his ſtrength, no ſtreame ſhall *Cæſar* ſtay,
Since Rubicon is paſt, goe winged Horſe,
Second bold Foot, the Bridge now falling force.
Thus ſpake hee: forth the winged Horſe-men ride,
And like a ſtorme of Haile on tother ſide
The water their well-brandiſhe Iavelins light.
Cæſar then takes the River, puts to flight
The Souldiers all that were in ſtation
To guard the banke, and ſafe before the towne
Is come: when ſtraight up loftie works are throwne,
And Engines rais'd the walles to batter downe.
When loe (oh ſhame of war) opening the gate,
The Souldiers brought their Captaine bound, and at
The feet of his proud Foe preſent: but hee
With lookes not ſhaming high Nobilitie
Offers his throat undaunted: *Cæſar* ſees
Death's ſought, and mercy fear'd, then thus replies,

Live

Live, though thou wouldst not, by our bounty live,
Enjoy this light, and to the conquer'd give
Good hope: th'example of our clemency
Be thou; or else againe warres fortunes try:
Nought for this pardon *Cæsar* from thy hands
Expects, if thou orecome: with that commands
T'unbinde him; had his death the Conqueroure pleas'd,
How much a Romans blush had fortune eas'd.
For following Romes, the Senates, *Pompey's* armes,
Pardon t'a Roman was the worst of harmes.
He yet unfear'd, his anger doth retaine,
Speakes thus t'himselfe: Wilt thou, base man, againe
See Rome, or seeke peacefull retirements? No,
Rather into warres fury dying goe,
Rush boldly through the midst, fate end to make
Of this loath'd life, and *Cæsars* gift forsake.
Pompey, not knowing he was tane, provides
Forces, to strengthen with joyn'd power his sides;
Meaning his campe next morning to remove,
The Souldiers spirits before their march to prove
He thus with a Majesticke voice bespake
His silent troopes; guilt-punishers, that take
The better side, you truely Roman band
Arm'd By the State, no private mans command,
Feare not to fight: Italy's wasted all
By barbarous troopes: through the cold Alpes the Gaule
Is broken loose: blood has already dy'd
Cæsars polluted swords: the gods provide
Well that the mischiefe there begins, and we
First suffer wrong; oh now let Rome by me
Take punishment: nor can you call it here
True warre, but our revenging countrye's ire:
Nor is this more a warre, then that wherein
Mad-brain'd *Cerbegus*, and fierce *Catiline*
Meant to fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates.
Oh madnesse to be pittyed! when the Fates

Would

Would with *Camillus*, and *Metellus* joyne
Thee *Cæsar*, thou to *Marius* shouldst encline,
And *Cinna*: fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
Fell under *Catulus*, *Corbo* by us
Beheaded then, that in Sicilia lies,
And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
Banisht *Sertorius*: though I grudge with those
Thou *Cæsar* shouldst be plac'd: and Rome oppose
My armes 'gainst thee. Would from the Parthian War
Crassus had safe return'd, and Conquerer:
That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
Mightst fall: but if the gods intend to us
Thou shalt one title adde: this arme a dart
Can ably brandish yet: about this heart
The blood is hot; know then not all that love
To live in peace, in war will cowards prove:
Nor let my age affright you, though he call
Me worne, and weake; let an old Generall
Be in this Campe; in that old Souldiers be.
I have attain'd what ere a people free
Can give, and nothing but a Monarchie
Above me left: he that in Rome would be
Greater then I, no private state demands.
Here both Romes Consuls, here her Senate stands.
Shall *Cæsar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th'art not quit shamelesse fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turne. Does rebell France
So long a taming, and those warres advance
His thoughts so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small streame a Sea
On the sought Britaines turn'd his flying backe?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsake
The Citie, hearing his fierce troopes are nigh?
Ah foole, they fly not thee, all follow me.
My glorious Ensignes on the Ocean borne,
Ere *Cynthia* twice had fill'd her waned horne,

All Pirates fled the Seas, and at my hand
Humbly crav'd dwellings in a narrow Land.
I that ſtout King, that ſtay'd Romes growth did force
Flying along the Scythian Seas divorce,
(Which *Sylla* nere could bring to paſſe) to dye
By his owne hand; no land from me is free:
My Trophæs all that *Titan* ſees poſſeſſe.
Going from thence Phaſis cold river ſees
Me conquerour in the North, in the hot Zone
Knowne Ægypt, and Syene, that at noone
No ſhadow ſpreads: my Lawes the Weſt obeyes,
Bætis, that meets the fartheſt Weſterne Seas;
Me tam'd Arabia knowes, th'Æniochs bold,
And Colchos fam'd for her ſtolne fleece of gold.
The Cappadocians from my Colours flie,
And Iewes, that ſerve an unknowne Deitie:
Me ſoft Sophene feares, th'Armenians,
Taurus, and the ſubdu'd Cilicians:
What wars for him, but civill, doe I leave?
These words his Souldiers with no ſhout receive,
Nor are they eager of the fight: their feares
Great *Pompey* ſees, and backe his Standard beares,
Loath in ſo great a war to venture men
Orecome with fame of *Cæſar* yet not ſeene.
As a Bull heat in the firſt fight he tries,
Through th'empty fields, and deſart forreſts flies
Exil'd, and tries gainſt ev'ry tree his hornes,
Nor till his ſtrength be perfited, returnes
To paſture, then recovering his command,
Maugure the Heardſman, leads them to what land
He liſt: ſo now as weakeſt, Italy
Does *Pompey* leave, and through Apulia fly,
Himſelfe immuring in Brunduſium's hold,
A towne by Cretan colonies of old
Poſſeſt, that in th'Athenian navy fled,
When lying ſailes reported *Theſeus* dead.

Meane

Hence Italy's now straightned coast extends
Her selfe in forme of a thin tongue, and bends
Her homes t'inclose the Adriatick sea:
Nor yet could these straight shut up waters be
A haven, if high cliffes winds violence
Did not restraine, and the tir'd waters fence.
On both sides, Nature, the winds tyranny
To stop, high cliffes opposes to the sea;
That ships by trembling castles held may stand.
Hence all the maine lyes ope, if to thy land
We sayle Corcyra, or our courses bend
On the left hand, where Epidamnus tends
To the Ionian, thither Saylors fly
When th'Adrian's rough, and clouds obscure the high
Ceraunian mountaines, and with violent dash
The foaming seas Calabrian Sason wash.
When of forsaken Italy there was
No hope at all, nor that the warre could passe
Into the Spanish coast, for t'wixt that land
The lofty Alpes did interposed stand;
Thus th'eldest of his noble progeny
Pompey bespake: the worlds far Regions try,
Nile and Euphrates, wheresoere my name
Is spred: and all the Cities where Romes fame
I have advanc'd: bring backe unto the seas
The now dispers'd Cilician colonies.
The strength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring
Arme my *Tigranes*, and th'Ægyptian King.
Those that inhabit both Armenia's ore,
And the fierce nation by the Euxine Shore:
Riphæan bands, and those, where Scythian carres
On his slow backe conseal'd Meotis beares.
Why speake I more? through all the East my Son
Carry this war; through every conques'd towne
Ith'world: to us all triumph'd regions joyne.
But you, whose names the Latian feasts doe signe,

To

To Epire saile with the first Northeast wind,
Through Greece and Macedon new strength to find
While winter gives us respite from the war.
To his commands they all obedient are,
And from th'Italian shore their anchors weigh.
Cæsar impatient of wars long delay,
Or rest, lest changing fortes might ought withstand,
His flying Son in law pursues at hand.
So many townes at first assault surpriz'd,
And Forts disformed others had iustic'd:
Rome the worlds head, wars greatest booty, left
A prey; but *Cæsar* in all actions swift,
Thinking nought done, whilst ought undone remain'd,
Fiercely pursues, and though he have obtain'd
All Italy, and that great *Pompey* lives
In th'utmost edge, that both are here, he grieves;
Nor would he let his foes passe forth againe
By Sea, but seekes to stop the watry maine,
And with vast hills dam up the Ocean:
But this great labour is bestow'd in vaine:
The Sea those mountaines swallowes, mixing all
With sands below; so if high Erix fall
Into the middst of the Ægæan Sea,
No land above the water seene can be;
Or if the loftly Gaurus quite ore-come downe
Were to the bottome of Avernus throwne.
But when no earth throwne in would firmely stand,
Then with a Bridge of fastned Ships the land
He joynes; each Galley dos foure anchors stay:
Once ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
Made by report, when joyn'd by bridge he saw
Sestos t'Abydos, Europe t'Asia:
And fearing not th'Eastwind, nor Wests affront,
Walk'd ore the curled banke of Hellespont,
When ships their sayles round about Athos spred;
So now this Haven's mouth Ships straightened

On which their Bulwarks up apace they raiſe,
And lofty towres ſtand trembling on the Seas.
When *Pompey* ſaw that a new land oreſpread
The Ocean's face: care in his breaſt is bred
To ope the Sea, and carry forth the war.
Fill'd ſailes, and ſtreeching ſhrowds the Ships oft beare
Againſt theſe works, breaking them downe made roome
Into the Sea for other Ships to come,
Oft well driven Engines lighten'd the darke night
With flying fires. When time for their ſtolne flight,
Was come: he warnes his men, no Saylers noyſe
Might on the ſhore be heard: nor trumpets voice
Divide the houres: nor corners ſound at all
The Marriners ſhould to their charges call.
Now neere her end *Virgo* began to be;
And *Libra* followes his firſt day to ſee.
The ſilent fleet departs: the anchors made
No noiſe, when from thick ſands their hooks are weigh'd
Silent, while they the ſayle-yard bow, and reare
The maine-maſt up the fearefull maſters are:
The Saylers ſoftly ſpread their ſayles, nor dare
Shake their ſtrong ſhrowds within the whizzing aire.
The Generall makes his prayer, Fortune, to thee
To give him leave t'abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keepe it; but alas
The Fates will ſcarce grant that: the waters flaſh,
And furrow'd with ſo many keeles at once
The ſtem-beat Sea with a vaſt murmure grones.
The foeſlet in by gates, and up the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
Along the Havens ſtagge-like Hornes they run
Swiftly to ſhore, griev'd that the fleet was gone,
Is *Pompey's* flight ſo ſmall a victory?
A ſtraighter paſſage let him out to Sea,
Then where th' Bubæan channell Chalcis beats,
Here ſtuck two Ships, which faſt the Engine gets.

In

In fight, and neere the ſhore the skirmiſh try'd:
Here firſt the Sea with civill blood was dy'd.
The Fleet eſcap'd of thoſe two ſhips bereft:
So when Theſſalia *Iaſons* Argo left
For Colchos bound, Cyanean Iſles at Sea
Shot forth, the tayle-maim'd ſhip eſcap'd away
Amidſt the rocks: in vaine the Ilands beat
The empty Sea: ſhe comes a ſayler yet.
Now that the Sun was neere the Eaſterne sky
Declar'd, palefac'd before his roſie dye:
The Pleiades grow dim; each neerer ſtar
Looſes his light: *Bootes* lazy carre
Turnes to the plaine complexion of the skies,
And *Lucifer*, the great ſtarres darkned, flies
From the hot day: and now wert thou at Sea
Pompey, not with ſuch Fate, as when from thee
The fearefull Pirates through all Seas retir'd:
Fortune revolts with thy oft triumphs tir'd:
Now with thy Countrey, Houſhold gods, thy Son,
And Wife, art thou a mighty exile gone.
A place for thy ſad death is ſought a far,
Not that the gods envy thee Sepulcher
At home; but damn'd is Ægypt to that crime,
And Latium ſpar'd: that Fates in forreine clime
May hide this miſchiefe, and the Roman land
Cleare from the bloud of her deare *Pompey* ſtand.

FINIS Libri ſecundi.

Annotations on the ſecond Booke.

(a) *An old man to expreſſe the preſent calamity, repeats the whole courſe of the civill war, betweene Marius and Sylla, as it followes in this diſcourſe.*

(b) Marius *had twice triumphed, once over Iugur-*

tha

tha the King of Numidia, and afterward over the Cimbrians and Teutones; but afterwards envying the honour of Sylla, to whose hands Bocchas King of Mauritania had delivered Iugurtha, and endeavouring by the ayde of Sulpitius Tribune of the People to hinder Sylla from his expedition against Mithridates King of Pontus, had incensed Sylla being then warring in Campania, so farre, that Sylla brought his army to Rome, and entring the Citie, subduing his adversaries, got them to be judged enemies by the Senates decree, and banished the citie; Marius escaping by flight, hid himselfe in the Fennes neere Minturnæ; but being there taken, hee was put in a dungeon at Minturnæ.

(c) Marius suffered before hand at Minturnæ for those cruelties, which he afterwards acted at Rome, when he returned, and was Consul the seventh time.

(d) The executioner of Minturnæ being a Cimbrian, entring the darke dungeon to kill Marius, saw fire sparkling out of Marius his eyes, and heard a voice saying, darest thou kill Cajus Marius? at which the Cimbrian affrighted fled away, and the men of Minturnæ moved with pity, and reverence of the man, that once had saved Italy, released Cajus Marius, and let him goe.

(e) Marius escaped from Minturnæ, tooke flight by obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a tempest arising, was cast upon the Ilands called Meninges, where he received some companions, and heard that his Son with Cethegus were gotten safe into Africk, to Hyempsall; he then sayled to the coast of Carthage, but being forbidden by the Lictor of Sextilius the Prætor, to set foot in Africk; Goe tell thy Prætor, quoth he, that thou hast seene Cajus Marius sitting in the ruines of Carthage: not unfitly comparing the ruin'd estate of that great City to his owne now decayed fortunes.

(f) When Cajus Cinna the Consul appeared to the people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate at

request of Sylla had judged enemies: a great contention arising, Cinna was expelled the City by his colleague Cneius Octavius, and flying, solicited the Cities of Italy to war: he armed slaves and prisoners, and joyning himselfe to Marius returning, they entred Rome in a fourefold army, Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sestorius, and tyrannized over their Adversaries.

(g) Marius had given this token to his Souldiers, that they should kill all, whom he did not resalute, and offer his hand to kisse.

(h) Bæbius was torne in pieces by the Souldiers.

(i) Marcus Antonius an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murtherers relent: at last his head being cut off, Anius the Tribune brought it to Marius, as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to be nayled to the Rostra.

(k) Fimbria a cruell Souldier of Marius killed the two Crassi, Father and Son, in each others sight.

(l) That place of the prison, from whence offenders used to be cast downe headlong, was stained with the blood of Licinius the Tribune, whose office was sacred.

(m) Mucius Scævola the high Priest, an old man, embracing the Altar of Vesta, was there slaine.

(n) C. Marius entring his seventh Consulship, within thirteene dayes after died mad of a disease in his side, being seventy yeares old, having tasted the extremities of prosperity, and adversity.

(o) At Sacriportum, not far from Præneste, Sylla overcame Cajus Marius the Son of old C. Marius, who fled to Præneste; Sylla sent Lucretius Ofella to besiege him there; but Marius offring to escape through a Mine under ground, and being discovered there killed himselfe; Sylla then not far from Porta Collina overthrew Lamponius, and Telesinus, two Captaines of the Samnites, who came to raise Ofella's siege. At these two places Sylla slew above seven thousand men.

(p) Marius *had promised the Samnites, who had beene of his party, that hee would transfate the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceived a hope of subjecting the Romans more than once they did* ad Furcas Caudinas, *where the Romans under the conduct of* Titus Veturius, *and* Spurius Posthumius *received a disgraceful overthrow.*

(q) Quintus Luctatius Catulus, *which had beene Colleague with* C. Marius, *and triumphed with him over the Cimbrians, hearing that* Marius *was determined to put him to death, entring his chamber, voluntarily choaked himselfe. In revenge of which, his brother* Catulus *obtained of* Sylla, *that* Marius *the brother of* C. Marius *might be delivered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his brothers Tombe, and wounding his armes, thighes, and legs, he cut off his nose, and eares, cut out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so live a while, that he might die in paine of every lim.*

(r) Lucretius Offella *by* Sylla's *command having taken Prænestе, had killed, or cast in prison, all the Senators, that he found there of* Marius *faction: but* Sylla *comming thither, commanded five thousand men of Prænestе, who in hope of mercie had cast away their armes, and prostrated themselves upon the ground, to be all slaine.*

(s) Sylla *commanded foure whole Legions, which had been of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of* Mars.

(t) Sylla *called himselfe* Felix: *hee named his Son* Faustus, *and his Daughter* Fausta; *leaving his Dictatorship, he lived privately at puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice, his Funeralls were kept with great honour in the field of* Mars.

(u) Martia *being a virgin was married to* Cato, *by whom shee had three children; and then his friend* Hortensius *desiring to have her, and wanting children,* Cato *bestowed her upon him, being then great with child: after* Hortensius

Hortenſius *his death, ſhe returned then to* Cato.

(x) Cornelia *the Daughter of* Lucius Scipio, *and widdow of* Publius Craſſus, *was married to* Pompey *after* Iulia's *death.*

(y) *At the fame of* Cæſars *approch, the Governors thorow Italy all fled, not daring to withſtand him; or maintaine any Forts againſt him; many of thoſe are here named: Firſt* Scribonius Libo *leaves his charge at Hetruria, and* Thermus *forſakes Vmbria:* Fauſtus Sylla, *ſonne to* Sylla *the Dictator, wanting his Fathers ſpirit, and fortune in civill warre, fled at the name of* Cæſar.

(z) Atius Varus, *when hee perceived that the chiefe Citizens of Auximum favoured* Cæſar, *took his Gariſon from thence, and fled.*

(a) Lentulus Spinther, *with ten cohorts, kept the Towne of Aſculum, who hearing of* Cæſars *comming, fled away, thinking to carry with him his cohorts, but was forſaken by moſt of his ſouldiers.*

(b) Lucius Scipio, *father in law to* Pompey *the great, fled from Luceria, although hee had two ſtrong Legions.* Marcellus *to diminiſh the ſtrength of* Cæſar, *counſelled the Senate to make a decree, that* Cæſar *ſhould deliver one Legion, and* Pompey *another to* Bibulus, *whom they pretended to ſend to the Parthian warre:* Cæſar, *according to the Senates decree, delivered to him one Legion for himſelfe, and another Legion which hee had borrowed of* Pompey *for a preſent ſupply, after the great loſſe received by his two Prætors,* Teturius, *and* Cotta; *both theſe Legions* Cæſar *delivered, and they were now in* Scipio's *Campe.*

(c) Lu. Domitius Ænobarbus *with twenty cohorts was in Corfinium: hee had with him thoſe ſouldiers of* Pompey's *who had incloſed the Forum, when* Milo *was arraigned for* Clodius *death. Hee ſent five cohorts to breake downe the bridge of the River which was three miles from the Towne; but thoſe cohorts meeting the*

orerunners of Cæsars *army, were beaten backe againe.*

(d) Spartacus *a Thracian Fencer fled with seventie companions of his, from* Lentulus *his games at Capua, and gathering slaves to his party, and arming them, made up an Army of* 30000. *hee overcame many Roman Prætors, and Consuls; at last hee was vanquished and slaine by* Marcus Crassus.

(e) Cæsar *having wasted Germany with fire and sword, after eighteene dayes returned into France, cutting downe the Bridge behinde him, that it should not be useful to the Germans; which* Pompey *detractingly calls a flight.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Third Booke.

The Argument.

Faire Iulia's *Ghoſt a dreame to* Pompey *ſhowes.*
Curio *for Corne into* Sicilia *goes.*
To Rome comes Cæſar *with unarmed Bands,*
Where, though Metellus *all in vaine withſtands,*
He robs the Treaſury. Each Nations name
That to the Warre in aid of Pompey *came.*
Cæſar *thence haſts to Spaine, and by the way*
Layes cruell Siedge to true Maſſilia,
But ſtaies not there himſelfe: Brutus *maintaines*
The ſiedge, and Cæſars *firſt Sea-conqueſt gaines.*

THe wind ſtuff'd ſailes had forth the Navy ſent
Into the maine, the Sailers lookes were bent
Vpon th' Ionian waves; but *Pompey's* eye
Was here turn'd backe from his deare Italy,
His native coaſt, and that beloved ſhore,
Which Fate ordaines he here ſhall viſit more,
Till the high cliffes no more for cloudes he ſees,
And the hilles leſſening vaniſh from his eyes;
Sweet ſleepe did then his weary limbes compoſe,
When *Iulia's* Ghoſt through the cleft ground aroſe

In wofull wiſe, and with a funerall brand,
Seem'd Fury-like before his face to ſtand.
From the bleſt ſoules abode, th'Elizian field,
To Stygian darkneſſe, and damn'd Ghoſts exil'd
Since this ſad war, I ſaw the Furies fire
Their brands (quoth ſhee) to move your wicked ire.
Charon prepares more boates for ſoules to come,
And hell's enlarged for tormenting roome.
Three Siſters ſpeedy hands cannot ſuffice,
For breaking threads has tyr'd the Deſtinies,
Pompey, whileſt mine, a life triumphant led:
Thy Fortunes changed with thy marriage bed:
Strumpet *Cornelia*, damn'd by Deſtinie
To ruine her great Lords, could marry thee,
My funerall fire ſcarſe out. Let her in flight
Attend thee now, and through this civill fight
Follow thy Standard, whilſt I ſtill have power
To breake your reſt at every ſleepy hower.
No howre gives freedome to your loves delight;
The day holds *Cæſar*, *Iulia* holds the night.
Lethe's dull waters made not mee forget
Thee husband, and hell princes did permit
That I ſhould follow thee; through both the hoſts
Ile ruſh, while thou art fighting: *Iuliaes* ghoſt
Shall tell thee ſtill whoſe Sonne in law thou art;
Thinke not that warre ſhall this alliance part:
This warre ſhall make us meete againe. This ſed
She through her fearefull Lords embraces fled.
He, though the gods by ghoſts doe threaten, ſtill
Madder of warre, with ſure preſage of ill,
Why are we fear'd (quoth he) with fancies vaine?
Either no ſenſe doth after death remaine,
Or death is nothing. Now the ſetting Sunne
To drowne as much of his bright Orbe begun,
As the Moone wants, when after full ſhe wanes,
Or growes neere full. *Dyrrachium* entertaines

His

His Navie now; the Saylers make to shore,
Pull downe the Sayles, and labour at the Oare.
Cæsar perceiving all the Ships were gone
Past sight with prosperous winds, and he alone
Left Lord in Italy, no joy receiv'd
In th' honour of great *Pompey's* flight, but griev'd
His foes fled safe along the Ocean;
No fortune could suffice this eager man,
Deferring of the war to him seem'd more
Than this small conquest; but he now gives ore
Warres care awhile, intent on peace againe,
And knowing how the peoples loves to gaine,
That corne most stirres their hate, most drawes their loves,
That onely famine to rebellion moves
Cities, and feare is bought, where great men feed
The sloathfull Commons; nought starv'd people dread.
Curio is sent to the Sicilian Townes,
Where once the violent Sea did either drowne,
Or cut the land, and made it selfe a shore
In the mid-land, the waters ever roare,
And struggle there, lest the two hills should close.
Part of the war into Sardinia goes:
Both famous Ilands for rich fruitfull fields,
No land to Italy more harvest yeelds,
Nor with more Corne the Roman Garners fills:
Not Lybia these, as Granaries, excells,
When *Boreas* blasts (the Southwinds ceasing) teare
The showring clouds, and make a fruitfull yeare.
These things provided thus, with peacefull showes,
And Troopes unarm'd to Rome the Conquerour goes.
Oh had hee but come home with victory
Onely of *Britaine*, *France* and *Germany*,
What long triumphant pompe, what honour than,
What stories had he brought? How th'Ocean,
And the Rhine both his Conquests brideled,
The noble *Gaules*, and yellow *Britaines* led

Behind

Behind his lofty Chariot; winning more,
He loſt thoſe triumphs were deſerv'd before.
No flockes of people now his comming greet
With joy; all feare his lookes, none ſtand to meet
His troopes; yet proud is he ſuch feare to moove,
And would not change it for the peoples love.
Now Anxurs ſteepeſt hills he had orepaſt,
Where a moiſt path ore Pontine fennes is plac'd;
Where the high wood does Scythian *Dian* ſhow:
Where to long *Albis* feaſts the Conſuls goe.
From an high rocke he viewes the towne a farre
Not ſeene before in all his Northern warre.
Then thus (admiring his Romes walls) he ſpake,
Could men not forc'd by any fight forſake
Thee the gods ſeate? What Citie will they dare
To fight for? here the gods their loves declare,
That not the furious Eaſterne nations,
Pannonians, or ſwift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getes invade thee: Fortune ſpares
Thee Rome in this, to ſend thee civill wars
Having ſo faint a chiefe. Then fearefull Rome
He enters with his Troopes; they thinke him come
To fire and ſacke the Citie, not to ſpare
The gods themſelves; This meaſure had their feare.
They thinke hee'le doe what ere he can; no ſongs,
No ſhouts they counterfeit in joyfull throngs;
They ſcarſe have time to hate; the fathers meet
In *Phœbus* temple by no lawfull right
Of convocation, from their houſes fet,
And lurking holes: the Conſuls ſacred ſeat
Was not ſuppli'd; next them no Prætor fills
His roome, but empty ſtand thoſe honor'd Sells.
Cæſar was all; the Senate ſit to beare
Witneſſe of private power, and grant what ere
He pleaſe to aske; Crownes, Temples, their owne blood,
Or baniſhment; fortune in this was good:

He

He blusht more to command, then Rome t'obay,
But libertie in this durst make assay
By one, if law could overmaster force;
Metellus seeing the vast massie doores
Of *Saturn*'s Temple ready to fly ope;
Running enrag'd, breaking through Cæsars troope,
Before the yet unopen'd doore he stay'd.
(Onely the love of gold is not afraid
Of Death and threatning swords; the lawes are gone
And broke without one conflict: wealth alone
The worst of things had power this jarre to make)
Staying the rapine thus the Tribune spake
Aloud to *Cæsar*; Through this breast of mine
The Temple opes; no treasure shalt thou finde,
Robber, but what thou buy'st with sacred blood;
This office wrong'd will finde a vengefull God.
A Tribunes curse pursuing *Crassus*, made
A fatall Parthian warre; but draw thy blade:
Let not the peoples eyes scare thee from this
Thy wickednesse; the Towne forsaken is:
No wicked Souldiers from our treasuries
Shall pay himselfe; finde other enemies
To spoyle, and conquer, other townes to give.
No needs can thee to this foule rapine drive;
In me alone, *Cæsar*, thou findst a warre:
These words incens'd the angry Conquerer;
In vaine, *Metellus*, hop'st thou to obtaine
A noble death (quoth he) we scorne to staine
Our hand in such a throat; no dignitie
Makes thee worth *Cæsars* ire; must libertie
Be sav'd by thee? the Fates confound not so
All things, but that the lawes, rather then owe
To thee their preservation, would be broke,
And tane away by *Cæsar*; thus he spoke;
But when the Temple doores the Tribune stout
Left not, more angry growne, he lookes about

On his keene ſwords, to play the gowne-man now
Hee had forgot; when *Cotta* gan to wooe
Metellus to give ore his enterpriſe;
The freedome of men ſubjugated dies
By freedomes ſelfe (quoth hee) whoſe ſhadow thou
Shalt keepe, if all his proud commands thou doe.
So many unjuſt things have co nquer'd we
Already ſuffer'd, and this now muſt be
Th'excuſe t'our ſhame, and moſt degenerate feare,
That nought can be deny'd; now let him beare
Away from hence theſe ſeeds of wicked warre.
Loſſe hurts thoſe people that in freedome are.
Worſt to the Lord is ſerving povertie,
Metellus is remov'd, and open'd be
The temple doores; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noiſe the broken hinges fill,
And from the bottome of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a yeare
Had not beene toucht, which Carthage warres to us,
And the two Kings, *Philip* and *Perſeus*
Both conquer'd brought, is ranſackt; gold they reave
Which flying *Pyrrhus* to thee, Rome, did leave,
For which *Fabritius* would no traytor be.
What ere the vertuous frugality
Of our forefathers had yet kept unſpent,
And Aſia's wealthy tributaries ſent.
What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
And ore the ſeas from Cyprus *Cato* fet.
The ſpoiles of all the Eaſt, and treaſures proud
Of captive Kings, which *Pompey's* triumphs ſhow'd.
This temples impious robbing brought to paſſe
That Rome then firſt then *Ceſar* poorer was.
Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawne from all
The world ſtrong nations with himſelfe to fall.
Aid to the warre ſo neere firſt Græcia lends,
And Cyrrha on the Rocke; Amphiſſa ſends

Her

Her Phocian bands, Parnaſſus learned hill
From both her tops ſends men, Bæotians fill
The campe, neere whom th'oraculous waters flow,
Of ſwift Cephiſſus: men from Piſa too,
And Theban Dirce, and where under ſea
Alphæus ſends his ſtreames to Sicily.
Th'Arcadians leave their Mænalus, and from
Herculian Oeta the Trachinians come.
The Theſprots came, and their now ſilent oake
Th'Epirots neere Chaonia forſooke.
Athens, though waſted now with muſters quite,
Yet levies men, and to this civill fight
Three Saliminian ſhips ſends from her fleet
To *Phœbus* dedicated: *Iove*-lov'd Creete
From Gnoſſus, and Gortina ſends to'th field
Archers, that need not to the Parthians yield:
Souldiers from out Dardanian Oricum,
From Athamas, and from Encheleæ come,
Fam'd for transformed *Cadmus* funeralls:
From Colchos, where *Abſyrtus* foaming falls
Into the Adrian: thoſe where Peneus flowes:
He that Iolchos in Theſſalia plowes:
Thence was the ſea firſt try'd, when Argo bore
Thoſe that firſt ſayled to a forreine ſhore,
And firſt of all commited fraile mankind
To mercie of the raging ſea and wind:
That ſhip taught men a way unknowne to die:
From Thracian Æmus, and from Pholoe
Beely'd with Centaures, and from Strymon too,
From whence the birds to Nile in winter goe:
From barbarous Cone, where into the ſeas
Sixe headed Iſter does one channell eaſe
At Peuce, ſouldiers come: the Myſian,
And cold Caicus-waſht Idalian,
Barren Arisbe helpes, and Pisane:
Celenæ by *Apollos* victory

Con-

Condemn'd, that curſt *Minervaes* fatall gift;
Where into crook'd Mæander Marſyas ſwift
Falling, there mingled backe againe does flow;
The land, that from gold Mines lets Hermus goe,
And rich Pactolus; thoſe of Ilium
With Ilium's fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of Troy, and *Cæſars* pedegree
Drawne from *Iulus* could no hindrance be.
The Syrian people from Orontes goe,
Windy Damaſcus, happy Minos too;
Gaza, and Idumæa rich in Palmes;
Inſtable Tyre, Sidon, whom purple fames:
Theſe ſhips bound to the war, the Cynoſure
Guides ſtraight along the Sea, to none more ſure;
Phænicians, that (if fame we dare believe)
To humane ſpeech firſt characters did give.
The rivers yet had not with paper ſerv'd
Ægypt; but carv'd, beaſts, birds, and ſtones preſerv'd
Their magicke language. Taurus lofty wood
Forſaken is; Tarſus, where *Perſeus* ſtood,
From Coticus, digg'd from an hallow rocke,
Mallos, and Ægæ, the Cilicians flocke
No Pirates now, but to a juſt war preſt.
Fame of this war had ſtirr'd the fartheſt Eaſt
Where Ganges is, that onely croſſe does run
Of all earth's Rivers to the riſing Sun,
And rouſes his waves againſt the Eaſterne wind.
Philips great Son, there ſtay'd, was taught to find
The world more large, then his ambitious mind
Conceiv'd it: and where double channel'd Inde
Feeles not Hydaſpes mixture: Indians,
That ſucke ſweet liquor from their ſugar canes:
And thoſe, whoſe haire with ſaffron is bedy'd,
Whoſe garments looſe with colour'd gems are ty'd;
Thoſe that alive their funerall piles erect,
And leape into the flames helping t'effect

Fates worke; what glory 'tis, content to live
No more, the remnant to the gods to give;
Fierce Cappadocians, th' hardy Nations
Neere to Ammanus, the Armenians
Neere strong Niphates; the Coastræ from
Their lofty woods, and the Arabians come
Into an unknowne world, wondring to see
Shadowes of woods on the right hand to be.
Fartheſt Oloſtrians come to Roman war;
Carmanian Captaines too; who Southward far
See not the ſet of the whole Northern Beare;
By night but little ſhines *Bootes* there,
The Æthiopian land not ſeene at all
By any of the ſignes Septentrionall
But crooked Taurus hooſe, thoſe people too
Whence great Euphrates, and ſwift Tygris flow,
From one ſpring Perſis ſends them, 'tis unknowne
What name, ſhould thoſe two Channels meet in one,
They'd beare: Euphrates flowing on the fields,
That profit there, that Nile in Ægypt yields.
But Tygris ſwallowed by the gaping earth
Long hides his courſe: but at his ſecond birth
Denies not to the Sea his new-borne flood.
Betwixt both Campes fierce Parthians neuters ſtood,
Content that they alone had daus'd this war.
With poyſon'd arrowes wandring Scythians far
Come to the Campe, whom Bactros ycie flood
Encloſes, and Hyrcania's deſert wood.
The valiant Heniochian Horſemen there
Sprung from the Spartan race: Sarmatians neere
To the fierce Moſchi, where cold Phaſis glides,
And Colchos richeſt paſture fields divides.
Where Halys fatall to the Lydian King
Does flow; where Tanais, that drawes his ſpring
From the Riphæan hills, and doth divide
Europe from Aſia, giving to each ſide

The name of ſeverall worlds, and (as he bends)
Now to this world, now that increaſe he lends.
Where ſlow Mœotis driven into the ſeas,
Takes from the pillars of great *Hercules*
Their fame; denying that the Gades alone
Admit the ſea. Scythonian nations,
The valiant Arians, Arimaſpians
With gold-deck't locks, and ſwift Gelonians.
The Maſſegets, their thirſt that ſatisfie
With the ſame horſes bloods, whereon they fly.
Not *Cyrus* leading th'Eaſtern troopes, nor when
Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men
Came downe; nor *Agamemnon* bound to fet
His brothers raviſht wife with that fam'd fleet,
So many kings brought under their commands
So many nations drawne from ſeverall lands,
Different in language, and attire; nor ere
Did fortune bring ſo many men to beare
Part in a mighty ruine, making all
Sad obſequies at *Pompeys* funerall.
Marmarick troopes the horned Ammon preſt,
And all ſcorcht Affricke from the fartheſt Weſt
To th'Eaſtern ſhore, ſend ayde, as far as ly
The Syrtes gulfes; leſt *Cæſar* ſeverally,
And oft be troubled, here all nations
Pharſalia brings to be ſubdu'd at once.
Cæſar now leaving fearfull Rome in haſte
With his ſwift troopes the cloudy Alpes orepaſt:
But though his fame all people elſe affright
Phocian Maſſilia (*ſ*) dares yet keepe aright
Her faith, and far from Greekiſh levity
The cauſe, the lawes, not fortune followes ſhe:
But firſt of all they labour to aſſwage
With peaceſull parley his uncurbed rage,
And ſtubborne mind: and to their foe move nigh
They ſend an Olive-bearing Embaſſy.

As *Latiums* annals can true mention make,
Maſſilia ſtill was ready to partake
The fate of Rome in any forraine warre:
And now if triumphs over nations farre,
Cæſar, thou ſeeke, to ſuch a conflict take
Theſe hands, and lives of ours; but if you make
Sad civill watre, then give us leave to bend
To neither ſide, and naught but teares to ſpend.
Let not our hands in wounds ſo ſacred be:
If th'heavenly Gods had civill enmitie,
Or earth-borne Giants ſhould aſſault the ſky,
No ayde to *Iove* durſt humane pietie
By armes or prayers lend; their ſtates above
We know not, but are bound to thinke that *Iove*
Has thunder ſtill; beſides how many from
All nations now doe voluntaries come?
The ſlothfull world is not from vice ſo far
That you ſhould need forc'd ſword to civill war.
Would ev'ry people would this cauſe refuſe,
And this ſad war no hands, but Roman uſe.
Some hands would falter at their fathers ſight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainſt brothers fight.
The war will ſoone have end, if forreine ſtates
You uſe not t'exerciſe their ancient hates.
Our humble ſuite is, that within our wall
Thou'ldſt truſt thy ſelfe, and leaue behinde thee all
Thy threatning Eagles; let us this obtaine
To ſhut out war, and *Cæſar* entertaine.
Let this place free from guilt ſafely receive
Thy ſelfe and *Pompey*, if fates pleaſe to give
Peace to unconquer'd Rome; here both may meete
Vnarm'd; but why, when danger did invite
Thy wars to Spaine, turn'dſt thou to us aſide?
We are of no availe to turne the tide
Of your great wars; our armes have proved ſtill
Vnfortunate; when fortune did exile

Vs from out first plantation, here we sate,
And Phocis sackt towers, hither did translate:
Here in a forreine coast, and weake wall'd towne
Safe have wee liv'd; our Faith is our renowne.
If thou intend siege to our walles to lay,
Or through our gates t'enforce a speedy way;
In the defence we are resolv'd to dye,
And fury of the swords and fire to try.
If thou divert our waters course, the ground
Weele dig, and licke the puddle we haue found:
If food thould faile, flesh of our children slaine,
(Fearefull to touch or see) our jawes should staine:
For libertie to suffer weeke not feare.
What once Saguntum, when besieg'd, could beare.
In Carthage war: our babes in vaine that strive,
To su ke their Mothers dry'd up breasts, weele give.
Freely to th' fire: a wife shall sue for death
At her deare husbands hand: a brothers breath.
A brothers hand shall stop; this civill war
Weele choose o' th two; so spoke th' Embassador.
But *Cæsar's* troubled looke his anger speakes,
Before his words; but this at last, these Greeks
Vaine hope of our departure has possest;
Though we were marching to the farthest West,
Yet have we time to sacke Massilia.
Souldiers rejoyce, Fate meetes us in the way
With war; as winds in th' emptie ayre doe lose
Their force, unlesse some strong growne oake oppose:
As mighty fires for want of fuell dye,
So want of foes breeds our calamitie.
Our strength were lost unlesse some durst stand out
To be subdu'd: but if I come without
My armes, they will receive mee; they desire
Not to exclude, but take mee prisoner.
But they (forsooth) would faine that guilt eschew
That followes civill war; Ile make them rue.

Their

Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
Safer then warre to those serve under me.
Then on hee marches; the towne fearlesse shut
Their gates, and souldiers on the Rampiers put.
Not farr off from the walls a hill there stood,
Whose top was like a field level and broad;
Which *Cæsar* in surveying judg'd to be
Safe for a campe, and fit to fortifie:
The townes neer'st part did an high castle raise
Æquall to th'hill; in midst a valley was.
Cæsar resolves on a laborious thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills; but first to shut up quite the towne
By land, from both sides his high campe brings downe
A long worke to the sea, a bulwarke rais'd
Of turfes, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all convoyes from the towne.
This was a thing for ever to renowne
This Greekish towne, to stay the violent course
Of this hot warre, not tane by suddaine force,
Or feare; when *Cæsar* all the rest ore runne,
This Cities conquest ask'd him time alone:
'Twas much to stay his fates: fortune in hast
To make him lord of all the world did wast
Time at this siege: now round about the towne
The lofty woods are fell'd; large Okes hew'n downe,
To fortifie with posts the bulwarkes side.
Lest earth too brittle of it selfe should slide
Away, not able the tow'rs weight to beare.
A wood untouch'd of old was growing there
Of thicke set trees, whose boughs spreading and faire
Meeting obscured the incosed aire;
And made darke shades exiling *Phœbus* rayes,
There no rude Fawne, nor wanton Sylvan playes;
No Nymph disports, but cruell Deities
Claim barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice:

Each trees defil'd with humane blood: if wee
Believe traditions of antiquity,
No bird dares light upon thoſe hallowed bowes:
No beaſts make there their dens: no wind there blowes,
No lightning falls: a ſad religious awe
The quiet trees unſtirr'd by wind doe draw.
Blacke water currents from darke fountaines flow:
The gods unpoliſht images doe know
No art, but plaine and formeleſſe trunkes they are.
Their moſſe, and mouldineſſe procures a feare:
The common figures of knowne Deities
Are not ſo fear'd: not knowing what God 'tis,
Makes him more awfull: by relation
The ſhaken earths darke cavernes oft did grone:
Fall'n Yew trees often of themſelves would riſe:
With ſeeming fire oft flam'd th'unburned trees:
And winding dragons the cold okes imbrace:
None give neere worſhip to that balefull place;
The people leave it to the gods alone.
When blacke night reignes, or *Phœbus* gilds the noone,
The Prieſt himſelfe trembles, afrayd to ſpie
Or finde this woods tutelar Deitie.
This wood he bids them fell: not ſtanding far
From off their worke: untoucht in former war,
Among the other bared hils it ſtands
Of a thicke growth; the Souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to ſtrike, moov'd with the majeſtie,
And thinke the axe from off the ſacred tree
Rebounding backe would their owne bodies wound:
Th'amazement of his men when *Cæſar* found,
In his bold hand himſelfe an hatchet tooke,
And firſt of all aſſaults a lofty oake,
And having wounded the religious tree,
Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæſar* beare.
The ſouldiers all obey, not voide of feare,

But

But ballancing the gods, and *Cæſars* frowne.
The knotty Holmes, the tall wild Aſhes downe,
Ioves ſacred Oake, ſhip-building Alder falls,
And Cypreſſe worne at great mens funeralls,
Then firſt cut downe, admit the ſight of day;
The falling trees ſo thicke each other ſtay.
The Gaules lament to ſee the woods deſtroy'd:
But the beſieged townesmen all orejoy'd
Hope that the wronged gods will vengeance take;
But gods oft ſpare the guilti'ſt men, and make
Poore wretches onely feele their vengefull hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
From every part, plowmen their ſeaſons loſe,
Whilſt in this worke ſouldiers their teames diſpoſe.
But weary in this (g) lingring war to ſtay
Before the walls, *Cæſar* goes farre away
To meet his troopes in Spaine; his army ſtayes
Before the towne: there lofty forts they raiſe,
And bulwarks equalling the height o'th towne,
Which had in earth no fixt foundation,
But rowled to and fro the cauſe unknowne,
The townesmen viewing this ſtrange motion,
Thought it ſome earthquake, where the ſtrugling wind
From the earths cavernes could no paſſage find:
But much they wonder their owne walls ſtand faſt:
From thence againſt the towne their Piles they caſt;
But the Greeks miſſill weapons did more harme
To *Cæſars* men, ſent from no feeble arme,
But mighty engines with a whirlewinds might;
Theſe not content one breaſt alone to ſplit,
Through many bodies, bones and armours cleave,
Not looſing in one wound their ſtrength, and leave
Behind them many deaths; but when they throw
Great maſſie ſtones, the mortall force is ſo
As from a mountaines top a falling rocke,
Which the winds force, and running time has broke;

Not onely kills what man soe're it dash,
But every limme does into pieces pash.
But when with fence of shields conjoyned all
The sheltred souldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all cover'd like a fishes shell,
Those darts, and stones flew over them, which fell
With danger on their heads before; but now
The Greekes at such small distance could not throw,
Nor th'Engine change, content with weight alone
On their foes heads they roule downe heavie stone:
But while the fence did last, burdlesse did all
Their stones, and darts, like haile on houses fall;
Vntill the townesmens teased valour broke
(When *Cæsar's* men were tir'd with often strokes)
The fence, and did their joyned shields divide:
Then did a thin earth cover'd worke proceed;
Vnder whose covert those that lay did fall
To worke in undermining of the wall,
Sometimes the back-forc'd ram did stropgly drive
Forward, the well compacted wall to rive.
But from above with fires, with often strokes
Of broken bars, flakes, and fire harden'd oake,
They force the fence; the work broke downe and vaine,
The souldiers tir'd fly to their campe againe.
The Greeks then sally forth, not satisfi'd
That their walls safely stand, and fine works hide
(*b*) Vnder their armes, no morrall bow nor speare
Armes the bold youth, but flaming fire they beare,
Which with swift wings into the Roman trench
The strong winds carry: nought has power to quench
Or slacken it, the wood though greene dissolves,
And in blacke clouds of smoake the ayre involues.
But fire all pieces of the buildings take,
Not onely wood, but stones, and rocks doe crack,
And moulder into ashes: greater now
The falling bulwarks in their ruines show.

The conquer'd now looking all hope by land
Resolve the hazard of sea-fight to stand,
Their ships fore-deck no guided names adorne;
But timber plaine, such as the woods had borne
Growing, make stations fitte for Navall fight,
Now downe the streame of Rodanus the fleet
From Stæchas comes to sea, and there attends
Brutus Prætorian ships: Massilia sends
Her utmost strength to triall of the war;
Old men, and beardlesse boyes all armed are.
The fleet then ready on the Ocean
Was rigg'd, and old worne ships repair'd againe.
Now when the sky is cleare, and his bright rayes
On the calme sea the rising Sun displayes:
The North and Southern winds their fury spare,
And leave the calmed Ocean fit for war:
Both nations rowing from their stations meet,
Here the Cæsarian, there the Græcian fleet.
With ofr and lofty strokes of Rowers from
The havens trembling the great Gallies come,
The horned of *Cæsar*'s fleet Gallies that bore
Three Oares a side, and some that went with foure
Or more did make, themselves opposing so
In front, behind them smaller vessels goe,
Liburnian Gallies with two Oares content.
Conjoyn'd in forme of an halfe Moone they went.
Brutus Prætorian galley swept the sea
Like a vast house, then th'rest more high was she,
And row'd with five strong Oares on a side.
But when so little sea-roome did divide
Both fleets, as that one stroke would make them meet,
Numberlesse voyces the vast ayre did greet
Of those that plow'd the seas loud shouts quite drown'd
The noise of rowing, and shrill trumpets sound.
Then sweepe they the blew waves: the rowers beat (set;
Themselves, and gainst their breasts strong strokes they

Ships against ſhips, beakes meeting beakes reſound,
And run aſterne; the ayre is darkned round
With flying darts, which falling th'Ocean hide,
Then turning their forecaſtles far more wide,
They make their hornes t'engirt the adverſe fleet.
As when ſtrong winds with tides repugnant meet,
One way the Sea, the wayes another go,
The ſhips upon the furrow'd Ocean ſo
Make different tracts, and waves upon the maine,
Which oares rais'd, the ſea bears downe againe.
But the Greeke veſſels were more nimble far
Either to flye, or turne about the war,
They could without long tedious turning wield
Themſelves, and quickly to the ſterne could yield.
The Roman ſhips flow keel'd would firmely ſtand,
And lend ſure footing like a fight by land.
The maſter then of his Prætorian ſhip
Brutus beſpake, why doſt thou let them ſlip?
Leave thy Sea-tricks and joyne the battels cloſe,
'Gainſt the Phocaicke ſtems our ſhips oppoſe:
He ſtraight obeyes, and turnes his owne broad ſide
Againſt their ſtems; what ſhip ſoere then tride
T'encounter her, with her owne ſtroke orecome
Stickes faſt, and is ſurpris'd; they hooke in ſome,
With oares ſome, ſome they with chaines hold faſt:
On the ſeas cover'd face the war is plac'd.
No brandiſht Iavelins manage now the war,
No darted ſteele beſtowing wounds from far:
Hands joyne with hands, and in this Navall fight
The ſword acts all: in their owne ſhips upright
They face their foes prone ſtrokes, ſome fall downe (ſlaine
In their owne ſhips: dy'd is the Ocean,
And the waves ſtiffen'd with congealed blood:
Ships hook't together could not meet, withſtood
By falling carkaſſes; ſome halfe dead ſinke,
And their owne bloud mixt with ſalt water drinke:

Some

Some, that desire their strugling lives to keepe,
Fall in the ruines of their broken ship.
Iavelins, that mist the aime they did intend,
Fall in the sea, and finish there their end,
Finding their bodies to receive a wound.
A Roman ship by Greeks inviron'd round
Fights stiffely still, on left hand, and on right
Maintaining long 'gainst all a doubtfull fight;
Vpon whose lofty decke whilst *Tagus* bold
Strived a seazed Græcian flag to hold,
Two darts together sent together split
His breast and backe, and in the middle meet:
The blood not knowing yet which way to run
Makes stand, but out at last both darts are throwne:
He in two wounds his dying soule divides.
Hither his ship whilst hapless *Telo* guides,
Then whom none better on a boystrous sea
Could guide a ship, none better knew then he
To morrow's weather, if the Sun he spi'd,
Or Moone, and could for future stormes provide.
He with his stem a Roman ship had broke,
But through his heart a trembling Iavelin stroke;
The ship turnes off following his dying hand;
Gyareus leaping to his friends command
Straight with a Roman javelin strongly flung
Was slaine, and to the ship fast nailed hung.
Two twins stand up, their fruitfull mothers fame,
That from one wombe with fates far different came,
(Death parts them: their sad parents reft of one
Without mistaking know their living son,
Whose lookes the cause of lasting sorrow keepe,
And make his friends for his slaine brother weepe.)
One of those twins from his Greeke ship was bold
Vpon a Roman keele to lay strong hold:
But from above a stroke cut off his hand,
Which in the place did still fast bended stand,

And kept the holde, the nerves more stiffe became
By death, his courage by this noble name
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand gainst his foes he bent,
And rushes on his foes right hand to reach,
But that (alas) another sword did reach
Off by the shoulder: now both hands were gone;
Nor sword, nor target could he wield; yet downe
He did not sinke, but naked breasted rose
Formost to save his armed brothers blood;
And there all darts, all wounds that were ordain'd
For many deaths one dying breath contain'd;
And then his soule fleeting to many wayes
He recollects, and in his rag'd hairs stayes
That little strength, and blood was left, to skip
Before his death into the Roman ship
His enemies by weight alone t'oppresse:
For now the ship laden with carkasses,
And full of blood bor'd through the side had beene,
And through her leakes drinking the water in
Was fill'd up to the hatches, sinking than
It turn'd the face of the neere Ocean:
The waters to the sinking ship gave way,
And in her roome clos'd up againe. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold.
An iron hooke throwne to lay violent hold
Upon a ship, on Lycian did light:
Drown'd had he beene, but his friends hinder'd it,
And in his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt: nor did his blood faint flow
As from a wound, but gushing in one spout
From all his broken vaines at once let out:
Into the sea falls his life carrying blood.
Never so great a passage open stood
To let out any soule, life straight forsakes
His lower halfe, since vitall parts it lackt:

But in his upper halfe (ſince in that part
Lay the ſoft lungs, and life ſuſteining heart)
Death ſtayes awhile, and findes repugnancie,
Nor at one time could all his members die.
The men that mann'd one ſhip, eager of fight
All preſſing to one ſide leave empty quite
The other ſide: whoſe weight orecurn'd the ſhip,
Which topſie turvie ſinking downe did keep
The Saylers vnder water; all of them
Were drownd, nor could their arms have roome to ſwim.
One horrid kinde of death that day was ſeene,
A young man ſwimming was, whoſe breſt betweene
Two meeting ſhips ſharpe ſtemmes was bored through.
The brazen ſtemmes through bones and fleſh did goe,
And made a noiſe; his squiezed belly ſent
Vp through his mouth blood mixt with excrement.
But when the Ships divide themſelves againe,
The body throwne into the Ocean,
The water through his bored boſome came:
Now in the ſea ſhip-wrackt Maſſilians ſwame
Towards their fellowes ſhip to ſave their lives,
But that already over-burden'd ſtrives
To keep her friends (though thus diſtreſſed) out,
And from above with ſwords the ſouldiers cut
Their armes, when hold upon the ſhip they lay,
Then downe againe into the ſea fall they
Leaving their hands behind, the Ocean
Can now no longer their maim'd trunkes ſuſtaine.
But now when all the ſouldiers darts were gone,
Fury findes weapons, Oares by ſome are throwne
Againſt their foes, with a ſtrong arme. The maſt
Do ſome teare downe, and in their fury caſt:
Some teare the Saylers ſeats, boords from the decke
Some throw: for weapons they their ſhips doe breake:
Some wanting ſwords, their friends dead bodies ſpoile:
From his owne breſt one drawes the mortall Pile.

With

With the left hand holding the wound, ſo long
To keep in blood and ſtrength, till he had flung
The javelin at his foe, then lets it run.
But nothing wrought ſo much deſtruction
At ſea, as ſeas oppoſed element
The fire, which wrapt in unctious ſtuffe was ſent,
And ſulphur balls, the ſhips apt fuell were,
Their pitch and melting waxe tooke eaſily fire;
Nor now could water quench th'unruly flame,
Fragments of broken ſhips ſtill burning ſwame:
Into the ſea to quench his fire one skips,
For feare of drowning to the burning ſhips
Another cleaves: that death, that was moſt neare,
Among a thouſand deaths they moſt did feare.
Nor did their ſhip-wrackt valour idly live:
Darts floating on the waves they take and give
Their fellowes in the ſhip, or on the ſeas
Themſelves thoſe darts (though feebly) exerciſe.
When weapons want, the ſeas their weapons be;
Foes graſping foes together gladly die.
But in that fight one *Phocian* did excell,
To ſearch the ſeas he under water well
Could keepe his breath, dive to the loweſt ſands,
And looſen faſtend anchors with his hands.
He grapling with a foe downe in the maine
Hid ſunke and drown'd him, and himſelfe againe
Safe, and a conquerer roſe; but riſing found
Ships in his way, and ſo at laſt was drown'd.
Some with their armes on their foes oares lay hold
To ſtay their flight: deare as they could they ſold
Their lives: ſome wounded, to keep off the blowes
From their friends ſhips, their bodies interpoſe.
Tyrrhenus ſtanding on the deck aloft
Lygdamus with a Balearicke ſhaft
Wounded; the ponderous lead his temples broke,
His falling eyes their hollow ſeat forſooke,

The optick nerves, and ligaments were broke:
He now ſtarke blind, amazed at the ſtroake
Thinkes this to be deaths darkeneſſe: finding than
That all his lims their perfect ſtrength retaine,
Fellowes (quoth he) place me where I may throw
A pile, and plant me as you uſe to doe
Engines of war: this little life that now
Remaines, *Tyrrenus*, on all hazzards throw;
This body, though in part already dead,
Will ſerve for warlike uſes, and inſtead
Of men alive take wounds; Thus having ſpoke
In his blind aimleſſe hand a Pile he ſhooke,
And threw it not in vaine, which as it light
Below his belly noble *Argus* hit,
Whoſe weight now falling made it further glide.
Argus unhappy Sire on t'other ſide
The beaten ſhip then ſtood (to none would he,
When he was young, in feats of ſouldiery
Give place, his ſtrength is now by age decay'd,
And he no ſouldier, but a patterne made)
Hee ſeeing his ſon fall, with trembling ſtep
Stumbling along came to that ſide the ſhip,
And finding there the body panting yet,
No teares fell from his cheekes, nor did he beat
His wofull breſt; his hands now ſtiffe were growne,
And all his joints cold numneſſe ſeizes on:
A ſudden darkneſſe cloſes up his eyes,
That he diſcernes not *Argus*, whom he ſees.
Argus his dying head began to reare,
And feeble necke ſeeing his father there
Speechleſſe, yet ſeem'd in ſilence to demand
A kiſſe, and to invite his fathers hand
To cloſe his dying eyes; but the old man
Free from amaze, when bloody griefe began
To recollect his ſtrength, I will not loſe
That time (quoth he) that angry fate beſtowes.

Pardon

Pardon thy wretched father, that from thee
Argus, and from thy last imbrace I flee;
Thy wounds warme blood yet signes of life doe give,
Th'art but halfe dead, and yet awhile mayst live:
Ile goe before thee Sonne: these words exprest,
And with a bloody sword piercing his brest,
He leapt into the sea, hasting to death
Before his dearest Sonne: his flitting breath
Vnto one single hinde of destiny
He durst not trust. Now great commanders dye:
And now no longer doubtfull is the fight;
Some of the Greekes are sunke; by hasty flight
Some get into the haven; others beare
(Changing their load) the Romane Conqueror.
But now sad Parents mournings fill the towne:
The shore with mothers lamentation
Did ring; in stead of her deare husbands face,
A weeping wife mistaking did imbrace
A Roman; Fathers funerall rites to give
About their Sonnes deformed bodies strive.
But *Brutus* Conqueror on the Ocean,
To *Cæsar's* side first navall honour wan.

FINIS Libri tertij.

Annotations on the third Booke:

(a) *The usuall time of mourning among the Romanes, for the losse of husband or wife, was ten moneths; within which space of time it was accounted infamous to marry; and therefore* Cornelia, *Daughter to* Lucius Scipio, *and Widow of* Pub. Crassus, *who was marryed to* Pompey *the great within that time, is here stiled by* Iulia *a strumpet.*

(b) Cæsar

(b) Cæsar, although it much concerned him to pursue Pompey, and overtake him before his strength were too much encreased by forreine ayde, yet partly for want of ships, and partly fearing lest in his absence there might happen some new commotion in Italy, and withall fearing the Pompeyan army that was then in Spaine under the conduct of Afranius and Petreius, he resolved first to goe and settle things at Rome, and so from thence to goe fight against those armies in Spaine.

(c) Valerius was sent into Sardinia, to fetch Corne, and Curio into Sicily, as Proprætor with three legions, these Countreyes were then the greatest Granaries of the Romane Empire.

(d) Cæsar assembled the Senators into Apolloes temple, and there with courteous language excused himselfe concerning this war, as a thing undertaken onely to preserve his owne dignitie against the envie and injury of a few, hee entreateth them to take care of the Commonwealth, and joyne with him in it: likewise to send Embassadors to Pompey, and the Consuls concerning peace.

(e) The Tribunitiall power was held so sacred, that whosoever did offer any violence unto it, they thought the gods would take revenge, and conceived the reason of that great and miserable overthrow, which Marcus Crassus received in Parthia, to be because Atteius the Tribune had cursed him as he went away.

(f) Cæsar passing through the further Gallia, and understanding that Domitius, whom hee had lately taken prisoner at Corfinium, and released againe, was come into Massilia, a Citie that favoured Pompey's faction, he called out some of the chiefe of the Citie, and admonished them not too much to obey one man, and so draw a warre upon themselves; they shut the gates against Cæsar, but requested him gently to passe by them, hoping by that meanes to have kept themselves in safetie, and to have remained as neuters in the warre, but that drew this heavy siedge upon

upon them. Vnhappy Massilia (*saith* Florus) *which desiring too much to preserve her peace, for feare of warr fell into a warr.*

(g) Cæsar *had sent* Caius Fabius *his Lieutenant with three legions into Spaine, to dislodge* Afranius *a Lieutenant of* Pompey's *in the* Pyrenæan *straights: and now himselfe leaving* Caius Trebonius *to besiege Massilia by land, and* Decius Brutus *to besiege it by sea, goes with nine hundred horsemen into Spaine to* Fabius *his campe.*

(h) *The story in the place concerning the firing of those workes which* Cæsars *Souldiers had raised, and the actions of the Massilians is not rightly related by* Lucan; *but differs much from the relation of true Histories.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Fourth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar *in Spaine neere high Ilerdaes walls*
Encampes 'gainst two Pompeian Generalls.
By suddaine floods his Campe endanger'd is.
Cæsar *divides the streame of Sicoris;*
Oretakes Petreius *flight, who bloodily*
Breaks off his Souldiers new-made amitie;
But by extremitie of thirst compell'd
Afranius, *and himselfe to Cæsar yield.*
Famish'd Antonius *yields t'his enemy.*
Vulteius, *and his valiant cohort dy*
By their owne swords. Curio *on Libyan sands*
Is slaine by Iubaes *Mauritanian bands.*

BVt now sterne *Cæsar* in Spaines farthest coast
Makes warre: on which, though little blood it (a) cost,
The fortunes of both Generalls much did stand.
Affranius (b) and *Petreius* did command
Those campes with equall power, but concord made
Their government more firme: their men obay'd

Alternally both Generalls commands.
Heere besides Romans hold *Asturian* bands,
Light *Vettones*, and *Celtæ* (t) were, that came
From *France*, and with th' *Iberi* mixt their name.
A little hill not steepe of fertile lands
Swells up, on which the old Ilerda stands;
Before the towne flowes Sicoris soft streame,
Among *Spaines* Rivers of no small esteeme,
On which a Bridge of stone high arched stood
T'endure the violence of a winters flood.
The next hill the *Pompeyans* campe did beare,
Æquall to which *Cæsar* his tents did reare.
The River in the midst both campes divides,
From whence the champion fields upon both sides
Extend themselves beyond the ken of man.
Swift Cinga bounds them, that to th'Ocean
Carries no name, (d) Iber, where you two joyne,
That gives the land her name, takes from thee thine.
The first day they encamp'd from fight was free:
The Captaines stood each others strength to see,
Numbring the Eagles; shame did then begin
To damne their rage, and hold their fury in;
One poore dayes respite to their country they
And broke lawes gave; but *Cæsar* when the day
Declin'd, did with a suddaine trench enclose
His campe about, and to deceive the foes
His army in the front kept station
To hide the worke; and when the morne drew on,
He sends swift troopes the next hill to surprise,
Idle betwixt the foes campe, and Ilerda lies;
Thither the foes with shame and terrour make,
And by a neerer way the hill they take,
The fight growes there; on sword, and valour one
Relyes, the other on possession.
Later with armes march *Cæsar*'s souldiers up
'Gainst the steepe hill: their following fellowes prop

Their

Their backes with targets up, to keep them so
From falling backe; their Piles against the foe
They could not use; Piles guide their faltring steps
Hold, as they climbe, they catch on shrubs and slip
Their swords serve not to fight, but cut their way
This danger *Cæsar* saw, and sent away
His horse to wheele charging in flanke the foe,
And all his foot retreat in safety so.
The skirmish ended thus, and neither side
Obtain'd the conquest. Thus farre fighting try'd.
What other fates were added to this warre
Grew from th'unconstant motions of the aire,
For by cold winters dry North-winds the raine
The clouds congealed bowells did containe.
Snowes on the hills, and tops of mountaines lie,
And frosts that at the Sunnes appearance flie.
All lands within those Westerne climates are
Hardned by winters dry congealing aire.
But when the Sunne now wexed warmer came
To take possession of the heav'nly Ram,
Making the Æquinoctiall againe,
When day t'exceed the night in length beganne,
When *Cynthia* from the Sunne's conjunction
But newly come could hardly yet be knowne;
Boreas th'excludes, and fire from *Eurus* takes;
He all the clouds that his whole quarter makes
Throwes to the West with Nabathæan blasts,
The fogs that India, that Arabia casts
Exhal'd, and growne under the rising Sun,
Sky-darkning Corus exhalation,
Which cooles the Indian aire, now blowne away,
From thence make hot the Easterne countrey's day.
Nor could the loads of those thicke clouds fall downe
On the mid world, strong tempests drive them on
From North and South; alone does Calpes ground
Drinke the moyst aire, the farthest Westerne bound,

Where heavens bow'd hinge does with the Ocean meet:
The clouds driv'n thither could no further get:
Their vastnesse hardly could involved be
In such straight roome, as 'twixt that earth and skie.
Those clouds then crusht together by the Pole
Contract in th'aire, and downe amaine they role
In gushing showres, lightnings though thick retaine
No flashing fire, extinguisht by the raine.
Iris no colours can distinctly show
Circling the aire with an imperfect bow;
She drinkes the sea, and to the Ocean
The ponderous waves fall from the sky again.
The Pyrænean snowes, which *Titan* yet
Could never melt, flow downe: the rockes are wet
With broken ice: rivers their wonted way
Forsake; as channels the whole fields display.
Themselves: and now as ship-wrackt on the seas
Flote *Cæsars* tents, and drenched companies;
The streame breakes downe his campe: rivers oreflow
His trench and workes, nor can the souldiers goe
To forrage: the drown'd fields no vittaile leave:
The wayes by water cover'd all deceive.
The fetchers of provision; then came on
A famine still the sad companion
Of other woes: the souldiers by no foes
Besieg'd, are pin'd; one his whole wealth bestowes
Vpon a crust of bread not dearly sold:
(Oh meagre thirst of gaine) for ready gold
An hungry seller is not wanting there.
The waters now have all, no hills appeare:
The joyning rivers like ore-spreading fences
Cover high rockes; transported are the dennes
Of beasts; the streame carries the strugling horse
Not touching ground, and as of greater force
Then th'Ocean repells the Oceans tide.
The dark'ned Pole does *Phœbus* lustre hide.

And the black skies all colours doe confound.
So lyes the farthest part of the worlds ground,
Which the cold zone, and frosts perpetuall
Cover: those countries see no stars at all:
Their barren yce breeds nothing: good alone
To temper with their cold the torrid zone.
So let it be, great *Iove*, so let it be
Neptune, whose three fork'd scepter rules the sea.
Thou, *Iove*, with stormes perpetuall fill the ayre;
Thou, *Neptune*, let no rivers home repaire,
Let no streames find prone passage to the maine,
But with the Oceans tide turne backe againe.
Make the strooke earth to deluge pervious:
These fields let Rhine oreflow; and Rhodanus.
Hither their course let all great rivers bend:
Hither Riphæan snowes, lakes, fountaines send;
[illegible]er all standing pooles from far command,
[illegible]ave from civill war this wretched land.
But *Cæsars* fortune, with this little feare
Of his content, returnes greater then ere:
The gods gan favour, and deserv'd t'obtaine
Pardon: the clouded ayre clear'd up againe:
The master'd waters *Sol* in fleeces spred:
The night, presaging a faire morne, look'd red;
Things keepe their place; moysture the skie forsakes;
Water (late high) her owne low center takes;
Trees, and emergent hills t'appeare began:
The fields at sight of day grow dry againe.
When *Sicoris* to his owne bankes restor'd
Had left the field, of twigs, and willow boord
They made small botes cover'd with bullocks hide,
In which they reacht the rivers further side.
So saile the Veneti if Padus flow,
The Britaines saile on their calme Ocean so,
So the Ægyptians saile with woven boats
Of papery rushes in their Nilus floats.

The army in these boats transported now
Build up a bridge, and fearing th'overflow
Of the fierce streame, their work they doe not end
Vpon the banke, but ore the fields extend,
And left againe Sicoris should oreflow,
In severall channels cut, he suffers now
For his first crime: but when *Petreius* spi'd,
That *Cæsars* fortune did all actions guide,
Ilerda he forsakes, trusting no more
The strength of that knowne world, but seeking for
Vntamed nations fierce with wars dire love,
(*c*) To that worlds end the battell to remove.
When *Cæsar* saw the hills and campe forsooke,
He bids his men take armes, and never looke
For bridge, or ford, but with their hardy armes
Swim ore the streame: the Souldiers his alarmes
Obey with speed, and rushing on to fight
Venture those wayes, that they would feare in flight,
Then taking armes cherish their bodies wet,
And their benummed joynts with running heat,
Till noone made shadowes short, the horsemen then
Oretake the hindmost of *Petreius* men,
Who doubtfull are whither to fight or fly.
Two rocky hills lift their proud tops on high
Making a vale beneath: above the ground
Is joyn'd: below safe passages are found
Through windings darke: which straights if once the foe
Had in possession, *Cæsar* well did know
He might from thence carry the war as far
As Spaines remote, and barbarous nations are.
Run without ranke (quoth he) pursue your foes:
Turne backe the war, that by their flight you lose:
Make them turne face to face: though they would fly,
Give not the cowards leave basely to dy,
But on their breasts let them receive our blowes;
This said, with swiftnesse they prevent their foes

Flight to the hils, encamping close beside.
A narrow trench did both the campes divide,
And of so little distance was the place,
They might distinctly know each others face.
There finding fathers, brothers, sons, they see
The wickednesse of civill enmity.
And first for feare standing a little mute
With nods, and swords lift up friends friends salute;
But when deare love conquer'd the law of wars,
Over the trenches leape the souldiers
T'embrace each other: some their old hosts meet,
Some their schoolefellows, some their kinsmen greet;
He was no Roman that no enemy knew:
Sighs breake their kisses, teares their armes bedew,
And though no act of blood were yet begun,
They feare the mischiefe that they might have done.
Why mourn'st thou foole? why dost thou beat thy breast,
And weepe in vaine? why hast thou now confest
Thou 'gainst thy will to wicked war dost goe?
Stand'st thou in such great feare of him whom thou
Thy selfe mak'st dreadfull? let his trumpets sound,
Neglect the cruell noise, let none be found
To beare his Eagles, and the war there ends;
Cæsar and *Pompey* private men are friends.
Now concord come, that all things dost enfold
In thy white armes, and the worlds safety hold,
The earths blest love; future impieties
Our age may feare; the ignorance heere dies
Of their misdeeds: and from excuse does bar
Their guilt, they know their foes their kinsmen are.
Sinister fates, that will by this short peace
Their future woes, and wickednesse increase.
'Twas peace, and in both campes mixt souldiers stray'd,
And on the grasse their friendly banquets made;
By the same fire together *Bacchus* rites
They celebrate, and spend the watchfull nights

armes of the war as lovingly
Together they in joyning lodgings ly.
Where first they did encampe, from what hand fled
Each Pile, and boast of every valiant deed.
Denying much the warrant the with of Fate,
And love the wretched souldiers private.
This love their future wickedness increast,
For when *Petreius* saw their friendly feast,
Thinking himselfe and campe so sale betray'd
He armes his houshold servants to invade
Dire war: and guarded with a troope of those
Out of his campe th'unarm'd Cæsarians throws.
The sword, as in embraces joyn'd they stood,
Divides them, and disturbes the peace with blood.
Then wrath these war provoking speeches gave,
Souldiers unmindfull of the cause you have,
Though *Cæsars* conquest you cannot bestow
Vpon the Senate because, this you can doe
Fight till you are orecome: whilst you have hands,
And blood, and whilst the war yet doubtfull stands,
Will you goe serve, and traiterous Eagles take?
And beg of *Cæsar* he no odds would make
Betweene his slaves, and at his hands desire
Your Captaines lives? our safeties treasons hire
Shall never be; nor make we civill war
To live: by name of peace betray'd we are.
People for veines of brasse, which deep-hid ly
Would never seeke, nor townes would fortify:
No stately horses to the war should goe,
No towre-like ships the Oceans face should plow,
If liberty for peace were ere well sold.
Shall *Cæsars* Souldiers damn'd obedience hold
Bound by a wicked oath, and you make light
Your faith, because in a good cause you fight?
But pardon's hop'd: oh shames dire funerall,
Not knowing this, great *Pompey*, thou ore all

The world art muſtring, and each farthest K[illegible]
Bringing to fight, whilſt we are articling
Baſely about thy ſafety. This fierce ſpeech
Turn'd backe their minds, and ſtirr'd wars wicked itch;
As when wild beaſts weare'd from the woods, and ſhut
Vp cloſe to tame, have off their wildneſſe put,
And learn'd t'endure a man, if blood once ſtaine
Their jawes, their wildneſſe ſtraight returnes againe,
Their jawes grow hot, and their new boyling rage
The trembling keeper hardly can aſſwage.
They run on wickedneſſe, and what might ſeeme
In a blind war the gods or fortunes crime,
Deceived truſt makes ours; at bord, and bed
The late embraced breaſts are murthered;
And though unwillingly at firſt they draw,
Yet when their wicked ſwords drawne out they ſaw,
And ſtriking were, their friends they truly hate,
And with the ſtroke themſelves they animate.
Petreius campe is with ſtrange tumult fill'd,
And horrid murther: ſons their fathers kill'd:
And as if hidden miſchiefe loſt ſhould be,
They boaſt their guilt, and let their Captaines ſee.
Cæſar, though robbed of thy men, yet ſee
The gods high favour: not ſo much for thee
On Ægypt, or Maſſilias ſeas is done,
Nor ſo much honour in Pharſalia won.
(*f*) For this ſole crime of civill war does make
That thou at length the better cauſe ſhalt take.
The Generals now their blood-ſtain'd Souldier
No more dare truſt within the campe ſo neere.
But by ſwift flight toward Ilerda make,
From whom all paſſage *Cæſars* horſmen take,
And there in thoſe dry hils ſhut up their foes,
Whom *Cæſar* ſtrives with a deepe trench t'encloſe
Cutting all water off, he lets them take
No ſprings, nor tents neere to the river make.

They

They seeing the way of death, convert their feare
To rage; their bodies, that unusefull were
To men besieg'd, they kill, and since in flight
Twere vaine to hope, addresse themselves to fight.
Cæsar perceives them comming, and well knowes
That death is sought by his devoted foes:
Containe your piles, and swords, souldiers (quoth he)
Ile lose no blood to get this victorie.
That foe, that meets the sword, here gratis dies;
Hating their lives, and cheap in their owne eyes
They cause to mixe our losses with their death;
They'l feele no wounds, but joy in losse of breath.
But let this heat forsake um, this mad fit,
They'l lose their wish of death. *Cæsar* the fight
Forbids, and lets their choller spend in vaine
Till *Sol* descended to the Ocean,
And starres appear'd; then when no hope's at all
Of fight, their fiercenesse does by little fall,
Their mindes grow cold. So is most courage found
In late hurt men, whil'st freshnesse of the wound,
And the blood hot gives nimble motion
To ev'ry nerve, and muscles guide the bone:
If the wound-giver hold his hand and stay,
Then a cold numnesse (strength being tane away)
Seizes the minde, and the stiffe members tyes,
The wound growne cold (the blood congealing) dries.
The souldiers wanting water through each creeke
Of the digg'd earth for hidden fountaines seeke.
Not onely now the mattocke and the spade,
But swords earth-digging Instruments are made.
Downe from the tops of mountaines as profound
They goe, as lies the lowest marish ground.
Farther from day, and deeper in earths mould
Dives not the searcher for Assyrian gold.
But no sought rivers hidden course is shown;
No springs soft gliding on the Dummice stone:

Among

Among the gravell no coole veine at all
Is found: no drops from ſweating cavernes fall.
Weary with digging then the ſweating men
Are from thoſe rocky pits drawne out agen;
And this vaine ſearch of water the dry ayre
Makes them leſſe able to indure, nor dare
They feed their weary bodies, eating nought,
As medicine againſt thirſt is hunger ſought.
If the ſoft earth doe moiſture yield, they bring
The clods, and ore their mouths with both hands wring.
The blacke unſtirred mud, that ev'ry ſinke
Affords, by ſtrife the greedy ſouldiers drinke.
And what to ſave their lives they would have ſtucke
To take, now dying drinke; like beaſts ſome ſucke
Beaſts dugs, and when milke failes with greedy jawe
Meere blood from their exhauſted udders draw.
Herbs, and greene leaves they wring; bedewed twigs
They licke, and juice of bleeding vines: ſmall ſprigs
Of trees they for their tender ſap doe ſquieze.
Oh happy men, whom barbarous enemies
Flying by (e) poyſoning all the rivers kill'd:
But, *Cæſar*, though theſe rivers ſhould be fill'd
With poyſons, carrions, and pale Aconite
Growing on Cretan rockes: yet knowing it
Theſe Romans then would drinke, their bowells now
Are ſcorcht, their mouths & tongues dry'd rougher grow.
Their veines ſhrinke up, their lungs in this diſtreſſe
Not moiſt contract the breathing paſſages.
Breathings hard drawne their ulcer'd palats teare;
They ope their thirſty mouths to drinke nights aire,
And wiſh ſuch ſhowres, as all did lately drowne,
And the dry clouds their lookes are fixt upon.
But that which moſt increas'd their miſery,
They were encamp'd not on dry Merge,
Nor where the naked Garamantes ploy
Hot *Cancers* tropick; but betweene the ſlow

Of

ſwift Iberus, and full Bicoris:
The thirſtie campe two neighbouring rivers ſees.
Now both the Generalls yeeld; *Afranius* layes
Downe armes, and peace (become a ſuppliant) prayes.
Into the enemies campe his ſtarved bands
Drawing, before the Conquerors feet he ſtands:
And begging pardon with a careleſſe breaſt,
He loſt no Majeſtie; but twixt his laſt,
And former ſtate he bare himſelfe in all,
A conquer'd man, but yet a Generall.
Had I fall'n under a baſe enemie,
I had not lack'd an hand my ſelfe to free:
Know then the cauſe that now I beg to live,
I thinke thee, *Cæſar*, worthy life to give.
For no'ſides favour, nor as foes to thee
Did we take armes, both Generalls were we
Before this civill war, and have maintain'd
The former cauſe: now wee'l not fate withſtand.
Spaine we deliver up, and ope the Eaſt:
Of all the world behind thou now maiſt reſt
Secure: nor has much bloods effuſion,
Sharpe ſwords, or weari'd armes this conqueſt won:
Onely thy foes, that thou haſt conquered,
Forgive: nor beg we much, grant us to lead
Vnarm'd thoſe lives, that thou haſt now beſtow'd:
Suppoſe that all our ſlaughtred troopes lay ſtrow'd
Over the fields: to mixe unfortunate
With happy armes, and we participate
Thy triumphs were unfit: our fates we know:
(*b*) Compell us not with thee to conquer now.
But *Cæſar* gently, and with ſmiling cheare
Both pardons, and diſmiſſes them from war.
But when the league was firmly 'greed upon
The Souldiers to th'unguarded rivers run,
Fall on the banks, troubling the granted ſtreame.
But long continued draughts in many of them

Not

Not ſuffring aire through th'empty veines to flie,
Shut up their lives: nor could they eaſily
Ceaſe this dry plague; but though their guts they fill,
The covetous diſeaſe is craving ſtill.
At laſt their nerves and ſtrength againe it brings.
Oh luxury too prodigall of things,
Content with no proviſion eaſily brought;
Ambitious hunger for things dearely fought
Ore land, and ſea, pride of a ſumptuous table:
See what ſmall ſtore to cheriſh life is able,
And nature pleaſe: theſe ſouldiers fainting ſoules
No unknowne Conſulls noble wine in boles
Of mirrhe, and gold reſtores: from fountaines pure
Water and bread their fleeting lives aſſure.
Wretches that follow warres, theſe ſouldiers
Being now diſarm'd are made ſecure, from cares
Exempt, and innocent returne againe
To their owne townes. When peace they did obtaine,
How much they griev'd that ever they had caſt
One pile, or ſuffer'd thirſt, or ever aſkt
The gods in vaine to grant them proſp'rous warrs?
For to the happier fighting ſouldiers,
What toiles through all the world, what doubtfull fields
Remaine to fight? Though fortune alwayes yields
Happy ſucceſſe, yet muſt they oftentimes
Conquer, ſpill blood throughout all lands, and climes,
And follow *Ceſar* through all fates of his.
When the worlds ruine's neare, he happy is
That knowes his ſettled place. Their weary armes
No war calls forth: their ſleeps no loud alarmes
Diſturbe: their wives, children, and houſes they,
And lands (though no deducted colony)
Injoy; by fortune from this burden freed;
No favour does their mindes diſquiet breed:
One generall ſav'd their lives; th'other their owne
Commander was. Thus happy they alone

Free'd

Freed from desires the civill warres behold.
But through the world this fortune did not hold;
She durst a∫t somewhat againſt *Cæſars* ſide.
Where long (*f*) Salonæ's beaten with the tide
Of th'Adriaticke ſea; where Zephyre blowes
Vpon the warme Iader's gentle flowes,
Antonius there truſting the warlike bands
Of his Curetes, whoſe environ'd lands
The Adriaticke ſea incircles round,
Was ſtraight beſieged in the utmoſt bound,
Safe from warres reach, if famine, that alone
Conquers the ſtrongeſt fortreſſes, were gone:
The ground no paſture for their horſes yields,
Nor yellow Ceres cloathes the fallow'd fields:
The men eat graſſe, and when the fields grow bare,
The graſſe from off their camps dry turfes they teare.
But when their friends on th'adverſe ſhore they ſpy'd,
And *Baſilus* the admirall, they try'd
New wayes of flight by ſea; for their ſterne end
They did not hoiſt, nor did their keele extend
(As cuſtome was) but with unuſuall fleight
Firme timber botes to beare a mighty weight
They made. Theſe empty boars on every ſide
Suſteine the ſhips, whoſe double ranke was ty'd
With chaines acroſſe, nor were the oares diſpos'd
On th'open front to the foes darts expos'd:
Onely that ſea, that was incloſed round
By thoſe conjoyned boats, their oares did wound.
A miracle of ſilent flight is ſhow'd;
She bore no ſailes, or ſea diſcovered row'd.
Now they obſerve the tides, till th'ebbing ſeas
Leave the ſands bare, and make the ſhore increaſe.
Then from above into the ocean prone
The ſhip falls by two galleyes wayted on;
Ore which a lofty threatning towet was rear'd,
Where ſpires and trembling pinnacles appear'd.

Oſtavius

Octavius keeper of th'Illyrian sea
Would not assault this ship too suddainly:
But his swift vessells thought it good to stay
Till th'easie passage might encrease his prey,
And farther on to sea by peace invites
His rashly enter'd foes; such are the slights
Of huntsmen, when their toyles they have dispos'd:
And fearefull Deere in plumed nets enclos'd:
Their dogs of Crete and Sparta they containe,
And their wide mouth'd Molossians restraine:
No dog is trusted in the wood, but hee,
That can upon a full sent silent be,
And never open when hee finds the game,
Content alone to signifie the same
By wagging of the string: then presently
The souldiers leave the Ile, and eagerly
They come aboord the ship, when day's last light
Gave place to the approach of duskie night.
But the Cilicians of great *Pompey's* side
According to their old Sea-craft, had ty'd
Chaines through the midst o'th sea, of which no show
Appear'd above, but loosely let them flow:
The chaine was fasten'd to th' Illyrian shore.
The first, and second ships not staid got ore:
The third was caught of burden much more vast,
And to the rocke by a drawne rope was cast.
The rocke hangs ore the sea (a wonder tis)
Hollow, and still (though falling) stands, with trees
Making a shade: hither the sea by tides
Oft drives: and in those darke some cavernes hides
Ships broke by Aquilon, and drowned men;
Which hidden store the rocke restores againe;
And when the cavernes belch it up, in heat
Sicilian Charybdis cannot get
Preheminence. Heere did the great ship stand,
That was with valiant Opitergians mann'd

Her

Her from all havens did all ſhips encloſe:
Some from the rocke, ſome from the ſhore oppoſe.
Vulteius found this under-water traine
(The Captaine of the ſhip) who all in vaine
Striving to cut the chaines, did then deſire
Without all hope, to fight: where to retire,
Or how to conquer is not ſeene: but here
As much as ſnared valour could appeare,
It did: againſt ſo many thouſand wights,
That did encloſe, ſcarſe one full Cohort fights,
Not long indeed, for night in her blacke ſhade
Shut up the day, and peace the darkneſſe made.
Then ſtout *Vulteius* thus gan animate
The cohort fearing ſad enſuing fate.
Young men, that but for one ſhort night are free,
Provide in time for fates extremitie:
There's no mans life is ſhort, that does allow
Him time to ſeeke his death: nor thinke it now
Leſſe glorious that we meet a fate at hand.
The times of future life none underſtand.
Tis æquall praiſe of mind to give away
Our lives laſt moment, and the hoped ſtay
Of many yeares, ſo wee the actors be:
No man can be compell'd to wiſh to dye.
No way for flight is left: at every hand
Bent 'gainſt our throats the ſterne Cilicians ſtand.
Let feare be baniſht then: reſolve to dye,
And let your wiſhes meet neceſſitie.
Nor ſhall we fall in a blind cloud of war,
As when two battels joyn'd in darkneſſe are,
When heapes of carcaſes beſtrow the field,
Valour lies buried, all are æquall held.
But in a ſhip the gods have placed us,
Both to our friends and foes conſpicuous.
The Ile, the Continent, the Seas allow
Witneſſes to us, and two parties now

From divers ſhores behold us: in our ends
What great, and rare example Fate intends
I know not. What ere Chronicles afford
Of truſt, of Souldiers faith maintain'd by ſword,
We ſhall excell: 'tis a ſmall thing to dye
Vpon our ſwords, *Cæſar*, we know for thee:
But greater pledges in this ſad diſtreſſe
We want, our great affections to expreſſe,
And envious Fates us of much praiſes barre
That not our Parents, nor our children are
Here with us. Let our foes our valour find,
And feare our force, and death-contemning minde:
Let them be glad that no more ſhips were caught,
Perchance they'll try by leagues what can be wrought
Proffering baſe life: would they would promiſe us
Pardon, to make our deaths more glorious,
Leſt when we fall our killing ſwords upon
Our foes ſhould call it deſperation.
Much valour muſt deſerve that *Cæſar* may
Account the loſſe of us a fatall day
Among ſo many thouſand. Should fate give
Egreſſe from hence, I would not wiſh to live;
I have already caſt away my breath,
Drawen by the ſweetneſſe of approaching death:
A fury 'tis, which none but they can know,
To whom nere Fates ſuch knowledge doe allow;
The Gods deaths ſweetneſſe doe conceale to make
Men live. A noble courage ſtraight did take
The young mens minds; though all with weeping eyes
(Before the Captaines ſpeech) had view'd the skies,
And fear'd to ſee the turne of *Charles* his waine:
But now their valiant minds wiſh day againe
After this ſpeech; nor was day ſlow t'appeare:
Sol leaving *Gemini*, and drawning neere
His height in *Cancer*, when the ſhorteſt night
Vrg'd the Theſſalian Archer. Day growne light

Diſcover'd warlike Iſtrians on the land,
The fierce Liburnians, and Greeke fleet, that ſtand
Covering the ſeas. They firſt ſuſpending fight,
Strive to orecome by covenants, and invite
The ſhip to yeeld by granting life; but they
Devoted, ſcorning life, ſtand in aray,
Secure in ſight, reſolv'd what end to take:
No ſtormes their ſtrong reſolved minds could ſhake:
And though but few, by land, and ſea they fought
(Such confidence death a reſolution brought)
Againſt innumerable hands; but when
Warre had drawne blood enough, their fury then
Turn'd from their foes. The Captaine firſt of all
Vulteius offring his bare throat gan call
Seeking for death, Is there no Souldier here
Worthy to ſhed my blood? let him appeare;
And killing me, ſhew that himſelfe dares bleed.
With that of life his wounded breaſt was free'd
By many ſwords; *Vulteius* thankes beſtow'd
On all; but dying, him to whom he ow'd
His firſt kind wound, he thankfully againe
Requites with death. Thus meeting, all were ſlaine,
And on one ſide the warres whole miſchiefe hung.
So the ſerpentine brood by *Cadmus* ſprung
Fell by each others hand, a dire preſage
Of the enſuing Theban brothers rage.
So thoſe of waking Dragons teeth once fram'd
In Colchos fields, by Magicke ſpells inflam'd,
With kindred blood the fields plow'd furrowes dy'd;
Which miſchiefe wrought by hearbs before unty'd
Medea fear'd her ſelfe. So fell theſe men
By bargain'd fate, and in the death of them
To dye was the leaſt valour: they both fall,
And kill at once: no right hand miſt at all,
Though at the point of death: nor to their blades
Ow'd they their wounds: a-breaſt the ſword invades.

Their

Their throats invade their hands; and if blind chance
A brothers ſword 'gainſt brother did advance,
Or ſonnes 'gainſt father, with undanted hand,
And all their ſtrength they ſtrike; in this did ſtand
Their piety alone, that at one blow
They would diſpatch them; on the hatches now
Halfe dead they draw their bowells, and much blood
Stream'd downe into the ſea; it did them good
To ſee the ſcorned day, death to preferre,
And with proud looks deſpiſe the conquerer.
Now on the ſhip the heaps of bodies ſhow'd
The ſlaughter made: on which the foes beſtow'd
Fit funeralls, admiring much to ſee
To any Captaine ſuch fidelitie.
Fame flying through the world did never raiſe
Any one ſhip with ſuch reſounding praiſe.
Yet will not coward nations, ſince ſuch brave
Examples, learne to know, that death to ſave
Their liberty is not a price ſo deare;
But kingdomes arm'd with power of ſword they feare:
Liberty can uſe armes, and ſwords ſhould be
(As men ſhould know) to keep their liberty.
Oh that the fates would let the fearfull live,
That valour only death to men might give.
Nor was that warre that did in Libya grow
Leſſe terrible then this: bold (g) *Curio*
By a mild Northern wind was wafted ore
From Lilybæum to that well known ſhore,
Where Clupea ſeated is, and where he ſees
Great Carthages halfe ruin'd edifices:
And pitching his firſt tents far from the maine,
Where Bagrada furrowes the ſandy plaine,
Thoſe hills, and eaten rockes goes to behold,
Which were *Attaes* kingdome call'd of old;
Asking the cauſe of this old name, a clowne
Thus tells the tale by long tradition knowne:

For Giants births Earth yet not barren made
In Libyan caves a feared issue had,
Which to his mother brought as true a fame,
As *Typhon*, *Tityus*, and *Briareus* name.
'Twas good for heav'n *Antæus* was not borne
At Phlegra; but this gift did more adorne
His mighty strength: into his limbs (though tir'd)
His mothers touch a vigour fresh inspir'd.
This cave his dwelling was, this mountaine here
He lurkt about, his food slaine lions were:
His bed no leaves of trees, no skin of beasts:
His strength by sleeping on the ground increast.
By him th'inhabitants of Libya dy'd,
And strangers all, that to our coast apply'd,
His strength (not using a long time to fall)
Needed not earths rich gift; too strong for all
He was though standing up: at length through fame
Of this dire plague the great *Alcides* came,
Whose hand both sea and land from monsters freed,
And for th'encounter each put off his weed,
One's Nemean, tother's Libyan lions skin:
Hercules oiles his limbs ere he begin
According to th'Olympicke rites: but he
Rubb'd ore his limbes with sand: it could not be
Enough to touch his mother with his feet.
They grapple then, and armes armes folded meet.
Striving each others necke with heavie hand
To bend; yet both fixt and unbended stand.
Both wonder much to meet their match at length:
But *Hercules* us'd not his utmost strength
At the first bout, but weary'd out his foe,
Which his oft blowing, and cold sweate did show.
His shaking necke, nor brest could firmely stand:
His bending hammes yield to *Alcides* hands.
Alcides then about his short ribs cast,
His conqu'ring armes, and grip'd his yielding waste,

Then

Then tripping up his legs he fairely layes
His foe ſtrotch'd out upon the ſand; earth ſtayes
His ſweat, and fills with freſh blood every vaine,
His armes grow brawny, his joynts ſtiffe againe,
And his freſh limbs unclaſpe the others hands.
Amaz'd at this new ſtrength *Alcides* ſtands.
Nor fear'd he *Hydra* ſo in Lerna lakes
Fruitfull by loſſe of her reviving ſnakes,
Though then but young; Now both were equall grown,
One in earths ſtrength, the other in his owne.
Nere had ſterne *Iuno* more encouragement
To hope; ſhe ſees his limbs with ſweating ſpent,
And his neck dry'd, as when he did ſuſtaine
The heavens: but when he claſp'd his foe againe;
Antæus ſtaying not till he be throwne,
Falls of himſelfe, and riſes ſtronger growne:
His mother earth to his tir'd members gives
What ſpirit ſhe has, and labours when he ſtrives.
But when *Alcides* found earths touch to be
Strengthning to him, now thou ſhalt ſtand (quoth he)
No more thou fall'ſt, nor will we truſt againe
The ground: this breaſt ſhall thy crucht limbs ſuſteine;
Hither, *Antæus*, ſhalt thou fall: this ſpoke,
Him ſtriving to fall downe aloft he tooke,
And graſp'd his middle faſt: earth could not lend
Strength to her dying Son, nor ſuccour ſend.
But till his foes breaſt ſtarke and cold he found
Alcides durſt not truſt him on the ground.
From hence ſelfe-lov'd antiquity, and fame
Old times recorder, gave this place a name.
But to theſe hils a nobler name gave he,
That drew the Punick foe from Italy.
Scipio arriving on our Libya, here
Pitch'd his firſt campe: the ruines yet appeare
Of that old trench; this place of all the reſt
Was firſt by Roman victory poſſeſt.

Curio as if the place were fortunate,
And ſtill retain'd thoſe former Captaines fate
In war, rejoyc'd, and in this lucky place
Pitch'd his unlucky tents, which did deface
The places Omen: and provok'd ſtorne foes
With ſtrength unequall; Africk all that owes
Obedience to the Roman Eagles, then
Was under *Varus*, who, (though ſtrong in men
Of Italy) ayde from the Libyan King
Requires, to whom the worlds far regions bring
Their force with *Iuba*; no one King alone
Was maſter of ſuch large dominion:
In length th'extent of his great Kingdomes ground
Gades neighbouring Atlas, and *Ioves* Ammon bound
Neere Thera; but in breadth the torrid zone,
Betwixt the ſea and it, it coaſts upon.
So many people to his army preſſe,
Th'Autolodes, and wandring Nomades:
Getulians hors'd without capariſon:
The Mauritanians of complexion
Like Indians: poore Nafamonjans,
Scorcht Garamantes, ſwift Marmaricans:
Maſſylians, that without ſaddles ride,
And with a wand their bridelle horſes guide:
Mazacian darts, that Median ſhafts excell;
Thoſe that in empty cottages doe dwell;
African hunters, that all darts refuſe,
And their looſe coates 'gainſt angry Lions uſe.
Nor did the cauſe of civill war alone,
But private anger bring King *Iuba* on.
Curio that yeare, wherein he did defile
Divine, and human lawes, ſtriv'd to exile
By tribunitiall law from Libya's throne
This King, and bar him his forefathers crowne,
Whilſt he would make thee, Rome, a monarchy.
He mindfull of the wrong thinks this to be

The greateſt gift his ſcepter could beſtow.
This *Iuba's* fame affrighted *Curio*:
Beſides no ſouldiers firme to *Cæſars* ſide
Were in his army, none that had beene tri'd
In Germany; but at Corfinium tane
Falſe to new Lords did to their firſt remaine
Doubtfull, and thought both ſides indifferent were.
But when he ſaw all ſlacke through ſlaviſh feare,
That the night-guards their trenches did forſake,
With a diſtracted ſpirit thus he ſpake:
Daring conceales great feare. Ile firſt aſſay
The fight, and put my ſouldiers in array
While they are mine: doubt growes from reſt alone:
Fight ſhall prevent their conſultation:
When ſwords whet their dire wills, and helmets hide
Their bluſhes, who can then compare the ſide,
Or weigh the cauſe? they favour as they ſtand:
As no old hate does on the ſtage command
Sword-players to meet: they hate by faction.
This ſaid, in open field he leads them on;
Whom the wars fortune, meaning to deceire
After, at firſt does proſperouſly receive.
For *Varus* he defeated, following on
Their flying backs in execution
Even to the campe. When *Iuba* firſt did know
Of this ſad field, and *Varus* overthrow,
Glad that the glory of the vvar did ſtay
For him, by ſtealth he leads his troopes avvay:
And vvithout noiſe (commanding ſilence) goes,
Fearing he ſhould be feared of his foes.
Sabura next in honour to the King
With a ſmall troope is ſent before to bring
Curio on by provocation,
As if the vvar vvere left to him alone:
Himſelfe vvith all his kingdomes ſtrength belovv
Keepes in the valley. The Ichneumon ſo

Provoking by his tailes deceitfull ſhade
Th'Ægyptian Aſpe, does at the laſt invade
(Free'd from the deadly venoms danger quite)
The ſerpents throat ſtretch'd out in vaine to meet
A flying ſhade: out the loſt poyſon goes,
And all about the Aſpes jawes vainly flowes.
Fortune aſſiſts this fraud: fierce *Curio*
Deſcrying not the ſtrength of his hid foe,
Injoynes his horſmen all to iſſue out
By night, and range the unknowne fields about:
And after them himſelfe by breake of day
With all his Enſignes ſpread marches away,
Much (but in vaine) intreated to ſuſpect
Libyan deceit, and frauds that ſtill infect
The Punick wars: but to his funerall
Fate gave him up, and civill war did call
Her author on: ore rocks and mountaines high
They marth; when on the hill from far they ſpy
The foe: who cunning, ſeemes to fly away
Till he have ſet his battels in array
Vnder the hill: this *Curio* did not know,
But thought it flight, and like a conqueror now
Brings forth his troopes into the open plaine;
Then firſt diſcover'd they this guilefull traine:
The ſeeming fled Numidians they eſpy'd
On the hils tops encloſing every ſide:
Curio, and his loſt troopes aſtoniſht quite;
The fearfull could not fly, the valiant fight:
The horſes now not fierce at trumpets ſound
Chaw not their foaming bits, beat not the ground;
Spread not their manes, nor doe their eares advance,
Nor with their wonted ſpright curvet and prance:
Their ſweating ſhoulders ſum'd, their tir'd necks hung
And their dry'd mouth thruſt out their weary tongue:
Their breaſts, and throats hoarſe with oft blowing grew:
Their heavie pulſe far their ſpent bowels drew:

The foamings dry and hot grew hard upon
The bloody bits: no ſtrokes could force them on,
Nor often ſpurrings make them mend their ſpeed;
Wounds make them goe: to haſten on the ſteed
Boots not the rider, for the weary horſe
In comming on wants courage, ſtrength and force;
He onely brings his Rider to the foes,
And does his breaſt to all their ſpeares expoſe.
But when the Libyan horſe came courſing nigh,
The ground did ſhake, and clouds of duſt did fly
(As great as Thracian whirlewinds blow about)
Ore the skies cover'd face, and darkneſſe wrought.
But when wars miſerable fate did fall
Vpon the foot, no doubtfull field at all
Was fought: the battell in that time was done
That men could die: for forth they could not run
To make their flight, enclos'd on every ſide.
From far by darts directly throwne they dy'd,
Oblikely neere: nor wounds alone they feele
Orewhelm'd with ſtormes of darts, and weight of ſteele:
Pent up in a ſtraight roome the armi's kept:
Thoſe that for feare neer'ſt to the middle crept,
Amongſt their fellowes ſwords are nor ſecure,
For the forefront not able to endure
The foes aſſault, ſtept back, and ſtraighter made
The Globe: no roome to wield their armes they had:
Their crowded lims are preſt: one armed breaſt
Againſt another driven to death is preſt.
The conquering Mauritanian could not have
So glad a ſpectacle as fortune gave;
He ſaw no bodies fall: no ſtreames of blood;
Kept ſo by crowd upright the bodies ſtood.
Let fortune this new parentation make
For hated Carthages dire ſpirits ſake:
Let bloody *Hanniball*, and Punick ghoſts
Of this ſad Roman expiation boaſt.

Let

Let not in Libya, gods, a Roman's fall
For *Pompey* or the Senate make at all:
Vs rather for her ſelfe let Africa
Conquer: his men orethrowne when *Curio* ſavv,
For the duſt lay'd with blood gave leave to ſee,
Scorning t'out-live ſuch a calamity,
Or hope in flight, he meets his death, to dy
Forward, and valiant by neceſſity.
What now availes thy place, and troubled bars,
From whence a Tribune to ſeditious vvars
Thou ſtirr'dſt the people, and the Senates right
Betrayd'ſt, and couldſt to civill vvar incite
The ſon, and father in law? thy death is wrought
Before theſe Lords have in Pharſalia fought.
To ſee that field is not permited thee.
This ſatisfaction in your bloods give ye
Great ones to wretched Rome, and pay for vvar;
Oh happy Rome, and Romans happier far
Would but the gods above as carefull be
To keepe, as to revenge our liberty.
Vnburied *Curio's* noble fleſh is food
For Libyan birds: but (ſince 'tvvill doe no good
To conceale that, which from times injury
Fame ſtill vvill vindicate) vvee'l give to thee
The praiſe that to thy life does appertaine.
Rome never nurtur'd a more able man,
Nor one to whom (whilſt good) the lawes ow'd more:
But vice then hurt our citie, when the ſtore
Of Wealth, Ambition, Riot had declin'd
To the vvorſt part his yet unſetled mind,
And changed *Curio* the ſtates fate controul'd
Brib'd by the ſpoyles of France, and *Cæſars* gold.
Though potent *Sylla*, and fierce *Marius*,
Cinna, and *Cæſars* line got rule ore us
By ſvvord: to vvhom did ſuch power ever fall?
This man ſold Rome, the other bought it all.

FINIS Libri quarti.

Annotations

Annotations on the fourth Booke.

(a) *For this conqueſt much availed* Cæſar, *having quieted Spaine hee might ſecurely proſecute the reſt of the war, having debard'd* Pompey *of thoſe legions on which he muſt reſted, this conqueſt coſt little blood, for* Afranius *and* Petreius *forced by famine yielded to* Cæſar.

(b) Afranius *and* Petreius *with equall power, with mutuall love and care governed five legions for* Pompey *in Spaine, and choſe Herda by the appointment of* Pompey *as a convenient ſeat for the warre.*

(c) *The Celtæ leaving France and paſſing the Pyrenean mountaines ſeated themſelves by the river Iberus, and were called Celtiberi.*

(d) *Cinga falling into Iber loſes his name to Iber, which alſo gives name to all Spaine.*

(e) Afranius *and* Petreius, *when* Cæſars *horſemen had ſtopped their wayes of forraging and fetching in Corne, and wirhall frighted, becauſe many cities in that part had revolted to* Cæſar, *and the reſt were like to follow their example, reſolved to tranſferre the warre into Celtiberia, which remained yet in the friendſhip of* Pompey, *as having received great benefits from him in the Sertorian warre; beſides they ſuppoſed that the fame of* Cæſar *was yet more obſcure among thoſe barbarous people: therefore at the third watch they ſecretly diſlodged, and paſſing over the river Sicoris they marched with ſpeede toward Iberus. When* Cæſar *by his ſcouts underſtood this, and hearing that beyond there were mountainous, ſtrait, and rugged paſſages, which if the enemy ſhould firſt enter, they might with eaſe keepe him backe, and carry the warre into Celtiberia, and thoſe farre countreyes, hee commanded his horſemen with ſpeede to prevent them, and himſelfe marching through devious and rough wayes, arrived firſt at thoſe places, and encamped himſelfe betweene* Afranius *and the river Iberus. The two campes were here fortifyed ſo neere to*

each

each other, that the ſouldiers diſtinctly knew each others faces, and talked with their kindred, and ancient acquaintance.

(f) *In this appeared a ſtrange clemencie of* Cæſar, *that after hee had heard the cruelty of* Petreius *towards his ſouldiers, how taking them from their friends company, (that had upon promiſe ſecured them) hee cauſed them to bee murthered (as the Poet relates plainly)* Cæſar *notwithſtanding ſeeking out* Petreius *his ſouldiers in his campe, ſpared their lives all, and ſuffered as many of them as would to depart: but many Tribunes, Centurions, and others would not returne, but ſtayed and ſerved after under* Cæſar.

(g) *It was a policie had often beene uſed by barbarous enemies againſt the purſuing armies of the Romanes, to poyſon all their rivers: It was done by* Ingurtha *King of Numidia,* Mithridates *King of Pontus, and* Iuba *King of Mauritania.*

(h) *Theſe two Generalls,* Afranius *and* Petreius, *though they were here pardoned by* Cæſar, *upon promiſe to ſerve no more againſt him, did notwithſtanding afterwards in the Africen warre follow* Scipio *againſt* Cæſar, *where they were againe overthrowne.* Afranius *was taken priſoner, and by* Cæſars *commend was ſlaine.* Petreius *deſpairing of pardon (as is afterwards ſhowne) ſlew himſelfe upon King* Iuba's *ſword.*

(i) *Fortune yet preſumed to doe ſomewhat againſt* Cæſar *in his abſence about Illyrium, for* Dolabella *and* Antonius *commanded by* Cæſar *to poſſeſſe the Straights of the Adriaticke ſea, encamped one on the Illyrian, the other on the Corcyrean ſhore.* Pompey *farre and neere was maſter of the ſeas, whoſe Lievtenants* Octavius *and* Libo *with great ſtrength of ſhipping beſieged* Antonius, *and by famine forced him to yield.* Baſilus *from the other ſhore ſent ſhips to ayde* Antonius, *which were caught by the Pompeians in a ſtrange ſnare, caſting ropes croſſe the ſea under water not to be ſpyed. Two of the ſhips eſcaped,*

and

and got over the ropes, the third which carryed the men of Opitergium was ensnared, and held fast. The Opitergians in that place left an example memorable to all posterity; for being scarse a thousand men, they endured from morning to night the assaults of a great Armie round about them, and at last when valour could not possibly release them, rather then yield themselves into their enemies hands, by the exhortation of their Captain Vulteius, *all killd themselves.*

(k) *In Africa also the side of* Cæsar *enduring the like calamity shewed the like valour.* Curio *sent by* Cæsar *to winne Libya, having vanquished, and put to flight* Varus, *was enclosed on the suddaine by the unexpected horsemen and armie of* Iuba *King of Mauritania.* Curio *might have fled when hee saw the day lost, but much ashamed, and scorning to returne to* Cæsar *after the losse of his legions, hee dyed with all his men.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Fifth Booke.

The Argument.

Romes flying Senate met at Epire, chose
Great Pompey *Generall, faint* Appius *goes*
To Delphos Oracle to seeke advise,
Which his owne death obscurely signifies.
Cæsar return'd from Spaine with victorie
Quiets his Souldiers dangerous mutinie:
Dictator then, and Consull both at Rome
Hee makes himselfe, sayles from Brundusium
To Greece: but vex'd with Anthony's *delayes,*
In a small Boat himselfe alone assayes
By night the stormie Sea, and crosses ore.
His Legions all met on the Grecian shore
Addresse themselves for triall of the day.
Pompey *to Lesbos sends his wife away.*

THus Fortune kept (mixing her good with ill)
The two (a) war-wounded Generalls equall still
For Macedonia; when with Winter's snow
The Pleiades did Oemus top bestrow:

And

And when the times new-namking day drew neere
Old *Ianus* feast beginner of the yeare;
Then both the Consuls at the utmost date
Of their expiring honour convocate
To Epire the fled fathers; where a plaine
And forraine seat Rome's Nobles did containe:
A borrowed court in forraine land heard all
The secrets of the State. For who can call
That place a campe, where all Romes Fasces were,
And axes borne? The reverend order there
Taught all the people 'twas not *Pompey's* side,
But *Pompey* there a member did abide.
Silence possessing the sad Senate than,
From an high seat thus *Lentulus* began:
If you retaine a strength of minde as good
As Roman spirits, and your ancient blood
Befitts; then thinke not in what land you are
As banisht, from surprised Rome how farre:
But know the face of your owne company:
Fathers, that governe all, this first decree,
Which yet all kingdomes, and all people know,
We are the Senate. For if fortune now
Should carry us under the frozen waine
Of *Vrsa major*, or where daies remaine
Æquall in length with nights, the totrid zoae,
Thither the Empire and dominion
Would follow us. When Rome by *Gaules* was fir'd,
And that to Vey *Camillus* was retir'd,
There then was Rome; this order never lost
Their right by changing place. *Cæsar* can boast
Onely of mourning walls possession,
And judgment seates by sad vacation
Shut up, and silenc'd, empty mansions.
That court those fathers onely sees, whom once,
When full, it banisht; of that ranke, who ere
Is not a banisht man, is sitting here.

We

We that long peacefull, free from guilt have ſtood,
At warres firſt fury vvere diſpers'd abroad:
Now to his place each part returnes againe;
And for the loſſe of Italy and Spaine,
The gods the ſtrength of all the world beſtow.
Th' Illyrian Sea has overwhelm'd one foe:
And Libyan fields does ſlaughtred *Curio*
No little part of *Cæſar's* Senate ſtrow.
Advance your Eagles, follow fate, and grant,
The gods your hope: doe not that courage want
In this good fortune, vvhich when firſt you fled,
Your cauſe ſtirr'd up. The yeare has finiſhed
Our power: you fathers, vvhoſe authorities
No time ſhall end, for th' publike good adviſe:
Command great *Pompey* to be Generall;
His name with joyfull cries the Senate all
Receive, impoſing upon *Pompey* ſtraight
His countrey's, and his owne moſt wretched fate.
Then faithfull Kings, and Nations had their praiſe:
Phœbus ſea-powerfull Rhodes rewarded vvas,
And Spartans rough; praiſ'd were th' Athenians:
(*b*) *Phocis* made free with her Maſſylians.
Faithfull (*c*) *Deiotarus*, young *Sadalis*,
The valiant (*d*) *Cotys*, and (*e*) *Rhaſipolis*
Of Macedon vvere prays'd; *Iuba* to thee
The Senate gives all Libya by decree;
And (oh ſad fate) ignoble *Ptolomy*,
Worthy of treacherous ſubjects, unto thee
The crime of all the gods, and fortunes ſhame,
Is granted the Pellæan diadem.
A tyrants ſword over thy Nation
Thou tak'ſt, proud boy, would 'twere ore them alone,
Ore (*f*) *Pompey's* throat it is; thy ſiſters crowne
Thou tak'ſt, and *Cæſar's* impious action.
The Senate now broke up, the troopes all take
Their armes: the people, and the captaines make

For warres uncertaine preparation.
But (g) *Appius* feates warres doubtfull chance alone
Sollicuing the gods th'events to heare,
And *Phœbus* Temple that for many a yeare
Had beene shut up at Delphos, opens he.
Parnassus with two tops reaching the sky
Twixt East, and West æqually distant lyes,
To *Bacchus*, and *Apollo's* deityes
Sacred: to whom in mixed sacrifice
The Theban wives at Delphos solemnize
Their Trieterickes; this one hill alone
Appear'd, when all the world was overflowne,
And stood as middle twixt the sea and skie.
One top, Parnassus, then contented thee:
For one alone did above water shew.
Young *Phœbus* there with shafts unusd slew
The speckled Python, that in wayt long lay
His banisht mother great with child to slay;
Themis the kingdome then, and *Tripos* held.
But when (h) *Apollo* the cleft ground beheld
T'inspire oraculous truth, and further findes
The gaping earth exhale propheticke windes:
Downe in that sacred cave himselfe he hides,
And now turn'd Prophet there *Apollo* bides.
Which of the gods lurkes here? what Deitie
Shot downe from heaven vouchsafes to dignifie
This cave? what heavenly god dwells heere below,
That does the Fates eternall courses know,
And things to come? and telling people sute
Vouchsafes the touch of woman to endure?
Whether this powerfull god lately relate
The fates, or his relation makes them fate?
Perchance that spirit, that all the world maintaines,
And the poyz'd earth in emptie ayre sustaines,
Through these Cirrhæan caves does passage get,
Striving with his æthereall part to meet.

This

This spirit once entered the virgins brest,
Striking her humane soule, founds forth exprest
With hideous noise; so urging flames come from
Sicilian Ætna's overburd'ned wombe:
Typhæus so throwes up his stones abroad
Prest with *Inarime's* eternall load.
This god expos'd to all, deny'd to none,
Is freed from hearing human crimes alone.
To him no man whispers unlawfull prayers;
For he things fixt unchangeable declares,
Forbidding men to wish: and graciously
Gives just men dwellings, though whole townes they be,
As once to *Tyre*; he teaches us wars slight,
As to th'Athenians in their navall fight
At Salamine; he cleares, the causes showne,
Earths barrennesse, and aires infection.
Our age no gift of heaven wants more then this
Of Delphos oracle, which silent is
Since kings afrayd to have their fates exprest
Forbid the gods to speake; nor is the Priest
Of Delphos for the gods long silence sad:
This Oracles cessation makes them glad.
For to that brest, where ere he doe inspire,
Vntimely death is punishment or hire
Of his reception, the fitt's vehemence
Too much orecomes the strength of humane sense,
And their fraile soules the god's high motion shakes;
Appius, whilst too too neere a search he makes
To know Romes fate, to th'unstirr'd Tripodes,
And silent cavernes does his steps addresse,
The Priest commanded t'ope that dreadfull seat,
And for the god a prophetesse to get,
Findes young Phemonoe, as she carelesse roves
'Mongst the Castalian springs, and silent groves,
And makes her breake the temple doores. The mayd
To stand in that most horrid place afraid

Thought by a vaine deceipt *Appius* to bring
From his deſire of knowing future things.
Why hop'ſt thou, Roman, truth ſhould here be ſhowne?
The hill (quoth ſhe) is mute, the god is gone,
Whether the ſpirit have left theſe cavernes quite,
And to the worlds farre regions tane his flight:
Or *Pytho* burnt by barbarous *Brennus* up
Did with the aſhes fill this hole, and ſtop
Great *Phœbus* way: or that the gods decree
Make *Cirrha* mute, thinking it prophecie
Enough that *Sibyll's* bookes among you live:
Or *Phœbus* wont from out his temple drive
All wicked perſons, now no mouth have found
Worthy enough his Oracles to ſound.
The mayds deceipt appear'd; her feare imply'd.
She falſly had the preſent gods deny'd.
Then a white fillet tyes her lockes behind
With Delphian bayes; and wreathed garlands bind
Her haire before. The Prieſt thruſts on the mayd,
Who fearfull ſtill about the entrance ſtayd,
And durſt no neerer to the god to come,
Nor to approach the temples inmoſt roome.
There counterfeiting that ſhe was poſſeſt
She utters from an undiſturbed breſt
Feign'd words with no confuſed murmure flowing,
Nor the leaſt ſigne of divine fury ſhowing.
Her words ſo deeply could not *Appius* wound
As great *Apollo's* truth; no trembling ſound
That broke her ſpeech there was, no voice ſo ſhrill
As all the caves capacious throat might fill:
Her lawrell fell not from her frighted haire;
The temple and the wood unſhaken were.
Theſe ſignes betrayd her fearfull to receive
The god; when angry *Appius* did perceive
That 'twas no oracle, Thou wretch, quoth he,
Both I, and theſe abuſed gods will be

Reveng'd

Reveng'd for this, unleſſe thou ſtraight deſcend,
And truly tell what all theſe ſtirs portend
To the affrighted world; with that the maid
Deſcends downe to the Oracle afraid,
And ſtanding ore the vault, the god poſſeſt
With a full ſpirit her unaccuſtom'd breſt.
The rocks ſo many yeeres unwaſted ſpirit
He fills her with, and comming to inherit
A Delphian breaſt, nere fill'd he Propheteſſe
Fuller: her former mind he baniſhes,
And bids all woman from her breſt be gone.
She raging beares in this diſtraction
Not her owne necke; her haire upright throwes downe
The ſacred ornaments, and *Phœbus* crowne:
Her necke turnes wildly round: and downe ſhe throwes
All Tripodes ſhee meets with as ſhe goes.
And with an inward fire ſhe burnes, which ſhewes
Thee, *Phœbus* wrath: nor doſt thou only uſe
Thy pricks, thy flames, and incitations now,
But bridles too, the Propheteſſe ſhall know
More then ſhe muſt reveale; all times are heapt
Vp in one heape, and many ages crept
Into her wretched breaſt; things orders too,
And all contend out into light to goe.
The Fates deſiring utterance ſtrive within:
When the world ends, and when it ſhall begin
The Propheteſſe can tell, and underſtands
The oceans depth, and number of the ſands.
As the Cumæan *Sibyll* in a ſcorne
Her prophecies ſhould ſerve all nations turne,
From the vaſt heape of univerſall Fate,
With a proud hand cull'd out the Roman ſtate:
So now the *Phœbus*-fill'd *Phemonoe*
Strives, obſcure *Appius*, where to find out thee
'Mongſt all the Delphian inſpirations:
Then firſt from her mad mouth the foaming runs,

And in the horrid cave were heard at once
Broke-winded murmurs, howlings and sad grones.
At last these words fall from the maid orecome:
Great threats of war thou only freed from
Shalt in Euboea's pleasant valleyes rest.
And there she stopt: *Phœbus* her speech suppresst.
Ye Tripodes keepers of fate, that know
All the world's secrets, and *Apollo* thou
Skill'd in all truth, from whom the gods conceale
No future times, why fear'st thou to reveale
That action, that our Empire's ruine brings,
Great Captaines deaths, and funeralls of Kings,
And all the people that with Rome shall bleed?
Have not the gods this mischiefe yet decreed?
Or stay those fates, whilst planets are at strife
And doubt about condemning *Pompey's* life?
Or hid'st thou, fortune, to effect more sure
Our liberties revenge, and *Brutus* cure
Of monarchy againe? then the maids breast
Shov'd ope the temple doores, and out she prest.
Her mad fit holds, nor had she all explain'd,
Part of the god within her still remain'd.
And round about her wandring eyes she rowl'd;
Nor does her face one constant posture hold;
But sometimes threatning, sometimes fearfull 'tis;
Sometimes a fiery red her count'nance dies;
Sometimes her pallid cheekes anger expresst,
Not feare; nor can her wearied heart find rest;
But as a while after the winds are ceas'd
The Ocean murmurs; so oft sobbings ceas'd
The maidens breast. But twixt this inspir'd light,
And her plaine humane understandings sight
A darknesse came; *Phœbus* oblivion sent;
Then from her breasts the gods high secrets went,
And divinations to the Tripodes
Return'd againe. But when her fit gan cease

She

She falls. Nor didſt thou, beguil'd (i) Appius, feare
From doubtfull Oracles thy death ſo neare;
But in that tottering world with hopes moſt vaine
Thought quietly Eubœa to retaine.
Ah foole what god but death could ſet thee free
Out of the world's generall calamity,
And war? there ſhall thy hearſe entombed ly,
And ſo poſſeſſe Eubœa quietly,
Where th'ſea by marble-fam'd Caryſtos is
Straighten'd, and pride revenging Nemeſis
Rhamnus adores; a ſtraighten'd current ſtrong
That channell holds, and Eurypus along
Beares ſhips by violence, changing oft his tide,
From Chalcis to ill harbouring Aulis ſide.
By this time *Cæſar* come from conquer'd Spaine
With his victorious Eagles was againe
Marching (k) another way; when fate almoſt
The proſperous courſe of this whole war had croſt:
For conquer'd in no fight, the generall
In his owne campe gan feare the loſſe of all
His treaſon's fruit; thoſe hands that faithfull ſtill
Had ſerv'd his wars, now glutted with the fill
Of blood, began to quit their generall.
Th'armes tragick ſounds not heard at all
A while, and cold ſheath'd ſwords their thirſt of war
Had cool'd; or elſe the greedy ſouldier
Damning for gaine both cauſe and generall,
Would ſet his blood-ſtain'd ſword at higher ſale.
Cæſar not more in any danger try'd
How tottering and unfirme a prop his pride
Had lean'd upon, and well might ſtagger, reſt
Of all thoſe ſouldiers hands, and almoſt left
To his owne ſword; he that ſo many lands
Had drawne to war, knowes now the ſouldiers hands,
Not his muſt doe the deed. Their plaints now be
Not dumbe, nor timorous is their mutiny.

That cauſe, that does ſuſpitious minds reſtraine,
Whilſt each one feares, where he is fear'd againe,
And thinks that he himſelfe diſtaſts alone
His rulers tyranny, in this was gone.
Their number to ſecure their feare is able.
Where all offend, the crime's unpuniſhable.
They poure out threats; now *Cæſar* let us ceaſe
From wicked war; thou ſeek'ſt by land and ſeas
Swords for theſe throats, and upon any foe
Wouldſt our too cheap-eſteemed lives beſtow:
Some of us ſlaine in war in Gallia ly,
In Spaine ly ſome, and ſome in Italy;
Ore all the world thy army's ſlaughtered
While thou orecom'ſt, what boots our blood that's ſhed
'Gainſt Gaules and Germans in the North ſo far?
For all thou pay'ſt us with a civill war.
When Rome we tooke and made the Senate fly,
What ſpoyles from men or Temples gathered we?
Guilty in ſwords and hands, all villany
We goe upon; vertuous in poverty
Alone: what end is there of war at all,
Or what can be enough; if Rome too ſmall?
See our gray haires, weake hands, and bloodleſſe armes,
Our uſe of life is gone; in wars alarmes
Our age conſum'd; ſend us now old at leaſt
To choſe our deaths, this is our bad requeſt:
Our dying limbs on hard ground not to lay,
Nor ſtrike ſteele helmets till our dying day:
To ſeeke ſome friends to cloſe our eyes in death;
To get our proper Piles; our laſt to breath
In our wives armes; let ſickneſſe end our dayes;
Let's under *Cæſar* find ſome other wayes
Of death then ſword; why hoodwinkt leadſt thou us
With a vaine hope on acts portentuous?
As if in civill war we were not able
To know what treaſon is moſt profitable?

Our

Our wars have taught him nothing, if not this,
What we can doe; nor is this enterprise
Forbid by law; he was our generall
In th'German wars; here we are fellowes all:
Whom treason foyles, it makes of equall state.
Besides in this unthankfull estimate
Our valour's lost, and whatsoere we doe
Is call'd his fortune; but let *Cæsar* know
We are his fate. Though friended by the gods,
Cæsar is nothing if with us at ods.
This said, about his tent they muster all
With angry lookes seeking their generall.
So let it goe, ye gods, since piety
Forsakes us, and our hopes on vice rely,
Let discord make an end of civill war.
What generall would not such a tumult scar?
But *Cæsar*, that the fates still sudden tries,
And loves through greatest danger t'exercise
His fortunes, comes; nor till their rage abate
Stayes he, but meets the fury of their hate.
Cities, and Temples spoyles to them he nere
Deny'd, though *Iove's* Trapeian house it were,
Senators wives and daughters to deflower,
All villanies would *Cæsar* from his power
Have them aske freely, and wars guerdon love:
And nothing feares, but that his men should prove
Honest. Ah *Cæsar* art thou not asham'd
That civill war by thine owne souldiers damn'd
Should be allow'd by thee? shall they first be
Weary of blood, and hate impiety, (right?
Whilst thou runn'st headlong on through wrong and
Give ore, and learne to live out of a fight;
Give thy guilt leave to end. Why to these wars
Dost thou enforce unwilling souldiers?
The civill war flies from thee; on the top
Of a turfe mount stands *Cæsar* fearlesse up,

Deserving

Deſerving feare by his undaunted looke;
And thus, as anger prompted him, he ſpoke:
Whom you with hands and lookes did abſent brave
Souldiers, unarm'd, and preſent now you have.
Here ſheath your ſwords, if you would end the wars.
Sedition, that no act of valour dares,
Faint hearted fooles, and flying ſpirits declares,
Tir'd with their marcheſſe Captaines conquering ſtate.
But goe; leave me to war with mine owne fate:
Theſe weapons will find hands, when I caſhiere
All you, as many men, as ſwords are here,
Will fortune ſend me; ſhall all Italy
In ſuch a fleet with vaniſht *Pompey* fly?
And ſhall my conqueſts not bring men to ſhare
The wealthy ſpoyles of this neere finiſht war,
Reaping the profit of your toyle, and ſo
Vnwounded with my laurell'd chariot goe?
You an old worne, and bloodleſſe company
(Then Rome's Plebeians) ſhall my triumphs ſee.
Can *Cæſars* fortune feele the loſſe of you?
If all the ſtreames, that into th'Ocean flow,
Should threaten to withdraw themſelves, the ſeas
Would by the loſſe of them no more decreaſe
Then now they fill. Thinke you that ſuch as ye
Can any moment to my fortunes be?
The gods care never will ſo low deſcend
That fates your deaths or ſafeties ſhould attend;
The fates attend on great mens actions:
Mankind lives for a few; and you, whom once
Spaine fear'd, and all the North, whilſt under me,
If *Pompey* were your generall, would fly.
Whilſt *Labienus* did with *Cæſar* ſtay,
He was a man; now a baſe runaway
Flies with his choſen chiefe ore ſea and land.
Nor ſhall your faith in my opinion ſtand

Better,

Better, though me ye make not enemy
Nor generall; he that revolts from me,
And does not *Pompey's* faction straight maintaine,
He never will my ſouldier be againe.
The gods themſelves over my campe have care,
And would not venture me in ſuch a war
Ere I have chang'd my men. A burden maine
Has fortune from my weary ſhoulders tane;
I may diſarme thoſe hands now lawfully,
Whoſe boundleſſe hopes earth could not ſatisfie.
Out of my campe; Ile for my ſelfe make wars:
Reſigne thoſe Eagles up to ſouldiers
Baſe citizens: but thoſe that authors were
Of this ſedition puniſhment ſhall here
Detaine, not *Cæſar*: fall upon the ground,
Yield your diſloyall heads and necks to wound;
And you, which now my campes ſole ſtrength ſhall be,
Young ſouldiers, learne to ſtrike, and learne to die
Viewing their death; the fooliſh people than
Can tremble at his anger; and one man
Made them all feare, who had it in their hand
To ruine him, as if he could command
The ſwords themſelves, and without ſouldiers make
His warres; but in this puniſhment to lacke
Aſſiſting ſwords he feares: they patient all
Exceed the hope of their ſterne generall,
Not onely ſwords, but throats they offer; he
Feares nought but 'batement of their cruelties.
A (*l*) cov'nant dire this quarrell does decide,
With puniſhment the armie's pacify'd.
In ten dayes march to reach Brundiſium
He bids them ſtraight, and call all ſhipping home,
That on crookt Hidrus, and old Taras then,
Leucas cloſe ſhores, and the Salapanian fen
Diſperſed were, and Sypus, ore which ſtands
Fruitfull Garganus on Italian lands

Reaching

Reaching the Adriaticke, and there taſts
Dalmatian North, Calabrian Southerne blaſts.
Cæſar without his troops goes ſafe alone
To trembling Rome, now taught to ſerve a gowne,
And (kind forſooth) yields at the peoples prayer
To be Dictator (*m*) honours higheſt ſtaire,
And joyfull Calenders, being Conſul, made.
For all thoſe words (*n*) then their beginning had,
With which ere ſince our Emperours we claw.
But *Cæſar*, that his power might want no law,
Falſely the name of Magiſtrate purloines,
And to his ſwords the Roman axes joynes,
Faſces t'his Eagles, and with fitting ſhame
Signes the ſad times; for by what Conſuls name
Will the Pharſalian yeare be better knowne?
A feign'd aſſembly in the field is (*o*) ſhowne;
The people give their ſuffrages compell'd,
Not lawfully admitted, th'urnes are held,
The tribes are cited; voices throwne in vaine
Into the urne; th'Augurs deafe remaine
Though loud in thunder, and are forc'd to ſweare
That birds auſpicious, though ſad owles, appeare.
Thence that once honour'd power her dignitie
Firſt loſt; but leſt the times unnam'd ſhould be,
Our Calenders doe (*p*) monthly Conſuls fill.
That god that dwells on Trojan Alba's hill
Though not deſerving (Latium conquer'd) ſees
The Conſuls ſolemne nightly ſacrifice.
Cæſar departing thence runnes forward right
Swifter then whelp-robb'd Tyger, or the flight
Of lightning ore Apulia, where the field
Vnplowd no corne, but ſlothfull graſſe does yield.
And come to Cretan crookt Brunduſium findes
The ſea unſailable for dangerous windes,
And the fleet fearfull of cold winters face.
He thinkes it ſhame this to delay the ſpace

Of

Of war, and keep the haven, when the ſea
Lies ope to men leſſe fortunate then he,
And thus perſwades his men to try the ſeas:
The Northerne winds more conſtantly poſſeſſe
Both aire and ocean, when they once begin,
Then thoſe which the unconſtant ſpring brings in.
We have no turnings different ſhores upon,
Our way's forth right; the North wind ſerves alone.
Would he would ſtuffe our ſailes, bending our maſts,
And force us upon Greece with furious blaſts,
Leſt *pompey's* galleyes from Dyrrachium meet
With their ſwift oares our becalmed fleet.
Then cut the cables that our fleet doe ſtay,
We loſe the ſtormes, theſe clouds will paſſe away.
Now in the ſea bright *Sol* had hid his head,
And ſtarres appeard, the Moone her ſhadowes ſpread:
The fleet at once weigh'd anchor, and drew out
The ſailes at length, which ſtraight they turn'd about
To the ſhips length and ſpread the topſailes too
To loſe no guſt of wind what ever blow.
When a ſoft gale had made the ſailes to ſwell,
For a ſhort ſpace, downe to the maſt they fell
Againe; that wind that put them from the ſhore
Was able now to follow them no more.
The ſeas flat face now all becalmed lies
Like ſtanding pooles; no waves, no billowes riſe.
So bridled is the Euxine ſea, whoſe courſe
Iſter, nor Thracian Boſphorus can force:
The frozen ſea lets goe thoſe ſhips no more,
That once it takes; the horſes trample ore
Safely where ſhips have ſail'd; the Beſſians
Furrow Mæotis frozen backe with waines.
This cruell calme does the ſad ocean make
(As if the ſeas their nature did forſake)
Like ſtanding pooles, the ſea obſerves no more
His ancient courſe; he had forgot to rore:

No tides flow to and fro, nor former the Sun
To dance upon the waters motion.
To many dangers this becalmed fleet
Is subject; on one side they feare to meet
Pompey's swift galleyes; on the other side
Detain'd at sea a famine to abide.
From these new feares arose a new desire:
They with the Ocean would collect his ire,
And all the windes would wrastle, so it were
No calme; but no such signes, no clouds appeare:
The skies and seas conspire to take away
All hope of shipwracke; but th'insuing day
All clouded ore did comfortable prove:
Waves from th'seas bottom rose; hills seem'd to move
The ships were borne away, and as they swim
The waves in crooked furrowes follow them.
With prosperous winds, and seas they reach the land,
And anchor cast upon *Palestes* sand.
The place, where first both generals (*q*) camps did plant
Neere to each other, was that region, which
Swift Genulus, and gentle Apsus round
Encompasse; Apsus, because slow, profound,
And navigable is: the other flowes
(Encreast by showres, and sun-dissolved snowes)
More swift; both channels are but short, not farre
From sea the springs of both these rivers are.
Here fortune first these two fam'd Heroes brought
Together; the vaine hoping world had thought
The generalls now no farther off remov'd
This wicked warre would both have disapprov'd;
Each others face they saw, and well might heare
Each others voice; ah *Pompey*, many a yeare
Not neerer did thy once lov'd father in law,
Since that deare pledge the death of *Iulia*
And her young sonne, see thee, till stain'd with gore
He saw thy face on Egypts cursed shore.

But part of *Cæſar's* (r) forces left behind
Made him protract the battell, though his mind
Were fierce on fight; thoſe bold (ſ) *Antonius* led,
In civill warres now under *Cæſar* bred
For *Leucas* fight; whom making long delay
With threats, and prayers thus *Cæſar* calls away:
Thou miſchiefe of the world, why doſt thou waſte
The gods, and fates good will? my proſperous haſt
Has done all hitherto; fortune from thee
Requires the laſt hand to this ſpeedily
Succeſſefull war; doe Libya's quickſands lye,
Or her devouring gulfes twixt thee and me?
Have I committed thee to unknowne ſeas,
Or ſent thee on untryed caſualties?
Cæſar commands thee not, coward, to goe,
But follow him; my ſelfe here, where the foe
Encamped lyes, am firſt arrived now.
Fear'ſt thou my Campe? we loſe what fates beſtow:
And to the winds, and ſeas I bootleſſe plaine.
My forward ſouldiers doe not thou detaine,
That would take any ſeas, if I judge right,
They'd come through ſhipwracke under me to fight.
Now I muſt ſpeake in griefe, the world I ſee
Is not divided twixt us æqually,
In Epire *Cæſar*, and th'whole Senate reſt,
Thou art alone of Italy poſſeſt.
But having often us'd ſuch words as thoſe,
They ſtill delaying, *Cæſar* gan ſuppoſe
The gods not wanting unto him, but he
To them: and raſhly did reſolve to trie
By night thoſe ſeas, which they for feare forbore
Although commanded, finding evermore
Bold actions thrive; and hopes in a (t) ſmall boat
T'orecome thoſe waves whole navies ventur'd not.
Now weary night was toyleſome cares did end:
Poore men tooke reſt, whoſe meane eſtate could lend

Their

Their breasts sound sleepe; the campe all silent proov'd,
When the third houre the second watch had moov'd.
With carefull steps through this vast silence then
Cæsar, what not the meanest of his men
Would doe, entends; leaves all, and goes alone
With none but fortune his companion:
And passing through the courts of guard, he finds
All fast asleepe, complaining in his minde
That he could passe; but at the water side
Hee found a Boat with a small cable ty'd
Fast to a rocke: the man that ow'd, and kept
This Boat, not far from thence securely slept
In a small cottage of no timber trees,
But woven reeds, and burren bulrushes
Built up: a boat's turn'd bottome did suffice
To fence his wall. There *Cæsar* twice or thrice
Knockt with his hand, that all the cottage shak'd:
From his soft bed of sedge *Amyclas* wak'd.
What shipwrackt man, quoth he, knocks there, or whom
Has fortune driven to my poore house to come
For shelter? speaking thus he rose from bed,
And his fir'd match with better fuell fed,
Secure from feare of warre: such houses are
(Full well he knowes) no spoyle for civill war.
Oh safe blest poore mans life, oh gift of all
The gods, not yet well knowne: what Citie wall,
What temple had not fear'd at *Cæsar's* stroke?
But when the doore was ope, thus *Cæsar* spoke:
Enlarge thy hopes, poore man, expect to have
More wealth from me then modesty can crave:
Only transport me to th' Italian shore,
This trade of living thou shalt need no more,
No more shall labour thy poore age sustaine,
Yeeld to thy fate; a god is come to raine
Downe showres of wealth thy little house upon.
Thus *Cæsar*, though disguis'd, forgets the tone

Of private men, when poore *Amyclas* made
This answere; many things (alas) dissuade
My minde from trusting of the Seas to night.
The Sunne set pale, his beames dispers'd; whose light
Partly to North, and partly South inclin'd.
The middle of his orbe but dimly shin'd,
And dazled not the weake beholders eyes:
With dulled hornes did the pale Moone arise,
Not free from cloudes her middle part she had:
Her pointed ends no horne directly made:
First red betokning windes, then pale she was,
And in darke cloudes obscur'd her mourning face.
But the shores noise, the murmure of the woods,
The Dolphins playing up and downe the floods
With course uncertaine I mislike, no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore:
Nor that the Herne on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skies with lofty flying;
Nor that the Crow wagling along the shore
Dives downe, and seemes t'anticipate a showre.
But if affaires of weight require mine aide,
To use my skill I will not be afraid;
Either the winds, and seas shall it deny,
Or I will reach the shore of Italy.
This said, loosing his vessell he puts on,
And spreads his sailes, at whose first motion
Not onely th'usuall falling stars did make
In the darke ayre a long and fiery tracke,
But even those stars, which make their fixt abode,
In th'highest Spheres, did seeme to shake and nod.
The Seas blacke-face a terrour does diffuse,
The threatning waves in trackes voluminous
Boils up; the Seas by blasts uncertaine blowne
Betoken many windes conception.
Then thus the master spake; behold how great
A danger the Sea seemes withall: as yet

Vncertaine tis what wind rough East or West
Shall come; the Barke's on every side distrest
With severall waves; the clouds and skies expresse
The Southwinds rage: the murmure of the seas
The Northwestwind: in such a storme to shore
Not safe, nor shipwrackt can we ere get ore,
No course but one of safetie does remaine,
Hopelesse to steere our courses backe againe.
Let's set our danger'd Barke a land, before
We are too far gone from the Grecian shore.
Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yeeld to him; Contemne, quoth he, the threat
Of raging seas; spread sayles, and if the skie
Warrant thee not to goe for Italy,
Ile warrant thee; the just cause why thou fear'st
Is this, because thou know'st not whom thou bear'st:
Him whom the gods never forsake; to whom
Fortune accounts it injury to come
After his wish; breake through the waves; alone
Thinke thy selfe safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skies,
Not of our barke: this barke, where *Cæsar* is,
Her carriage shall protect; nor long shall this
Storme last: but happy for the Ocean tis
This barke is heere. Oh turne not backe thy hand,
Nor thinke upon Epire's adjoyning land;
Thinke on Calabria's shore safe to arrive,
Since no land elſe to me can safetie give.
Alas thou knowest not why these terrours rise,
In all these tumults of the seas and skies
Does fortune strive to pleasure me. No more
He spoke; when straight a furious whirlwind tore
From the rent barke her shrowdes, and downe it flung
The sailes, that on the trembling Mainemast hung.
The joynt-dissolved vessell sounds, when loe
Ads full of danger from all quarters blow:

First

First from th'Atlanticke Ocean *Caurus* blowes
Rowling the waves, and raised billowes throwes
With violence against the rockes amaine:
Him *Boreas* meets, and turnes them backe againe;
The sea stands doubtfull to what winde to yield;
But Scythian *Boreas* fury winnes the field:
But though high waves he from the bottome reare,
Yet to the shore those waves he cannot beare;
They meet with those that *Caurus* brings, and breake.
The seas thus rais'd (though now the winds were weak)
Would meet themselves. Nor must you now surmise
Eurus is still, or showre-blacke *Notus* lies
Imprisond close in *Æol's* rocky cave.
They from their severall quarters rush to save
With furious blasts their lands from being drown'd;
And keep the sea within his proper bound.
For oft (they say) small seas by violent winde
Have beene transported: so th'Ægæan joyn'd
With the Tyrrhene: so with th'Ionian
The Adriatick met. How oft in vaine
That day the sea seem'd mountaines tops t'oreflow,
And yielding earth that deluge t'undergoe.
But such high waves on no shore raised be,
But from the worlds far part, and the maine sea
They rowle; the earth embracing waters bring
Their monstrous waves, so when the heavens high king
Helpd his tir'd thunder with his brothers mace
To mankinds ruine, earth then added was
To *Neptunes* kingdome, when the sea confounded
All lands, and *Tethys* by no shore was bounded,
Contented with no limits but the skies.
Then also would those swelling seas arise
Vp to the starres, had not great *Ioue* kept downe
Their waves with clouds, nor spring that night alone
From naturall causes, the thicke aire was growne
Infected with the dampes of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy ſtormes, waves from the maine
Fly to the clouds, and fall like ſhowres againe.
The lightnings light is loſt; it ſhines not cleare,
But ſhoots obſcurely through nights ſtormy aire.
The heavens then trembled; the high pole for feare
Reſounded, when his hinges moved were.
Nature then fear'd the old confuſion:
The elementall concord ſeem'd undone;
And night, that mixt th'æthereall deities
With the infernall, ſeem'd againe to riſe;
Their hope of ſafety was that in this great
Wracke of the world they were not periſht yet.
As farre as you from Leucas top may ſee
The quiet ſea, ſo farre could they deſcry
From waves high tops the troubled Ocean;
But when the ſwelling billowes fall againe,
The main-maſt top ſcarſe above water ſtands:
The topſailes touch the clouds, the keele the ſands.
For ground is ſeene from whence the ſeas ariſe
In hills; in waves the ſeas whole water is.
Feare conquers art: the maſter does not know
Which wave to breake, which wave to yield unto.
But the ſeas diſcord onely ayds them now;
The barke one billow cannot overthrow
Let by anothers force, which ſtill ſuſteines
The yielding ſide; the barke upright mainteines
Her courſe, ſupported by all winds, no more
Low Saſons gulfes, Theſſalia's crooked ſhore,
Or the Ambracian dangerous ports they fear'd,
But ore the high Ceraunia to be rear'd
By billowes; *Cæſar* thinks it now to be
A danger worthy of his deſtinie;
Are the Gods troubled ſo to ruine me,
Whom ſitting here in a ſmall barke (quoth he)
They have aſſaulted with a ſtorme ſo lowd?
If on the ſeas, not warres, they have beſtow'd

The

The glory of my death, fearleſſe I come
Ye gods, to any death that ye can doome:
Though this too haſty fate great acts breake off,
I have already done things great enough;
The Northern nations I have tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by armes; Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour; honour ſtaid
From me in war, the people forc'd have paid,
All Roman honours in my titles be.
Let it be knowne, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the ſhades below
I both Romes Conſul, and Dictator goe)
I dy a private death, ô gods I crave
No funerall; let the ſeas inmoſt wave
Keepe my torne carkaſſe; let me want a tombe,
And funerall pile, whilſt lookt for ſtill to come
Into all lands I am, and ever fear'd.
Thus having ſpoke (moſt ſtrange) the tenth wave rear'd
His barke aloft; nor from the billowes top
Did ſhe fall downe, kept by the water up,
Till on the rocky ſhore ſhe ſtood at laſt.
His fortune, and ſo many kingdomes (caſt
On ſhore) and townes againe he did receive.
Cæſars returne next morne could not deceive
His ſouldiers ſo, as his ſtolne flight had done;
About their generall flock they every one
Aſſaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingratefull accuſations;
Whither did thy raſh valour carry thee
Too cruell *Cæſar*? to what deſtiny
Didſt thou leave us poore ſoules, venturing upon
Th'unwilling ſeas, and ſtormes thy ſelfe alone?
In thee to ſeeke for death was cruelty,
When all the world eſteemes thy head ſo high,
And on thy life ſo many lives of ours
Depend; did none of us deſerve t'have power

Not to ſurvive thee? ſleepe did us detaine,
While thou wert toſt upon the watry maine,
Was this the cauſe thou went'ſt to Italy?
(Alaſſe it ſhames us) it was cruelty
To venture any man on ſuch a ſea;
For the laſt act of things ſuch hazards be.
Why doſt thou tire the gods ſo much to goe,
And venture the worlds greateſt Captaine ſo;
From fortunes worke, and favour thus t'have ſent
Thee ſafe a ſhore to us, be confident
Of the wars iſſue. This uſe doſt thou make
Of the gods favour to eſcape a wrack,
Rather then gaine the worlds ſole ſoveraignty?
Thus while they talke, night paſt, the Sun they ſee,
And a cleere day: his waves the tired maine
(By the winds leave) compos'd, and ſmooth'd againe.
The Captaines alſo on th'Italian ſide
When the tir'd Ocean free from waves they ſpy'd
By the pure Northwinds riſing, thence convay'd
Their ſhips, which their skill'd Marriners had ſtay'd
So long for feare while winds auſpicious fail'd.
Like a land army their joyn'd navy ſail'd
On the broad ſea; but the chang'd winds by night
Fill'd not their ſailes, but broke the order quite.
So Cranes in winter Strymon's cold forſake
To drinke warme Nile, and in their firſt flight make
(As chance directs) of letters various formes;
When their ſpread wings are by the violent ſtormes
Of ſtrong South-winds aſſailed, by and by
In a confuſed globe all mingled fly:
The letter's loſt in their diſtranked wings.
But the next morne when riſing Titan brings
A ſtronger wind to drive the navie ore,
They paſſe the vaine-attempted Liſſus ſhore,
And to Nymphæum come: Southwinds, that blow,
The haven on them (the Northwinds fled) beſtow.

When

VVhen *Cæsars* legions all collected were,
And *Pompey* saw the war was drawne so neere
To his owne campe, he thinkes best to provide
For his wives safety, and in Lesbos hide
Thee, faire *Cornelia*, from the noise of war.
Alas in just and noble minds how far
Prevailes true love? true love alone had power
To make great *Pompey* feare wars doubtfull houre;
His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
That all the world, and Romes whole fortune shooke.
But now a ready mind wants words in him:
He yields to sweet delayes; from fate steales time.
But when th'approaching morne had banisht rest,
And faire *Cornelia* his care-wounded breast
Clasping, from her averted husband seeks
A loving kisse, wondring to feele his cheeks
Moistned with teares; the hidden cause she feares,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding teares.
He then thus mourning spake: Oh dearest wife,
Dearer to me then life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperity,
That sad day's come which too too much have we,
Yet not enough differ'd. *Cæsar's* addrest
For fight; thou must not stay; Lesbos the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide;
Doe not intreat me sweet; I have deny'd
It to my selfe; nor absent long shall we
Remaine, for swift will this wars tryall be;
Great things fall speedily. To heare, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee.
Thy love deceives me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight; for me to sleepe secure
With thee (this war begun) and from thine armes
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarmes
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* came
Sad with no losse to such a war were shame.

Nor ſhall thy husbands fortune altogether
Oppreſſe thee farre remov'd ſafer then either
People or king. And ſhould the gods contrive
My death, let *Pompey's* better part ſurvive,
And a place be, whither I may deſire,
If fate and *Cæſar* vanquiſh, to retire.
Her weakneſſe could not ſuch great griefe containe,
Her ſenſes fled, ſhe did amaz'd remaine.
At length when ſad complaints theſe words could frame,
My Lord, quoth ſhe, I have no cauſe to blame
Our wedlocks fortune, or the gods above:
No death, no funerall divides our love:
Wee part the common, and Plebeian way,
For feare of war *Cornelia* muſt not ſtay.
Let's be divorc'd to gratifie the foe,
Since hee's at hand. *Pompey* eſteem'ſt thou ſo
My faith, or think'ſt thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee? Depend not we
Vpon one chance? canſt cruell thou command
Thy abſent wife this ruines ſhocke to ſtand?
Or think'ſt thou it a happy ſtate for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtfull ſtand) to dye
For feare of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till ſad fame the newes can ſend
So far, I ſhall be forced to ſurvive.
Beſides thou will accuſtome me to grieve,
And beare ſo great a ſorrow, as I feare
(Pardon that I confeſſe) I cannot beare.
And if the good gods heare my prayers now,
I laſt of all the happy newes ſhall know.
I on the rocks, when thou art conquerer,
Shall carefull ſit, and even that ſhip ſhall feare,
That brings the happy newes: nor will my feare
Have end, ſo ſoone as I thy conqueſt heare;
So far remov'd from thee, that *Cæſar* may
(Though flying) ſeize *Cornelia* as a pray.

My

My baniſhment will Lesbos ſhore renowne,
And make the towne of Mitylene knowne,
Where *Pompeys* wife abides. My laſt requeſt
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought reſt
To ſave thy life but flight, to any bay
Rather then that turne thy unhappy way.
Vpon my ſhore thou wilt be ſurely ſought.
This ſaid, from bed ſhe leapt with griefe diſtraught,
Her woes with no delayes to interlace;
Nor could ſhe then her Lords ſad breaſt embrace,
Nor hang about his neck; the laſt fruit's gone
Of ſo long love: their griefes they haſten on:
And at the parting neither had the power
To ſay farewell. Never ſo ſad an hower
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their minds by cuſtome hardned could compoſe.
She fainting falls, and in her ſervants hands
Lifted is borne to ſea; but on the ſands
Shee falls, as if that ſhore ſhe faine would keepe,
At laſt perforce ſhe's carry'd to the ſhip.
From her deare country's ſhore not ſo diſtreſt,
Fled ſhe, when *Cæſar* Italy poſſeſt.
With *Pompey* then ſhe went: now all alone
VVanting that guide, ſhe from her Lord is gone.
Sleepleſſe ſhe ſpent in her now widdow'd bed
Cold, and alone, the night that followed.
That ſide that naked us'd not to be left,
Is of a husbands company bereſt.
Oft would ſhe, when her ſleepy armes ſhe ſpread,
VVith hands deceiv'd embrace the empty bed,
Seeking her Lord, her flight ſhe would forget;
For, though loves flame fed on her marrow, yet
Ore all the bed ſhe would not tumbling ſpread,
Fearing to miſſe her Lord, that part of bed
She kept; but fate did not ſo well ordaine;
The howr's at hand that brings her Lord againe.

FINIS Libri quarti.] Annotations

Annotations on the fift Booke.

(a) Pompey's *losses, as wee saw before in the* 2, 3, *and* 4, *Bookes were these, all his garrisons beaten out of Italy, and himselfe driven from thence; Massilia sackt: all Spaine lost, together with his army under the conduct of* Afranius *and* Petreius. Cæsars *losses a cohort of Opitergians, which killed themselves on the Illyrian sea with their Captaine* Vulteius, *and* Curio *killed by king* Iuba.

(b) *Phocis was then made free aswell as Massilia her colony, which* Cæsar *besieged.*

(c) Deiotarus *king of Galatia brought to the army of* Pompey *fixe hundred horsemen.*

(d) Cotys *king of Thracia sent to the Army five hundred horsmen under the conduct of his son* Sadalis.

(e) Rhasipolis *brought from Macedonia two hundred horsmen.*

(f) Ptolemy *defrauded his Sister* Cleopatra *of her share in the kingdome, and in killing* Pompey, *saved* Cæsar *the doing of that impious act.*

(p) Appius *the Governour of Achaia desirous to know the event of the civill war, compelled the chiefe Priest of Delphos to descend to the Oracle, which had not of a long time beene used.*

(h) *In the midst of the hill there was a deepe hole into the earth, out of which came a cold spirit, as it were a wind, and filled the Prophetesses with a fury, so that they instantly prophesied of things to come.*

(i) Appius *thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstaine from this war, retired himselfe into that country which lyeth betweene Rhamnus, and Carystes called Cæla Eubœa, where before the battle of Pharsalia he dyed of a disease, and was there buryed, and so possest quietly the place which the Oracle had promised him.*

(k) Cæsar

(k) Cæſar *was now returned to Placentia from Spaine, where hee had conquered* Afranius *and* Petreius *two of* Pompey's *Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Epire and Macedonia againſt* Pompey; *in the meane time this mutiny happened.*

(l) Cæſar *coſhiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much adoe after many prayers received them againe, but not without taking puniſhment of the chiefe mutiniers*

(m) Cæſar *made himſelfe Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is, neither named by the Senate nor Conſul; but eleven dayes after hee left his Dictatorſhip, having made himſelfe and* Publius Servilius *Conſuls.*

(n) *Then beganne all thoſe names of flattery, which they afterwards uſed to their Emperours, as* Divus, *Ever* Auguſtus, *Father of his Country, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.*

(o) *After all government was in the hands of* Cæſar *alone, all the ancient rites in creating of Magiſtrates were quite taken away, an imaginary face of election was in the field of* Mars, *the tribes were cited, but were not admitted diſtinctly, and in the true forme to give their ſuffrages, the other orders were but vaine; for the Emperour commended him to the Centuries whom hee would have Conſul, or elſe deſigned him, and choſe him himſelfe; their Augury alſo was abuſed, and the Augurs interpreted every thing as they were compelled.*

(p) *Vnder the Emperors Conſuls were oft choſen for halfe a yeare for 1. 2. or 3. moneths.*

(q) *Pompey was then in Candavia, but when hee heard that* Cæſar *was come, and was poſſeſt of Oricum, and Apollonia, hee haſted to Dyrrachium.* Cæſar *pitched his tents at one ſide of the river Apſus, and* Pompey *at the other.*

(r) Cæſar

(r) Cæsar having landed his men the same night sent backe the ships to Brundusium for Antonius to transport the rest of his Legions, and his horsemen, whose slow comming made Cæsar deferre the fight.

(s) This Marcus Antonius after the death of Iulius Cæsar had warre with Augustus, by whom hee was vanquished in a sea fight neere Leucas.

(t) When part of the army for want of ships stayd at Brundusium, under Antonius, Gabinius, and Galenus, Cæsar impatient of delay resolved to goe himselfe as a messenger to call them in a stormy night, and a little vessel, some say a boat that would beare twelve oares; but unknowne to all his army hee past in a disguised habit through all the courts of guard, and went to sea.

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Sixth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar *incloſing* Pompey *with a fence,*
And trenches of a vaſt circumference,
Endures a famine, Pompey *peſtilence,*
Who breaking through eſcapes a conquerer thence.
Brave Scæva's *valour, and admired fight.*
Into Theſſalia Cæsar *takes his flight;*
Great Pompey *followes: the deſcription,*
And Poets tales, that Theſſaly renowme.
To the dire witch Erictho Sextus *goes*
This fatall warres ſad iſſue to diſcloſe:
She quickens a dead carcaſſe, which relates
To Sextus *care, his, and his fathers fates,*
And craving then deaths freedome to obtaine
It by a magicke ſpell diſſolv'd againe.

WHen on neere (*a*) hills both Generalls fierce (*b*) of fight
Had pitcht their tents, and drawn their troops in ſight
And the gods ſavv their match: *Cæsar* in Greece
Scornes to take townes, or ovve the Deſtinies

For

For any conquest, but his sonne in law's.
The worlds sad house, that to a triall drawes
This warres maine chance, he wishes for alone,
That cast of fortune that must ruine one.
Thrice on the hills his battaile hee array'd,
And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
Shewing that he would never wanting be
T'orethrow the Roman state. But when he see
No provocations could his son in law
(Who close intrenched lay) to battaile draw,
From thence (*c*) he marchd by woody passages,
And close to take Dyrrachiums fortresses.
Thither a neerer way great *Pompey* takes
Along the shore, and on high Petra makes
His campe, to guard from thence Dyrrachium towne
Safe (without men) by her owne strength alone.
No human labour, no old structure made
Her fence, which would (though nere so lofty) fade
By force of warre, or eating time oretaken.
A strength, that by no engine can be shaken,
Her site, and nature give, the sea profound,
And steep wave-breaking rockes inclose it round;
But for one little hill an Iland 'twere:
Ship-threatning rockes sustaine the walls, and there
Th'Ionian sea rais'd by the South winds blasts
Her temples shakes, and frothy foamings casts
Ore houses tops. War-thirsty *Cæsar* then
Conceiv'd (*d*) a cruell hope, spreading his men
Round on the hills from every side t'inclose
With joyned trenches his unwary foes;
And all the ground surveying with his eye
Is not content alone to fortifie
His works with brittle earth, but weighty stone
From quarries digs, vast rocks, houses torne downe,
And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence,
Able the ramm's assaulting violence,

And

And all warres furious engines to withſtand;
Hills levell'd, valleys rais'd make even land
In *Cæſars* workes, with trenches wide enclos'd,
And towred Caſtles on the hills diſpos'd.
With a vaſt circuite he takes in the ground,
About the paſtures, woods, and ſhelters round
As't were for Deere, ſpreading a wide-ſtretch'd toyle.
Pompey no roome, nor paſture wants; for while
He thus enclos'd by *Cæſars* trenches is,
He remooves campes; (ſo many rivers riſe,
And their whole courſe within this circuit run)
And *Cæſar*, tir'd going to looke upon
His workes, makes often ſtayes. Let ancient tales
To the gods worke adſcribe the Trojan walls;
Let flying Parthians ſtill admire alone
The brittle earth-built walls of Babylon,
As far as Tigris, and Orontes run,
As the Aſſyrian Kings dominion
Stretch'd in the Eaſt, a ſudden worke of warre
Encloſes heere. Loſt thoſe great labours are.
So many hands would to Abydos put
Seſtos: fill up the Helleſpont: and cut
Corinth from Pelops land: and from the ſeas
Take long Malea for the Sailers eaſe:
Or mend ſome part (though Nature ſhould deny)
Of the worlds ſtructure. Here warres quarters lye:
Here ſeeds that blood that in all lands muſt flow,
The Libyan, and Theſſalian overthrow.
Warres civill fury boyles kept ſtraitly in.
The works firſt ſtructure *Pompey* had not ſeene.
As who in middſt of Sicily ſafe dwell,
When rough Pelorus barkes, can never tell:
As Northren Britaines cannot heare the rore
Of flowing ſeas againſt the Kentiſh ſhore.
But when himſelfe beguirt ſo far he knew
By a vaſt trench, he from ſafe Petra drew

His

His troopes: and ore the hills dispos'd them so
To keepe the rankes of his besieging foe
More thin: and tooke of the inclosed ground
As much in length, as is true distance found
Twixt lofty Rome, and th' Aricinian wood,
Where Scythian Dians ador'd image stood:
As farre as Tybers streame from Romes walls ends
By straight accounts, not as the river bends.
No Trumpets sound: piles uncommanded flye:
Michiefes oft done as they their javelins try.
Both chiefes are kept from sight by greater care:
Pompey becaufe his pasture fields are bare;
The ground he had, by horse orertrampled was,
Whose horny hooses trode downe the springing grasse.
The war-like steed weary'd in those bar'd fields,
When the full racke provinder farre brought yields,
Tasting his new-brought food falls downe and dyes
Treading the ring, faild by his trembling thighes.
Their bodies wait by dire consumption;
The unstirr'd ayre drawes moyst contagion
Into a pestilentiall cloud; such breath
Nasis exhales from her datke caves beneath;
Such poison'd ayre; where bury'd *Typhon* lyes,
The ground sends forth; apace the Army dyes.
The water from the aire infection taking
With costiveneffe torments the bowels aking:
Dries their discolour'd skin: their blood-swolne eyes
Doe breake: the fiery plague with botches flyes
All ore the face: their heavy heads fall downe.
Now more and more suddaine their death was growne:
Twixt life and death the sickeneffe has no roome;
But death doth wich the first faint symptomes come.
By Carcasses, which all unburied lye,
Among the living growes mortality.
Twas all the Souldiers buriall to be cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staid at last

By

By blasts of strong aire-stirring Northern winde,
Ships fraught with Corne, the shore and sea beshade.
But *Cæsar* free vpon the spacious hills,
No pestilence from aire or water feeles:
But (as if straight beseig'd) a famine strong
Is forc'd to suffer: corne as yet not sprong
To the full height: his wretched men he sees
Fall to beasts food, eate grasse and rob the trees
Of leaves, and tender twigs: and vent'ring more,
Death-threatning herbes from rootes vnknowne they tore.
What ever they could bite, soften with heat,
Or through their wounded palats downe could get,
And things, that human tables nere did know,
Content to eate, besidg'd (*c*) their full fed foe.
When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedome of all lands to take:
He seekes not th' obscure time of dusky night,
Scorning to steale a passage free from sight:
But rather force the trenches, and breake downe
The forts, and passe, where ruine leades him on,
Through swords and slaughter to enforce his way:
That part of the neere trench most fitly lay
Minutius castle call'd; trees thickly set
Making a groue obscure oreshadow'd it.
Hither his Cohorts by no dust betray'd
He led, and suddenly the walls assay'd.
So many Roman Eagles glister round
The field at once, so many trumpets sound,
That now to swords the victory nought owes:
Feare had discomfited th' astonisht foes.
Yet (wherein valour only could be show'd)
That ground, where first they stood, they dying strow'd.
But the *Pompeyans* now want foes to slay:
Whole showers of Piles in vaine are throwne away.
Then fire rowl'd vp in pitchy stuffe they throw
Vpon the workes: the shaken turrets bow,

Threatning a fall, the batt'red bulwarks groane
Beat by the rammes impetous fury downe,
And ore the trenches *Pompeys* Eagles fly
To vindicate the Romain liberty.
That place, which not a thousand companyes,
Nor all the strength of *Cæsar* could surprise,
One man alone guards from the Conquerers,
Denying *Pompey's* conquest, whilest he weares
A sword and lines: His name was *Scæva*, once
A common souldier of those legions,
That serv'd in Gallia: then Centurion,
By blood promoted, to all mischiefe prone,
And one that knew not in a civill war
How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
He when he saw his fellowes leaving sighe,
And seeking out safe places for their flighe,
Whither (quoth he) base slaues, and beasts, does feare
(Vnknowne to all that armes for *Cæsar* beare)
Drive you? can you retire without one wound?
Or are you not asham'd not to be found
Among the heape of men? though faith were gone,
Anger (me thinks) should make you fighe alone.
We are the men of all, through whom the foe
Has chose to breake; let this day bloody goe
On *Pompey's* side. I should farre happyer dy
In *Cæsars* sight: but since the fates deny
Him for a witnesse, *Pompey* shall commend
My death; your brests and throats vndaunted bend
Against their steele, and turne their weapons backe.
The dust far off is seene, this ruines crake
Has by this time enter'd our generalls eares.
We conquer, fellowes, *Cæsar* straight appeares
To challenge (though we dye) this fort; his voice
More then th'alarums first inciting noise
Their fury stirr'd: then wondring at the man,
And eager to behold the souldiers ran

To

To see if valour disadvantag'd so,
Surpris'd by place and number could bestow
Ought more then death. He making good alone
The falling worke, first throwes dead bodies downe
From the full towre to overwhelme the foes.
The posts, the walls, slaughter it selfe bestowes
Weapons on him, threatning himselfe to fall
Downe on their heads, and thrust off from the wall
The brests of skaling foes with poles and stakes,
And with his sword cuts off his hand that takes
Hold on the bulwarks top; and with vast stones
Pashes their heads in pieces, breakes their bones,
And dashes out their weakly fenced braines.
Downe on anothers haire, and face he raines
Pitch fir'd, the fire whizzes in burning eyes.
But when the pil'd up carcasses gan rise
To equall the walls height, as nimbly then
Into the midst of *Pompey's* armed men
Scæva leaps downe from thence, as Libbards fierce
Breake thorow the besetting huntsmens speares.
Then *Scæva* wedg'd in round, and by th'whole warre
Inclos'd, yet where he strikes is conquerer.
His swords point dull with blood congealed growes,
And blunt; nor does it pierce, but bruise his foes.
His sword has lost the use, and without wound
It breakes mens limbes. The foes encircling round
At him direct their weapons all, and all
Their hands aime right, and javelins rightly fall:
There fortune a strange match beholds, one man
Gainst a whole warre. His strong shield sounded than
With often strokes: his broken helmet beat
Downe to his temples, wrings with paine and heat,
And nothing else protects his vitall parts
But th'outside of his flesh stucke full of darts.
Why with light darts and arrowes doe you strive
(Vaine fooles) such wounds, as cannot kill, to give?

Let the Phalaricke ſtrong her wild-fire throw,
Or maſſy walls of ſtone 'gainſt ſuch a foe:
Let batt'ring rammes, and wars vaſt engins all
Remove him thence: he ſtands for *Cæſars* wall
'Gainſt *Pompey's* courſe. His breſt no armes now hide,
Scorning to uſe a ſhield, leſt his left ſide
Should want a wound, and he be forc'd to live
By his owne fault, what wounds the war can give
He takes alone; and bearing a thicke wood
Of darts upon his breſt, now wearyed ſtood
Chuſing what foe to fall on; ſo at ſea
Doe whales, and monſtrous beaſts of Libya,
So a Getulian Elephant clos'd in
By hunters round all ſhafts from his thick skin
Beats back, and breaks: or moving it ſhakes off
The ſticking darts (his bowells ſafe enough)
And through thoſe wounds no bloud he loſes; ſo
So many ſhafts and darts cannot beſtow
One death. At laſt a Cretan bow let flie
A ſure Gortyan ſhaft: in the left eye
Of *Sæva* ſtuck the ſhaft; he voyd of feares,
The ligaments, and optick ſinewes teares,
That th'arrowes forked iron head did ſtay,
And kickt the ſhaft with his owne eye away.
So if a Libyan looped javelin pierce
The ſide of a Pannonian beare, more fierce
Growne by her wound, ſhe wheeles her ſelfe about,
Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,
Which ſtill turnes with her, *Sæva's* lookes now bore
No fierceneſſe, all his face deform'd with gore.
A ſhout that reacht the skie, the Conquerers raiſe;
So little bloud (though drawne from *Cæſars* face)
Could not have joy'd them more. But *Sæva* now
In his great heart ſuppreſſing this deep woe,
With a mild looke that did no valour ſhow,
Hold Countrey men (quoth he) forbeare me now;

Woun

Wounds further not my death, nor now need I
Moe weapons in, but theſe pull'd out to dy.
Into the campe of *Pompey* carry me:
Do't for your generals ſake, let *Scæva* be
Rather th'example now of *Cæſar* left,
Then of a noble death. *Aulus* beleeft
Theſe feigned words of his unhappily:
And did not the ſwords point againſt him ſee;
But as to ſeize him, and his armes he ventures,
His throat the lightning ſword of *Scæva* enters.
His valour then by this one's death renew'd
Wax'd hot; who ere dares thinke *Scæva* ſubdu'd,
Thus let him rue (quoth he) if from this ſteele
Pompey ſeek peace, let him to *Cæſar* kneele.
Thought you me like your ſelves, fearefull, and baſe?
You love not *Pompey*, and the Senates cauſe,
As I love death. With that the duſt rais'd high
Gave them all notice *Cæſars* troopes were nigh,
And from wars ſhame did the Pompeians free,
Leſt a whole troope ſhould have beene thought to flee
From *Scæva* onely. When the fight was done
He fell, and dy'd; for fight (when blood was gone)
Lent ſtrength. His friends taking him, as he falls,
Vpon their ſhoulders to his funeralls,
Are proud to beare him, and that breaſt adore,
As if ſome ſacred deity it bore,
Or valours glorious image there did live.
Then all from his transfixed members ſtrive
To pluck the Piles: and therewithall they dreſt
The gods themſelves: on *Mars* his naked breaſt,
Scæva, they put thy armes. How great indeed
Had beene thine honour, if thoſe men that fled;
Had beene the warlike Celteberians.
Germans long arm'd, or ſhort Cantabrians.
No triumphs now,; no ſpoyles of this ſad war
Can decke the temple of the thunderer.

With how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? nor did great *Pompey* ly immur'd
And quiet from attempting fight againe
At this repulse, no more then th'Ocean
Is tir'd, when listed by strong Easterne blast
Gainst the repelling rocks, but eares at last
The rocks hard side, making, though late, a way
Assaulting then (*f*) the fort that neerest lay
To th'sea, he takes it by a double war,
And spread his men over the fields a far,
Pleas'd with this liberty of changing ground.
So when full Padus swells above the bound
Of his safe banks, and the neere fields oreflowes:
If any land, not able to oppose
That hill of water, yield: that it oreruns,
Opening t'it selfe unknowne dominions.
Some owners must of force their lands foregoe,
Some gaine new lands, as Padus will bestow.
Cæsar, at first not knowing it, by light
From a towres top had notice from the fight:
The dust now lay'd, he sees his walls beat downe;
But when he found it past, and the foe gone,
This rest his fury stirr'd, enraged deepe
That *Pompey* safe on *Cæsars* losse should sleepe.
Resolving (though to his owne losse) to goe
On, and disturbe the quiet of his foe.
First he assaults *Torquatus*, who descries
Assoone his comming, as the sayler spies
Th'approach of a Circæan storme, and takes
Downe all his sailes, when once the maine mast shakes
His men within the inner wall doth bring,
To stand more firmely in a narrow ring.
Ore the (*g*) first trenches works *Cæsar* was gone,
When *Pompey* from the hills above sent downe
All his whole troops upon th'enclosed foe.
Th'inhabitants neere Ætna feare not so

Encel

Enceladus, when the fierce Southwind blows,
And Ætna from her fiery cavernes throwes
Her scalding entrailes forth: as *Cæsars* men
By the rais'd dust orecome ere they begin
To fight; and in the cloud of this blind feare
Flying they meet their foes; terrour does beare
Them to their fate. Then might have beene let out
The civill wars whole blood, and peace beene brought.
Pompey himselfe their furious swords restrain'd.
Oh happy, Rome, still free hadst thou remain'd
With all thy lawes, and power, if there for thee
Sylla had conquer'd; tis, and still shall be
Cæsar, our griefe, thy worst of wicked deeds
(To fight with a good son in law) succeeds.
Oh luckleſſe fates, for *Munda's* bloody day
Spaine had not wept, Africk for *Utica*;
Nor had Nile borne, her streame discolouring,
A carkasse (*b*) nobler then th' Ægyptian King;
Nor *Iuba* (*i*) nak'd on Libyan sands had dy'd,
Nor had the blood of *Scipio* pacifi'd
Carthage dire ghosts; nor mens society
Had lost good *Cato*. That day, Rome to thee
Had beene the last of ills, *Pharsalias* day
In midst of fate had vanished away.
Cæsar this ill possessed place forsakes,
And with his mangled (*k*) troops t' Æmathia makes.
Pompey pursues his flying father in law.
Whom from that purpose his friends strive to draw,
Perswading him to turne to Italy
Now free from enemies. Never, quoth he,
Will I like *Cæsar* to my countrey come,
Nor never more unlesse with peace, shall Rome
See my returne. In Italy I could
Have stay'd at the beginning, if I would
Before Romes temples this sad war have brought,
And in the midst o'th marketplace have fought.

To draw the war from home, to th'torrid zone,
Or Scythiaes farthest cold I would be gone,
Shall I a conquerour now rob Rome of rest,
Who fled, lest she should be with war oppreſt?
Let *Cæſar* thinke Rome his, rather then she
Should suffer from this war. Then Easterly
He turnes his course, paths devious marching over,
Where regions vaſt Candavia does diſcover,
And to Theſſalia comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordain'd. Theſſalia bounded is
By the hill Oſſa on the Northeaſt ſide;
Pelio, when Summer's in her height of pride,
His shade oppoſes 'gainſt *Sols* riſing rayes;
The woody Othrys Southward keepes away
The ſcorching Lyons heat; Pindus his hight
Keepes off the Weſterne winds, and haſtens night
By hiding the Suns ſet; thoſe men nere feele
(That in the bottome of Olimpus dwell)
The Northwinds rage, nor all night long can ſee
The ſhining of the Beare. The fields, that lye
A vale betwixt thoſe hills, were heretofore
A ſtanding poole with water cover'd ore.
The fields kept in the rivers; Tempe then
Had no vent to the ſea: to fill the fen
Was all the rivers course. But when of yore
Alcides Oſſa from *Olimpus* tore,
And Peneus ſuddenly the ſea did fill:
Sea-borne *Achilles* kingdome (that had ſtill
Beene better under water) firſt was ſhowne;
And *Phylace*, that landed firſt upon
The Troian ſhore her ſhip; and *Dorion*
For the nine Muſes anger woe-begone;
Pteloes, and *Trachis*, *Melibœa* proud
Of great *Alcides* ſhafts on her beſtow'd,
Baſe hire for *Oeta's* fire; and where men now
Over the once renowned Argos plow:

Lariſſa

Lariſſa potent once: and where old tales
Deſcribe the Echionian Theban walls;
Thither *Agaue* baniſht, there the head,
And necke of her dead *Pentheus* buryed,
Griev'd ſhe had borne no moe limbs from her ſon.
The fens thus broke in many rivers run.
On the Weſt ſide into th'Ionian ſea
Cleare, but ſmall, Æas runs: as ſmall as he
Runs the Ægyptian Iſis fathers flood:
And Acheloüs, whoſe thicke ſtreame with mud
Soiles the Echinades: Euenus ore
Meleagers Calydon ſtain'd with the gore
Of Neſſus runs: Sperchios ſwiftly ſlides
Into the Maliacke ſea, whoſe channell glides
Purely along Amphryſus paſture fields,
Where *Phebus* ſerv'd: Anauros, that nere yields
Nor fog, nor wind, nor exhalation:
And what ere river by it ſelfe not knowne
To th'ſea, his waves on Peneus beſtowes:
Apidanos in a ſwift torrent flowes:
Enipeus never ſwift unleſſe combin'd:
Melas: and Phænix with Aſopus joyn'd:
Alone his ſtreame pure Titareſus keepes,
Though in a different-named flood he creepes:
And uſing Peneus as his ground, he flowes
Above: from Styx (they ſay) this river roſe:
Who (mindfull of his ſpring) ſcornes with baſe floods
To mixe, but keepes the reverence of the gods.
When firſt, theſe rivers gone, the fields appear'd,
Fat furrowes the Bœbitian plowſhares rear'd:
Th'Æolian husbandmen then breake the ground,
The Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
Her fertile breaſt; the skill'd Magnetians
In horſmanſhip: the ſea fam'd Minyans.
In Pelethronian dens t'Ixion there
A fruitfull cloud did th'halfe-wild Centaures beare:

Thee,

Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoe*
Breake hardest rocks: and furious, *Rhetus*, thee,
That up by th'rootes could strong wild ashes reare
On Oeta's mount, which *Boreas* blasts would beare,
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertaine:
Ravishing *Nessus* on the river staine
By venom'd shafts: and thee, old *Chiron*, made
A constellation now, who seem'st t'invade
The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bow:
Fierce wars first seeds did from his country grow;
Here the first horse for war sprang from a rocke,
Which mighty Neptune with his trident stroke;
To chew on the fleetle bit he not disdain'd,
And foam'd by his Thessalian rider rain'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid paths to earth-bred mortals show'd.
Ixionus first of all Thessalia's King
To forme by hammer did hot metalls bring;
Made silver liquid, stamp'd his coynes impresse
In gold, and melted brasse in furnaces.
Hence did th'account of mony first arise,
The fatall cause of war and tragedies.
Here was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
Whose skin the Delphian Tripos covered;
Whence to those games Thessalian bayes are brought.
Aloeus wicked brood 'gainst heaven here fought;
When Ossa on high Pelions top was set,
And the Celestiall orbes swift motion let.
When both the generalls in this land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd: the wars ensuing feare
Fills all presaging minds, all savv at hand
That hovver, on which this wars last cast should stand.
Cowards now trembled that wars face so neere
Was drawne, and fear'd the vvorst, both hope and feare
To this yet-doubtfull tryall brought the stout.
But one (alas) among the fearfull rout

Was

Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* most unworthy son;
Who afterward a banisht man upon
Sicilian seas, turn'd Pirate, and there stain'd
The fam'd sea-triumphs his great father gain'd.
He brooking no delay, but weak to beare
A doubtfull state, endeavors, urg'd by feare,
To finde fates future course. Nor does he crave
From Delphian *Phœbus*, from the Pythian cave,
Or that fam'd Oake fruitfull in akehornes, where
Joves mouth gives answer, this event to heare:
Nor seekes advice from them, to whom are knowne
Birds flights, beasts entrailes, lightnings motion,
Nor the Chaldæan skill'd Astrologer,
Nor any secret wayes, that lawfull were:
But magicke damn'd by all the gods above,
And her detested secrets seeks to prove,
Ayd from the ghosts, and fiends below to crave,
Thinking (ah wretch) the gods small knowledge have.
The place it selfe this vaine dire madnesse helpt,
Neere to the campe th' Æmonian witches dwelt,
Whom no invented monsters can excell;
Their art's what ere's incredible to tell.
Besides Thessalia's fields and rockes doe beare
Strange killing herbs, and plants, and stones that heare
The charming witches murmures there arise
Plants, that have pow'r to force the deities.
Medea there a stranger in those fields
Gatherd worse herbs then any Colchos yields.
Those wretches impious charmes turne the gods eares,
Though deafe to many nations zealous prayers;
Their voice alone beares through the inmost skies
Commands to the unwilling deities,
Which not their care of heavens high motions
Can turne away; when those dire murmurs once
Enter the skies, though the Ægyptians vaile,
And Babylonians their deep mysteries

Should

Should utter all, th' Æmonian witch still beares
From all their Altars the gods forced eares.
These witches spells loves soft desires have sent
Into the hardest hearts 'gainst fates intent;
Severe old men have burnd in impious love,
Which temper'd drinkes, and philtrums could not move,
Nor that, to which the fole his damms love owes,
The swelling flesh that on his forehead growes.
Minds by no poyson hurt, have perished
By spells; those, whom no love of marriage bed,
Nor tempting beauties pow'r could ere inflame,
By magicke knot-ty'd thread together came;
The course of things has stayd, to keep out day
Night has stood still; the sky would not obay
The law of nature: the dull world at their
Dire voice has bin benumm'd: great *Iupiter*
Vrging their course himselfe, admir'd to see
The Poles not mov'd by their swift axletree.
Showres they have made, clouded the clearest skie,
And heaven has thundred, *Iove* not knowing why.
By the same voice (with haire loose hanging) they
Moist swelling clouds, and stormes have chac'd away.
The sea without one puffe of winde has swell'd;
Againe in spite of *Auster* has bin still'd:
Ships sailes have quite against the winds bin sway'd:
Steepe waters torrents in their fall have stay'd:
And rivers have run back: Nile not overflowne
In summer time: Mæander straight has run.
Atax has hastned, Rhodanus growne slow.
High hills sunke downe have equall'd vales below.
Above his head the clouds Olympus saw:
In midst of winter Scythian snowes did thaw
Without the Sun: the tyde-rais'd Ocean
Æmonian spells beat from the shore againe.
The ponderous earth out of her center tost
Her middle place in the worlds orbe has lost;

So

So great a weight ſtrooke by that voice was ſtirr'd,
And on both ſides the face of heav'n appear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for miſchiefe borne,
Both feare, and ſerve by death the witches turne;
The Tigers fierce, and Lions nobly bold
Fawne upon them: cold Snakes themſelves unfold,
And in the froſty fields lie all untwin'd:
Diſſected vipers by their power are joyn'd,
Their poyſon'd breathings poyſon'd ſerpents kill.
Why are the gods thus troubled to fulfill,
And fearfull their enchantments to contemne?
What bargaine has thus ty'd the gods to them?
Doe they obey upon neceſſity,
Or pleaſure? or ſome unknowne piety
Deſerves it? or ſome ſecret threats prevaile?
Or have they juriſdiction over all
The gods? or does one certaine deity feare
Their moſt imperious charmes, who, whatſoere
Himſelfe is forc'd to, can the world compell?
By them the ſtarres oft from the pole downe fell;
And by their voices poyſon *Phœbe* turnd,
Growne pale with darke and earthly fires has burnd,
No leſſe then if debarr'd her brother ſhine
By interpoſall of the earth betweene
Her Orbe, and his: theſe labors undergone
Has ſhe, depreſt by incantation,
Vntill more nigh ſhe foam'd her gelly on
Their herbs. Theſe Spells of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadfull *Eriſtho* ſcornes
As too too good, and this foule art adornes
With newer rites; in townes her diſmall head,
Or houſes roofes is never covered.
Forſaken graves, and tombes, (the ghoſts expell'd)
She haunts; by fiends in eſtimation held.
To heare hells ſilent counſells, and to know
The Stygian cells, and myſteries below

Or

Of *Dis*, her breathing here no hindrance was.
A yellow leanneſſe ſpreads her loathed face;
Her dreadfull lookes, knowne to no lightſome aire,
With heavie hel-like paleneſſe clogged are.
Laden ſhe is with long unkembed haires,
But when darke ſtormes, or clouds obſcure the ſtarres,
From naked graves then forth *Erictho* ſtalkes
To catch the nights quick ſulphur; as ſhe walkes
The corne burnes up, and blaſts where ere ſhe tread;
And by her breath cleare aires are poyſoned.
She prayes not to the gods, nor humbly cries
For helpe, nor knowes ſhe pleaſing ſacrifice;
But funerall flames to th'altars ſhe preferres.
Frankincenſe ſnatcht from burning ſepulchers.
The gods at her firſt voice grant any harme
She askes, and dare not heare her ſecond charme.
Live ſoules, that rule their limbs, ſhe does intombe:
Death (though unwilling) ſeizes thoſe, to whom
The fates owe yeares; with a croſſe pompe men dead
Returne from grave, coarſes from toombes have fled;
Young mens hot aſhes, and burnt bones ſhe ſnatches
Out of the midſt of funerall Piles, and catches
The kindling brand in their ſad parents hand;
The funerall beds blacke ſmoking fragments, and
Their aſhy garments, and fleſh-ſmelling coales.
But when ſhe findes a coarſe intombed whole,
Whoſe moyſture is drawne out, and marrow growne
Hard by corruption, greedy havocke on
Each limbe ſhe makes; and from their orbes doth teare
His congeal'd eyes, and lickes her knuckles there.
She gnawes his nailes now pale, oregrowne, and long;
Bites halters killing knots where dead men hung:
Teares from the gibbers ſtrangled bodies downe,
And from the gallowes licks corruption.
She gathers dead mens limbs, which ſhowres have wet,
And marrow hardned in ſuns ſcorching heat,

She

She kepes the nailes that piere'd crucifi'd hands,
And gathers poysonous filth, and slime that stands
On the cold joynts, and biting with her fangs
The hardn'd sinewes, vp from ground she hangs.
And when so ere a naked carcasse ly,
Before the beasts, and ravenous fowles sits she;
But teares, or eats no limbe; till it be bit
By Wolves; from whose dry jawes she snatches it.
Nor spares she murdering, if life blood she need,
That from a throat new open'd swift proceede.
She murders, when her sacrifices dire
Life-blood, and panting entrailes do require:
And births abortive by vnnaturall wayes
From wounded wombes she takes, and burning layes
Them on her wicked altars; when she lacks
Stout cruell ghosts, such ghosts forthwith she makes.
All deaths of men serve for her action.
From young mens chinnes she puls the growing downe,
And dying striplings haire she cuts away.
Erictho oft when ore the coarse she lay
Of her dead kinsman, and did seeme to kisse,
Off from his maimed head would bite a piece,
And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
In his dry throat she bites his cold stiffe tongue:
And whispering murmurs dire by him she sends
Her banefull secrets to the Stygian feinds.
By generall fame when *Sextus* notice had
Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
At the Antipodes their none of day,
Over the desart fields he takes his way:
The servants waiting on his folly then,
Searching through broken tombes, and graves of men,
Spy'd on a rocke at last, where Æmus bends,
And the Pharsalian lofty hills extends,
Erictho sitting, she was trying there
Spells, which nere witch, nor magicke god did heare,

And

And for new purposes was framing charmes.
For fearing lest the civill warres alarmes
Should to some other land be carryed thence,
And Thessaly should want that blood's expence:
Phillippi fields with incantations stain'd,
And sprinckled with dire iuice she did command
Not to transferre the war, meaning t'enioy
So many deaths, and the worlds blood t'employ:
The carcasses of slaughter'd Kings to inuime,
And turne the Roman ashes was her aime:
To search for princes bones, and each great ghost.
But what best pleas'd her, and she studyed most,
Was what from *Pompey's* coarse to take away,
Or vpon which of *Cæsars* limmes to prey.
Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearefull sonne bespake;
Wisest of all Thessalians, that canst make
Foreknowne all things to come, and turne away
The course of destiny, to me (I pray)
The certaine end of this wars chance relate.
I am no meane part of the Roman state,
Great *Pompey's* sonne, now either lord of all,
Or wofull heire of his great funerall.
My minde, though wounded now with doubtfull feare,
Is well resolv'd any knowne woe to beare.
Oh take from chance this power it may not fall
Vnseene, and suddaine on me; the gods call;
Or spare the gods, and force the truth our from
The ghosts below, open Elysium,
Call forth grim death himselfe, bid him relate
Which of the two is given to him by fate,
Tis no meane taske, but labour worthy thee
To search what end of this great war shall be.
The impious Witch proud of a fame so spread
Replyes, young man, wouldst thou haue altered
Some meaner fate, it had beene easily done;
I could haue forc'd to any action
Th'vnwilling

Th'unwilling gods. I can preserve the breath
Of him, whom all the starres have doom'd to death:
And, though the planets all conspire to make
Him old, the midst of his lifes course can breake.
But fates, and th' order of great causes all
Worke downeward from the worlds originall;
When all mankinde depend on one successe,
If there you would change ought, our arts confesse
Fortune has greater power: but if content
You be alone to know this wars event,
Many, and easie wayes for vs there be
To finde out truth; the earth, the sea, the sky,
The dead, the Rodopeian rockes and fields
Shall speake to vs. But since late slaughter yields
Such choise of carcasses in Thessaly,
To raise vp one of those will easyest be:
That a warme new-slaine carcasse with a cleare
Intelligible voice may greete your eare.
Least (by the Sunne the organs parch'd, and spill'd)
The dismall ghost vncertaine hizzings yeild.
Then double darkenesse ore nights face she spred,
And wrapping in a foggy cloud her head,
She searches where th' unbury'd bodyes lye,
Away the wolves, and hungry vultures flye
Loosening their tallands, when *Erictho* comes
To choose her prophet, griping with her thumbes
Their now cold marrows, seeking where a tongue,
And lungs, with fillets whole vnwounded hung.
The fates of those slaine men stand doubtfull all
Which of their ghosts she from the dead would call.
Had she desir'd to raise th' whole army slaine,
And to revive them for the war again,
Hell had obey'd: from Styx, by her strange might
The people all had beene drawne backe to fight.
When she a carcas fitting had espy'd,
An hooke she fasten'd in his throate, and ty'd

To it a fatall rope, by which the hag
Ore rockes and ſtones did that poore carcaſſe drag,
That muſt revive. Vnder the hollow ſide
Of an high mountaine, which to this blacke deede
The witch had deſtin'd, ſhe the careaſſe layes.
A deepe, and vaſt deſcent of ground there was,
As low (almoſt) as the blinde caves of *Dis*:
Which a pale wood with thicke and ſpreading trees
Barring the ſight of heaven, and by *Sols* light,
Not penetrable, did oreſhadow quite.
Within the caue was bred by dreary night
Pale mouldy filth, and darkeneſſe ſad: no light,
But light by magicke made, ere ſhined there.
Within the jawes of *Tænarus* the aire
Is not ſo dull, that balefull bound twixt hell,
And vs; the princes, in thoſe ſhades that dwell
Send without feare their ſpirits hitherto;
For though this hag can force the fates to doe
What ere ſhe pleaſe, tis doubtfull whether here,
Or there thoſe ghoſts in their true place appeare.
She puts a various colour'd cloathing on,
And fury-like her haire looſe hanging downe
Was bound about with vipers, her face hid;
But when young *Sextus*, and his traine ſhe ſpy'd
Shaking for feare, and his aſtoniſht eye.
Fixt on the ground, baniſh thoſe feares, quoth ſhe,
His lifes true figure you ſhall ſee him take,
That cowards needе not feare to heare him ſpeake.
But if the furyes to your eyes were ſhowne,
The Stygian lakes, and burning Phlegeton,
The gyants bound, and Cerberus that ſhakes
His dreadfull curled mane of hiſſing ſnakes,
Why ſhould you feare, cowards, whileſt I am by,
To ſee thoſe fiends, that ſhake at ſight of me? fills
Then with warme blood, opening freſh wounds ſhe
His breſt: and gore to th'inward parts diſtills:

Of

Of the Moones poysonous gelly ſtore ſhe takes;
And all the hurtfull broodes, that nature makes:
Foame of mad dogs, which ſight of water dread:
The pyth of ſtags with ſerpents nouriſhed
Was mixed there: the dire Hyæna's knot,
The ſpotted Lynx his bowells wanted not:
Nor that ſmall fiſh, whoſe ſtrength, though *Eurus* riſe,
Can ſtay the courſe of ſhips: the Dragons eyes:
The ſounding ſtone that brooding Eagles make
Warme in their neſts, th' Arabian nimble ſnake:
The red ſea-viper, pretious gems that kept:
Skins from th'alive Libyan Ceraſtes ſtript:
The Phœnix aſhes layd in Araby.
With theſe when vile and nameleſſe poyſons ſhe
Had mixt, and leaves fill'd with inchantments ſtrong,
And herbs which her dire mouth had ſpit on young,
What poyſon did ſhe on the world beſtow.
Then addes a voice to charme the gods below
More pow'rfull then all herbs confounding noiſes
Much diſſonant, and far from humane voices.
There was the barke of dogs, the wolves ſad howle;
The ſcritches wailing, hollowing of the owle:
All voices of wild beaſts, hiſſing of ſnakes,
The ſound that beat from rockes the water makes.
The murmure of ſtirr'd woods, the thunders noiſe
Broke from a cloud: all this was in her voce.
The reſt Æmonian incantations tell,
And thus her voice pierces the loweſt hell.
Furies, and Stygian fiends, whoſe ſcourges wound
All guilty ſoules, Chaos, that wouldſt confound
Vnnumberd worlds: king of the earth beneath,
That griev'ſt to ſee the gods exempt from death:
Thou Styx, and faire Elyſium, which no ſpirit
Of a Theſſalian witch deſerves t'inherit:
Thou, that thy mother hat'ſt, *Perſephone*,
And heaven, thou loweſt part of *Hecate*,

By whom the silent tongues of fiends with us
Have intercourse: hells porter Cerberus,
That currishnesse into our brests dost put;
You destinies that twice this thread must cut:
And thou the burning streames old ferriman
Tired with ghosts brought backe to me again;
If I invoke you with a mouth prophane,
And foule enough, to heare these prayers daine:
If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
These incantations I did nere expresse:
If womens wombes whole burdens upon you
And luke-warme braines I often did bestow:
If on your altars heads of infants slaine
I set, and bowells that must live againe,
Obey my voice; no ghost that long has felt
The Stygian shades, nor long in darknesse dwelt,
But one that lately from the living went,
And is but yet at pale hells first descent,
And one, which (though obedient to this spell)
Could be but once transported ore to hell
I aske; let some knowne souldiers ghost relate
Before great *Pompey's* son his fathers fate,
If civill warre of you have merited.
Then lifting up her foaming mouth and head
She saw hard by the ghost of that dead man
Trembling to enter his old goale again;
Fearing those cold pale members, and into
That wounded brest and entrailes torne to go.
Ah wretch, from whom deaths gift is tane away
(To die no more) that fates durst thus delay
Erictho wondred; wrath with death, and fate,
The liveles coarse with living snakes she beat; (broke,
And through earths caneyes, which her charmes had
Bark'd to the fiends, and thus hells silence shooke.
Megæra, and *Tisiphone* that slight
My voice, through hell with your dire whips affright

Hither

Hither that wretched ſpirit, or from below
By your true names of Stygian bitches you
I will call up, and to the Suns light leave:
No dead mens graves ſhall harbour, or receive
Your heads, He follow you obſerving well,
And from all tombes, and quiet urnes expell.
Falſe *Hecate*, thee to the gods He ſhow,
(To whom thou uſeſt with bright lookes to goe)
In thy pale rotten forme and ſo provide
Thou ſhalt not thy Tartarian viſage hide.
Vnder the earths vaſt weight I will relate
What food deſtaines thee; in what wedlocks ſtate
Thou lov'ſt the nights ſad king, with ſuch a ſtaine,
That *Ceres* ſhall not with thee backe againe.
'Gainſt thee, the worlds worſt judge, I will ſet free
The gyants, or let in the day to thee.
Will you obey, or ſhall I him invoke,
Whoſe name the earths foundations ever ſhooke?
Who without hurt th'unvailed Gorgon ſees:
Of whoſe ſtrong ſtripes *Erinnys* fearfull is:
Who keepes an hell unknowne to you, and where
You are above, that dare by Styx forſweare.
Then ſtraight the clotted blood grows warme againe
Feeds the black wounds, and runs through every vaine
And th'outward parts: the vitall pulſes beat
In his cold breaſt: and lifes reſtored heat
Mixt with cold death through parts diſuſed runs,
And to each joynt gives trembling motions;
The ſinewes ſtretch: the carkaſſe from the ground
Riſes not by degrees, but at one bound
Stands bolt upright: the eyes with twincking hard
Are op'd; not dead, nor yet alive appear'd
The face: his paleneſſe ſtill, and ſtiffeneſſe ſtayes
He ſtands at this revivall in amaze;
But his dumbe ſeal'd-up lips no murmur made,
Onely an anſwering tongue, and voice he had.

Speake (quoth *Erictho*) what I aske, and well
Shalt thou rewarded be: if truth thou tell,
By our Hæmonian art Ile ſet thee free
Throughout all ages, and beſtow on thee
Such funeralls, with charmes ſo burne thy bones,
Thy ghoſts ſhall heare no incantations.
Let this the fruit of thy revivall be,
No ſpells, no herbs ſhall dare to take from thee
Thy long ſafe reſt, when I have made thee dy.
The gods, and Prophets anſwer doubtfully;
But he, that dares enquire of ghoſts beneath,
And boldly goe to th'oracles of death,
Is plainly told the truth; ſpare not, but name
Plainly the things, and places all, and frame
A ſpeech, wherein I may conferre with fate:
Adding a charme to make him know the ſtate
Of whatſoere ſhe askt; thus preſently
The weeping carkaſſe ſpake; I did not ſee
The ſiſters fatall threds, ſo ſoone (alas)
Backe from thoſe ſilent banks enforc'd to paſſe.
But what by ſpeech from all the ſpirits I gain'd
Among the Roman ghoſts fell diſcord reign'd:
Romes wicked war diſturb'd hells quiet reſt:
Some Captaines from ſad hell, ſome from the bleſt
Elyſian fields come forth, and there what fate
Intends to doe, they openly relate:
The happy ghoſts look'd ſad, the *Decii* then
Father and ſon, wars-expiating men:
I ſaw the *Curii*, and *Camillus* wailing,
Sylla himſelfe againſt thee, fortune, railing:
His iſſues Libyan fate brave *Scipio*
Bewail'd; and *Cato* Carthages great foe
His nephewes bondage-ſcaping death did mone.
Among the bleſſed ſpirits *Brutus* alone
Rejoyc'd, firſt Conſul, that Romes king exil'd.
Fierce *Catiline*, ſterne *Marius*, and the wild

Cethegi

Cethegi breaking chaines orejoyed were:
The popular law promulging *Druſi* there,
And daring *Gracchi* ſhouting clapt their hands
Fetter'd for ever with ſtrong iron bands
In *Plutoes* dungeon; impious ghoſts had hopes
Of bleſſed ſeats; *Pluto* pale dungeons opes,
Prepares hard ſtones, and adamantine chaines
To puniſh the proud Conquerour, ordaines.
Take you this comfort, in a bleſſed roome
The ghoſts expect your ſide, and houſe to come,
And for great *Pompey* in Elyſium
Prepare a place. The houre ſhall ſhortly come
(Envie not then the glory of ſo ſmall
A life) that in one world ſhall lodge you all.
Make haſte to meet your deaths, and with a mind
Haughty, (though from ſmall funeralls) deſcend
To tread upon the ſoules of Roman gods.
For burialls is all this mortall ods;
And the Pharſalian fight muſt onely try
Who ſhall by Nile, and who by Tyber lye.
But ſeeke not thou thy deſtiny to heare,
Which fate, though I be ſilent, will declare:
A ſurer prophet ſhall thy father be
In Sicily, although uncertaine he
Whither to call thee, whence to bid thee flee,
Or in what coaſt or climate ſafe to be,
Feare Europe, Aſia, Africk: fates divide
Your funeralls, as they your triumphs did.
Oh wretched houſe, to you the world ſhall yield
No place more happy then Pharſalia's field.
Thus having ſpoke the carkaſſe did remaine
With a ſad looke, and begg'd for death againe,
But could not dy without a magick ſpell,
And herbs: nor could the fates reſtore to hell
His ſoule once ſent from thence. With that the witch
Builds up a lofty funerall pile; to which

The dead man comes: she layes him on the fires,
Leaves him, and lets him dye, and then retires
With *Sextus* to his fathers campe: and now
The welkin gan *Aurores* light to show:
But to the campe till *Sextus* take his way,
The darke charm'd night kept off approaching day.

FINIS Libri Sexti.

Annotations on the sixt Booke.

(a) *From their camps by the river Apsus both Generalls at one time brought forth their armies*; Pompey *intending to intercept* M. Anthonius, *and* Cæsar *intending to joyne with* Anthony. *Anthony certified by some Greeks of* Pompeyes *ambushes, kept within his campe, till the next day* Cæsar *came to him.* Pompey *then fearing to be enclosed by two armies, departing thence marched to Asparagu neere Dyrrachium, and there encamped; thither also marched* Cæsar, *and encamped not far from him.*

(b) Cæsar *wanting provision was desirous of battell: but* Pompey *better provided of all necessaries purposely delayed it.*

(c) Cæsar *perceiving that* Pompey *would not be drawne out to fight, the next day by a great compasse, and difficult way went to Dyrrachium hoping to exclude* Pompey *thence, where his corne, and provision lay, which* Pompey *perceiving, went thither also by a neerer way.*

(d) Cæsar (*that his owne men might with the lesse danger forrage, and fetch in corne, as also to hinder* Pompey *from forraging, and to lessen his estimation among forreigne nations*) *kept with garrisons all the tops of the hills, and fortified castles there, and drew strong trenches from castle to castle, so on every side enclosing* Pompey. *The worke extended fifteene miles in compasse, being so large that* Pompey *within wanted nothing, and* Cæsar *could not man his works round.*

(e) Cæsars

(e) Cæſars ſouldiers wanting victuall beſieged Pompey abounding with all ſtore of proviſion. Pompey ſeeing the ſtrange unheard of food, that Cæſars ſouldiers eat while they beſieged him, ſaid that he now made war againſt beaſts.

(f) Pompey underſtanding by ſome renegadoes that Cæſars croſſe trench between the two bulwarks toward the ſea was not finiſhed, ſent a ſhip manned with archers, and other ſouldiers to aſſault the defenders of the worke behind. Himſelfe about the end of night came thither alſo with his forces. Cæſars cohorts, that watched there neere the ſea, ſeeing themſelves aſſaulted both by land and ſea, ran away: whom the Pompeyans purſued with a great ſlaughter, till Mar Anthonius with twelve cohorts comming down the hill made the Pompeyans retreat againe.

(g) Cæſar to repaire that dayes loſſe aſſaulted with three and thirty cohorts the caſtle which Torquatus kept, and beat the Pompeyans from the trench. Which Pompey hearing brought his fift Legion to their ſuccour. Cæſars horſmen fearing to be incloſed began firſt to fly, which the foot ſeeing, and ſeeing Pompey there in perſon, fled alſo; this victory if Pompey had purſued, hee had utterly overthrowne Cæſar.

(h) Pompey the great ſlaine upon the banks of Nile.

(i) Iuba King of Mauritania which had ſlaine Curio and his Legions before, in the African war was vanquiſhed by Cæſar, and fearing to fall into Cæſars hands, hee and Petreius ſlew each other.

(k) For in theſe two conflicts Cæſar loſt nine hundred footmen ſixty two horſmen, thirty Centurions, ten Tribunes, and thirty two Enſignes of war.

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Seventh Booke.

The Argument.

Great Pompey's *flattering dreame; his ſouldiers all*
Eager of battell urge their Generall;
Their wiſh (though raſh and fatall) findes defence
In Ciceroes *unhappy eloquence.*
Againſt his will Great Pompey's *forc'd to yield:*
The ſignall's given: Pharſalia's dreadfull field
Is fought: Romes liberty for ever dies,
And vanquiſht Pompey *to Lariſſa flies.*

SAd *Titan* later *Thetis* lap forſooke
Then natures law requir'd, and never tooke
A croſſer way, as if borne back againe
By the ſphæres courſe, would be eclipſed faine,
Attracting clouds, not food t'his flames to yeild,
But loth to ſhine upon Pharſalia's field.
That night, of *Pompey's* happy life the laſt,
Deceiv'd by flattring ſleeps, he dream'd him plac'd
In the Pompeian Theater, among
Romes people flocking in unnumberd throng;
Where ſhouting to the skies he heard them raiſe
His name; each roome contending in his praiſe.

Such

Such were the peoples lookes, such was their praise,
When in his youth, and first triumphant dayes
Pompey but then a gentleman of Rome
Had quieted the West, and Spaine orecome,
Scattring the troops revolt *Sertorius* led;
And sate in Senate as much honoured
In his pure candid, as triumphall gowne.
Whether the doubtfull fancie fearfull growne
Of future fate, run backe to former joyes;
Or prophesying by such sighes implyes
Their contrary, and bodes ensuing woe:
Or else on thee fortune would thus bestow
A sight of Rome, that could not otherwise.
Oh doe not wake him from his sleep to rise,
No trumpet pierce his eare; the next nights rest
With the foregoing dayes sad warre oppresst
Will nought but fights, but bloud and slaughter show.
Happy were Rome, could she but see (though so)
Her *Pompey* blest with such a dreame as this,
And happy night; oh would the deities
Had given one day, *Pompey*, to Rome, and thee,
That both assured of your destinie
Might reap the last fruit of a love so deare.
Thou goest as if thy Rome should thee interre:
And she, still mistris of her wish in thee,
Hopes that the fates lodge not such crueltie,
As to deprive her of thy honour'd tombe.
To mourne for thee old men, and young would come;
Children untaught would weep: the Matrons all
With haire (as once at *Bratus* funerall)
Loose hung, would beat their brests, now though they (feare
The swords of the injurious Conquerer,
Though he himselfe relate thy death, they'l mourne
At publike sacrifice, as they adorne
Ioves house with laurell; wretched men, whose mone
Conceal'd, in sighs must vent it selfe alone,

And

And dares not ſound in publike theaters.
Now had the riſing Sun obſcur'd the ſtars,
When all the ſouldiers murmuring up and downe
(The fates now drawing the worlds ruin on)
Deſire a ſignall to the fight; poore men,
Whoſe greater part ſhould never ſee the end
Of that ſad day, about their Generalls tent
(Haſting the houre of their neere death) they vent
Their paſſions, and complaints; and frantickе growne
Their owne and publike fate they haſten on.
They call great *Pompey* ſluggiſh, timorous,
Patient of *Cæſar*, and ambitious
Of ſoveraignty, deſirous ſtill to raigne
Ore all thoſe Kings, and fearing peace againe.
The Kings, and Eaſterne nations all complain'd
Warre was prolong'd, and they from home derain'd.
The gods when they our ruine had decreed,
Would make it thus our owne erroneous deed.
Ruine we ſought, and mortall warres requir'd,
In *Pompey's* camp Pharſalia is deſir'd.
Nor did this with want *Cicero's* defence
The greateſt author of Romes eloquence;
In whoſe gown-rule fierce *Catiline* did feare
The peaceſull axe. Hee now turn'd ſouldier
From barres and pleadings had been ſilent long,
And this bad cauſe thus ſtrengthens with his tongue.
Pompey, for all her gifts fortune implores
That thou wouldſt uſe her now: thy Senators,
Thy Kings, and all the ſuppliant world intreat
Thy leave to conquer *Cæſar*: ſhall he yet
So long a warre againſt mankind maintaine?
Well may the forraigne nations now diſdaine
(Who ſuddainly were vanquiſhed by thee)
That *Pompey* is ſo ſlow in victorie.
Where's now thy ſpirit, thy confidence of fate?
Canſt thou now doubt the gods (ah moſt ingrate?)

Or

Or fear'ſt thou to commit into their hand
The Senates cauſe? thy troopes without command
Their Eagles will advance: 'twere ſhame for thee
To be compell'd to conquer: if thou be
Our generall, and ours the war, to try
The hazard lyes in our authority.
Why hold'ſt thou the worlds ſwords from *Cæſars* throat?
They all are drawne almoſt, and tarry not
Thy ſlow alarmes; make haſt, leſt thy command
They all forſake: the Senate does demand,
If they thy ſouldiers, or companions be.
Great *pompey* ſigh'd to ſee how contrary
The gods were bent, and fortune croſt his minde.
If you be all (quoth he) this way inclin'd:
And me a ſouldier not a generall
The time require: Ile be no let at all
To fate: let fortune all theſe nations caſt
Into one ruine: be this day the laſt
To the greateſt part of men. But witneſſe Rome
Pompeyes enforc'd to this ſad field to come. (wound;
The warres whole worke needs not haue coſt one
But *Cæſar*, without blood ſubdu'd, and bound
Might have bin brought to anſwer injur'd peace.
What fury's this (oh blind in wickedneſſe!)
To conquer without blood in civill war
You are afraid. Maſters o'th'land we are:
The ſeas are wholly ours: the famiſht foe
To fetch in Corne unripe is forc'd to goe;
And 'tis become his with by ſwordes to dye,
And with his ruine mixe our tragedy.
In this ſome part is finiſht of the war,
That our freſh-water ſouldiers doe not feare
The fight (if that be in true valour done;)
Into extreameſt dangers many run
For feare of future ill: valiant'ſt is he,
That feares not t'vndergoe a danger nigh,

Nor

Nor to deferre it. Would you then commit
Your ſtrength to fortunes hand, and to one fight
The worlds eſtate, deſiring all, that I
Should rather fight, then get the victory?
The rule of Romes eſtate thou didſt beſtow
Fortune, on me: receive it greater now:
Protect it in this wars blind chance: to me
Nor crime, nor honour ſhall this battell be.
Cæſar thy wicked prayers 'gainſt mine prevaile:
We fight: how diſmall to all people ſhall
This day appeare? how many lands vndone
Shall be? how crimſon ſhall Enipeus run
With Roman bloud? would the firſt pile of all
This mortall war would light (if I could fall
Without the ruine of our ſide) on me;
For not more joyfull can the conqueſt be,
Pompey a name ſhall be to euery one
Of hate, or pitty, when this fight is done.
The conquer'd ſhall endure the worſt of woe:
The worſt of crimes the Conquerour ſhall doe.
With that the reines he to their fury gives,
Suffring the fight. So th'artleſſe ſailer leaves
His helpeleſſe barke, when *Corus* blaſts are growne
Too ſtrong, to guidance of the windes alone.
A fearefull murmuring noiſe thorough all parts
Aroſe: and diverſly their manly hearts
Beat 'gainſt their breaſts; vpon the face of ſome
Appear'd the paleneſſe of a death to come,
And ghaſtly lookes; that day (they thinke) fate brings
A laſting ſtate of rule on earthly things:
And doubt what Rome, after this field is fought,
Shall bee: no man of his owne danger thought
Amaz'd with greater feares. Who, when he ſees
All ſhores orflowne, and th'uncurb'd Ocean riſe
Ore mountaines tops, the Firmament and Sunne
Fall downe to earth; in ſuch confuſion

Could

Could feare his owne eſtate? no priuate ſtate
Has time to feare, but Romes, and *Pompey's* fate.
Nor did they truſt their ſwords, vnleſſe ſharpe ſet
On ſtones: the points of their dull piles they whet:
Each archer fits his bow with ſureſt ſtrings,
And choiſeſt arrowes in his quiver brings;
Horſemen ſharp ſpurres prouide, and ſtrongeſt reines.
So when earths giants vpon Phlegra's plaines
(If with the acts of gods our humane warres
We may compare) rebell'd: the ſword of *Mars*
In Ætna's forge, and *Neptunes* three-fork'd ſpeare
Were ſcowr'd, and ſharpned: *Phœbus* arrowes there
With *pythons* dull'd, made ſharpe, the blew-eyd mayd
Vpon her ſhield *Meduſa's* haires diſplay'd:
Ioves lightning there the *Cyclops* molded new.
Fortune foretold the woes that ſhould inſue
By many tokens; for the ſtormy skie
Withſtood their marches into Theſſaly:
The clouds againſt their eyes did lightnings throw:
Meteors like lampes, like fiery poſts in ſhow,
And beames, cloud-breaking *Typhons* did ariſe,
And lightnings flaſhes dimm'd and clos'd their eyes.
Their helmets plumes were ſing'd; their piles did melt:
Sword-blades diſſolv'd run downe the hilts they felt;
Their impious ſwords with ſulphur from the skies
Did ſmoke: their Enſignes hid with ſwarmes of Bees
Could ſcarce be pluckt from ground: the bearers bow'd
Themſelves to get them up; which ſeem'd oreflow'd
VVith teares from thence ev'n to Theſſalia:
The bull from th'holy altars runnes away,
And to Pharſalia field directly flies,
Whilſt their ſad altar wants a ſacrifice.
But what night furies, what *Eumenides*,
VVhat Stygian powres, or gods of wickedneſſe,
VVhat helliſh fiend, *Cæſar*, didſt thou appeaſe
Prepaſing for ſuch wicked warres as theſe?

VVhither

Whether the gods, or their owne feare had wrought
These wonders, doubtfull tis, but many thought
They saw Olympus meete with Pindus hill,
And Æmus fall th'adjoyning valleyes fill:
That in the night Pharsalia sounded loud
The noise of battell: that Bæbei's flow'd
Swiftly with blood. But most admired they
To see each others face show darke; the day
Grow pale: and night their helmets overspread;
Their fathers ghosts and all their kinsmen dead
T' appeare before their eyes. But this alone
Comforted their sicke mindes, knowing their owne
Impious entents, brothers to kill and ope
Their fathers throats, they hence conceived hope;
Thinking these monsters, and portents t'imply
Th'accomplishment of their impiety.
No wonder tis if men so neere their end
Trembled with frantike feare: if fates doe lend
Presaging mindes of future ills to men,
Romans, that sojourn'd in Armenia then,
And Tyrian Gades, and in what coast soere,
Or climate they abode, lamented there,
Blaming their causelesse griefe, and did not know,
Their losses in Pharsalia's overthrow.
An Augur sitting on (a) th'Euganean mount,
(If fame record a truth) where springs the fount
Of foggy Aponus, where Timauus does
First part, and thence in severall channels flowes;
This day (quoth he) the action's in the height,
Pompey, and *Cæsars* impious armyes fight;
Whether *Ioves* thunder, and divining stroake
He had observ'd, or how thicke aire did choake
The jarring heavens, or on the poles did looke.
Or in the firmament had found this fight,
By the Sunnes palenesse, and starres mournefull light.

But nature ſure did differently diſplay
From other dayes, the ſad Theſſalian day:
And if all men had ſkilfull Augurs bin,
By all the world Pharſalia had bin ſeene;
Greateſt of men, whoſe fates through th'earth extend,
Whom all the gods haue leaſure to attend,
Theſe acts of yours to all poſterity
Whether their owne great fame ſhall ſignifie,
Or that theſe lines of mine haue profited
Your mighty names; theſe wars, when they are read,
Shall ſtir th' affections of the readers minde,
Making his wiſhes, and vaine feares inclin'd
As to a thing to come, not paſt, and guide
The hearts of all to favour *Pompey's* ſide.
Pompey deſcending downe the hill diſplayes
His troopes reflecting riſing *Phœbus* rayes,
Not raſhly ore the fields: in order good
And marſhall'd well the hapleſſe army ſtood.
The left wing firſt was *Lentulus* his care
With the firſt Legion, then the beſt in war,
And fourth: Thou, ſtout *Domitius*, lead'ſt the right,
Valiant, though ſtill vnfortunate in fight:
In the maine battell with his warlike bands
Brought lately from Cilicia, *Scipio* ſtands
Well fortify'd: heere vnder a command,
A General firſt in Affricks ſcorched land.
But all along the ſwift Enipeus ſide
The looſe-rain'd troopes of Ponticke horſemen ride:
And mountaniers of Cappadocia;
Vpon the dryer fields in rich array
Doe the earths Monarchs, Kings, and Tetrarchs ſtand,
And all the ſtates, that Roman ſwords command.
Thither from Libya came Numidians,
Itureus archers, *Crete's* Cydonians:
Feirce *Gaules* there fought againſt their wonted foe:
There warlike Spaniards their ſhort ſhields did ſhow.

The

The Conquerer of all triumphs now deprive,
And let no people this ſad war ſurvive.
Cæſar that day diſlodging to provide
For corne, was marching out, when he eſpy'd
The foes deſcending downe the champaigne field,
And that ſo often wiſht-for day beheld,
That on one chance of warre ſhould ſet the maine;
Sicke of delay, and covetous of raigne,
In this ſmall tract of time condemn'd had he
The civill war as a ſlow villany.
But when fates falling ruine ſhake he ſaw,
And both their fortunes to a triall draw;
His wondrous love of ſword ſome languiſhment
Gan feele; his mind, though ever confident
Of good ſucceſſe, now doubts; from feare his owne;
As *Pompey* fortunes from preſumption,
Did keep his mind: at laſt exiling feares
With confidence he cheeres his ſouldiers.
Brave ſouldiers, the worlds aw, *Cæſars* eſtate,
That day of fight is come, which we from fate
So oft have begg'd: oh doe not now deſire,
But by your valours fortunes ayd acquire.
What *Cæſar* is lyes in your hands alone.
This is the day, which paſſing Rubicon
Was promiſd me: in hope of which we ſtirr'd.
And our forbidden triumphs have deferr'd.
This is the day that ſhall reſtore to you
Children and wives, and ſhares of land beſtow
Freed from warre duties: this the day that tries
(Witneſs'd by fate) whoſe cauſe the juſter is.
This field the conquerd ſide ſhall guilty make.
If you with fire and ſword have for my ſake
Aſſaulted Rome, now fight like ſouldiers,
And free your ſwords from guilt: no hand in warre
Is pure in both ſides judgement; nor for me
Fight you alone, but that your ſelves may be

Free lords of all the world. I, for mine owne
Consent, could live in a Plebejan gowne,
Or be in any state, so you obtaine
A perfect freedome; by my envie raigne.
Nor with much blood shall all the world be bought:
But youths of Greece in schooles of wrestling taught,
Base sluggish spirits that never armes did beare,
And mixt Barbarian troops are standing there,
That when the armies joyne will nere abide
The trumpets sound, nor shouts of their owne side.
In civill war few hands, alas, shall fight:
Most of the blowes upon Romes foes shall light,
And rid the world of well spar'd people; goe,
Breake through those dastard nations, and orethrow
The world at your first onset; make it knowne
That all those nations, which so oft were showne
In *Pompeys* triumphs, are not worthy prov'd
Of one poore triumph. Are th'Armenians mov'd
Thinke you, what Generall shall Rome obtaine?
With least bloods losse would the Barbarians gaine
A sov'raignty for *Pompey*? they abhorre
All Romans, as their lords; and hate those more
Whom they have knowne. The trust of my affaires
To friends, whose valour through so many wars
In France I have beheld, does fortune now
Commit: what souldiers sword doe not I know?
And when through th'aire a trembling pile is sent,
Ile truly tell you from what arme it went.
Those signes I see that nere your Generall fail'd,
Fierce lookes, and threatning eyes: you have prevail'd;
Me thinkes the rivers swell'd with blood I see,
And at your feet the slaughtred bodies lie
Of Kings, and Senators; nations to day
Swim in this bloody field. But I delay
My fortunes, in detaining from the field
Your forward spirits: pardon me though I yield

A while to pleasing hope: I here did see
The gods so liberall, and so speedily:
But one fields distance from our wish are we.
What kings, and nations are possest of now,
When this field's fought, is *Cæsars* to bestow.
O gods, what stars, what influence of the skie
Has given so great a power to Thessaly?
This day allots the punishment, or gaines
Of all our wars: thinke upon *Cæsars* chaines,
His wracks, and gibbets: thinke you see this face,
These quarter'd limbs stand in the market place:
Remember *Sylla* in the field of *Mars*,
For 'gainst a Syllane Generall are our wars.
My care's for you; this hand shall free mine owne,
Who ere looks back before the day be won,
Shall see me fall on mine owne sword, and dy.
You gods, whose cares are drawne downe from the skie
By Romes dissentions, let him Conqueror be,
That to the conquer'd meanes no cruelty:
And thinks his countreymen have not in ought
Misdone, because against his side they fought.
When *Pompey* in a narrow place had shut
Your helpelesse valour up, how did he glut
His sword with blood? but this I beg of you
Souldiers, let no man wound a flying foe:
Account him still your countreyman, that flyes.
But while they stand in fight, let not your eyes
Be mov'd with piety, though in that place
Your fathers stood, but with your swords deface
Their reverend looks. Who ere has sheath'd his blade
In kinsman's breast, or by the wound he made
Has done no wrong to kindred, all as one
Shall I esteeme, kinsman, and foe unknowne.
Fill up the trenches, teare the rampiers downe,
That in full maniples we may come on:

Spare not your campes; thoſe campe ſhall be your owne
From which yon dying army is come downe.
Scarſe thus had *Cæſar* ſpoke, when every one
Fell to their charge, and ſtraight their armour don;
A quicke preſage of happy war they take;
Of their neglected campe havocke they make:
Not rank'd, nor marſhall'd by the Generall
Confus'd they ſtand, leaving to fortune all.
Had all beene *Cæſars*, had each ſouldier fought
For monarchy, and Romes ſole Empire ſought,
They could not all with more deſire come on.
When *Pompey* ſaw them march directly downe,
That now the war admitted no delay,
But this by heavens appointment was the day,
He ſtands amaz'd, and cold: the war to feare
Twas fatall in ſo great a ſouldier.
But cheering up his men his owne feares hiding,
On a proud ſteed through every quarter riding;
The time your valours wiſht for, ſouldiers,
Is come, quoth he, the end of civill wars,
This is the ſword's laſt worke, the judging power
Of nations fates: now ſhew your utmoſt power.
He that would ſee his houſhold gods againe,
His country, wife, and children, muſt obtaine
All by the ſword: the gods have in this fight
Diſpos'd them all; our juſt cauſe does invite
To hope; our ſwords the gods themſelves ſhall guide
Through *Cæſars* breaſt, and in his blood provide
Th'eſtabliſhment of Roman liberty.
Had they to him decreed a Monarchy,
To my old age death might long ſince have come.
It was no ſigne the gods were wroth with Rome,
Preſerving *Pompey* for her leader now,
And all helps elſe, that conqueſt can beſtow.
Illuſtrious men, ſuch as old times did ſhow,
Doe willingly theſe dangers undergoe.

Should

Should the *Camilli*, th'ancient *Curii*
Revive, or the devoted *Decii*,
Here they would ſtand. Forces we have from th'Eaſt,
Numberleſſe cities aydes: war never preſt
So many hands: we uſe all nations
Of the whole world, people of all the zones,
Of all mankind twixt North, and South that dwell
Are here: we may encloſe that army well
With our wide ſtretch'd-out wings: the victory
Askes not all hands: ſome need but ſhout, and cry.
Cæſars ſmall ſtrength cannot employ us all.
Thinke that your mothers from the city wall
Tearing their haire intreat your valour now,
Thinke that the old unarmed Senate bow
Their honour'd hoary heads before your feet,
And Rome her ſelfe for freedome doth intreat:
Thinke that this age, and our poſterity
Doe both intreat: one would in freedome dy,
The other be freeborne. And if there be
After theſe pledges, a roome left for me,
I with my wife and ſons before your feet
(If th'honour of a generall would permit)
Would fall; unleſſe you conquer here, your ſhame,
And *Cæſars* mocke is baniſht *Pompey's* name.
I crave in freedome my laſt age to ſpend,
And not be taught to ſerve ſo neere my end.
This ſad ſpeech fir'd the Roman ſpirits anew,
They wiſh to dy, ſhould, what they feare, be true.
With equall fury then both armies meet;
One for ambition, th'other freedome fight.
Theſe hands ſhall act, what no ſucceeding yeare,
Nor all mankind for ever can repaire
Though free from wars: this fight kills men to come,
And the next age, before they enter wombe:
All Latian names thence fabulous ſhall be,
And men in ruin'd duſt ſhall ſcarcely ſee

The *Gabii*, *Veii*, *Cora*, nor the roome
Where Alba ſtood; nor faire Laurentium,
A countrey deſolate, which none eſpies,
But the forc'd Conſuls in night ſacrifice
Blaming old *Numa's* inſtitution.
Theſe monuments times ruining hand alone
Has not defac'd; wars civill crimes we ſee
In that ſo many cities empty'd be.
To what ſmall number is mankind reduc'd?
We all, whom the whole earth has ſince produc'd,
Are not enough the townes, and fields to fill:
One towne receives us all, and bondmen till
Th'Italian lands, old houſes ſtand alone
Rotten, and want a man to fall upon:
And wanting her old Citizens there ſlaine,
Rome with the dregs of men is fill'd againe.
This ſlaughter makes that Rome hereafter free
From civill war for many yeares ſhall be.
Pharſalia is the cauſe of all theſe ills,
Let *Cannæ* yield, that our black annalls fills,
And *Allia* damn'd in Roman Calenders,
Rome has remembred theſe as her ſmall ſcars,
But would forget this day: oh fatall time!
Thoſe lives, that fortune had from every clime
Brought here to periſh, might all loſſe repaire
Mankind ſuſteines by peſtilentiall ayre,
Sickneſſe, towne-ſwallowing earth-quakes, or fires rage:
Here fortune ſhowes the gifts of many an age,
People, and Captaines, robbing us of all,
In one ſad field; to ſhew, when Rome did fall,
How great ſhe fell; the more thou didſt poſſeſſe
Of earth, the ſhorter was thy happineſſe.
All wars before did land on thee beſtow;
To both the poles *Sol* ſaw thy conqueſt goe:
But that a little of the Eaſt remain'd,
Thou all the ſky-encompaſs'd globe hadſt gain'd:

Thine

Thine had beene night, and day: the ſtars could ſhine,
And planets wander ore no land but thine.
But this one day thy fate as far back beares,
As twas advanc'd in all thoſe former yeeres.
This bloody day is cauſe that India
The Roman Faſces cannot keepe in aw:
That Conſuls doe not with their plowes deſigne
Sarmatian walls, nor in their bounds confine
The Scythian *Dae*, that ſtill Parthians owe
For the blood loſt in *Craſſus* overthrow.
That liberty nere to returne againe,
And flying civill war, her flight has tane
Ore Tygris, and the Rhene: and can be brought
No more, though with our bloods ſo often ſought:
Would we had nere that happineſſe poſſeſt,
Which Scythia, and Germany has bleſt:
Would Rome had ever ſerv'd, ſince that firſt light
When by the augury of Vultures flight
Romulus fill'd with theeves his walls begun,
Even till Pharſalia's wofull field was won.
Brutus we taxe: fortune, why did we frame
Our freedomes, lawes, or yeares by Conſuls name?
Happy Arabians, Medes, and Eaſtern lands,
That ſtill have liv'd under their Kings commands:
We laſt of all (though now aſham'd to bow)
A Monarch's yoke are forc'd to undergoe.
No gods at all have we: when all things move
By chance, we falſly think there is a *Iove*.
Can he downe from the ſtarry skie behold
Theſſalia's ſlaughter, and his thunder hold?
Can he with thunder cleave a ſenſeleſſe tree,
Pholoe, Oete, harmleſſe Rhodope?
Muſt *Caſſius* hand rather this tyrant ſlay?
He at *Thyeſtes* feaſt could ſhut up day,
Involving *Argos* in a ſudden night;
And can he lend Theſſalia his light,

VVhere

Where brothers fight, and sons 'gainst fathers are?
For mortall men no god at all takes care.
But for this woe revenge we doe obtaine
As much as fits that earth 'gainst heaven should gaine:
This war our Emperours does equalize
To gods above, and their soules deifies,
Adornes their heads with thunder, rayes, and stars:
Rome by mens soules in her gods temples sweares.
When both the armies marching on apace,
Neere met, stood parted but a little space,
They view'd each others hands, striving to know
Each others face, thinking which way to throw
Their piles, from whence their fates most threatning show
What monstrous acts they were about to doe:
There they their brothers, and their fathers spy'd
Against them stand, yet would not change their side.
But piery their breasts amazed held,
And the cold blood in every lim congeal'd:
And every souldier his prepared pile,
And ready stretch'd-out arme contain'd a while.
The gods send thee, ô *Crastinus*, not death
The common plague, but feeling after breath,
Whose pile first throwne of all, the fight began,
And Thessaly with Roman blood did staine.
Oh frantick violence, did *Cæsar* stand
Quiet, and was there a more forward (*b*) hand?
Shrill corners then began the ayre to wound
Th'alarums beat, and all the trumpets sound:
The noise, and shouts of souldiers pierce the skie,
And reach the convexe of Olympus high
Above the thundring clouds: the noise they make
The Thracian Æmus sounding valleyes take:
High Pelion's cavernes eccho backe the sound,
Which Pindus, and Pangæan rocks rebound:
Th'Oetæan mountaines grone: the souldiers feare
Their shouts thus eccho'd from all hills to heare.

Numberlesse

Numberleſſe piles with different mindes are throwne;
Some wiſh to wound; others to light upon
The ground, and keep their harmleſſe hands from ill;
Chance rules them, and makes guilty whom ſhe will.
But the leaſt part of ſlaughter here was done
With darts, and flying ſteele; the ſword alone
Was able civill quarrells to decide,
And Roman hands 'gainſt Roman breſts to guide.
Pompey's great army narrowly diſpos'd
In a thicke Phalanx ſtand with bucklers clos'd
For fence; but wanted roome (their ranks thus fill'd)
To throw their piles, their ſwords, or armes to wield.
But *Cæſars* looſe-rankd troops all nimbly goe,
And the thicke armed wedges of the foe,
Making their way through men, and ſteele, aſſaile,
And through the ſtrongeſt joynted coats of maile
Pierce the ill guarded breſts; each ſtroke findes out
A breſt, though nere ſo fenc'd with armes about.
One army ſuffers tother makes the war:
All cold and guiltleſſe *Pompeys* weapons are:
All *Cæſars* impious ſwords are reeking hot.
But fortune here long doubting waverd not;
She ſwiftly bore (fitting ſo great a day)
A mighty ruine torrent-like away.
When *Pompeys* horſe ore all the fields at large
Had ſpread their wings, the foes in flanke to charge,
The light-armd ſouldiers ſcatterd all attended,
And gainſt the foe their miſſile weapons bended,
With their owne weapons ev'ry nation fought,
Yet by all hands the Roman blood was fought;
Arrowes, ſtones, fire, lead-headed darts were throwne,
Which melted in the: ires hot motion.
There th'Ituræans, Medes, Arabians ſhot
Their ſhafts, good archers all, yet leveld not;
The aire before their eyes was onely fought
By their wild aimes, yet death from thence was wrought.

But

But no dire crime could ſtaine the forraine ſteele:
Nought could worke miſchiefe, but the Roman pile.
The ayre was darkned with thicke arrowes flight,
Which ore the fields oreſpread a ſuddaine night.
Then (c) *Cæſar* fearing leſt his front ſhould yeild,
To their aſſault, obliquely cohorts held,
Which ſuddainly from the right wing he ſent,
Whither the wheeling horſe their forces bent.
But *Pompey's* horſe unmindefull now of fight
Nor ſtay'd by ſhame at all, take ſpeedy flight;
Vnhappily (alas) where civill wars
Left to the truſt of barbarous ſouldiers.
As ſoone as ere ſome galled horſe had throwne
Their riders, and their limbs had trampled on,
The horſemen fled, and left the field each one,
Or turning reines vpon their fellowes run.
No fight enſues, but execution hot,
One ſide with ſword, the other with bare throat
Made war; not could Cæſarian hands ſuffice
To execute their routed enemies.
Oh would the blood that barbarous breſts did yeild,
Could haue ſuffic'd Pharſalia's mortall field,
And that no other blood thy ſtreames might ſtaine:
Let thoſe bones ſcattered ore thy fields remaine:
But if thou would'ſt with Roman blood be fill'd,
Spare all the nations: Let the Spaniards wilde,
Th' Armenians, Syrians, and Cilicians,
Galatians, Gaules, and Cappadocians
Survive: for when this ciuill war is done,
Theſe people will be Romans every one,
Theſe feares once rais'd through every quarter fly
Sent by the fates for *Cæſars* victory.
Then came the war to *Pompey's* Roman power;
The war, that variouſly had wander'd ore
The fields, there ſtucke, there *Cæſars* fortune ſtay'd:
No forreine Kings fought there, no barbarous ayde

From

From ſeverall nations to that place was brought:
There their owne brothers, there their fathers fought;
Miſchiefe, and fury rag'd: there, *Cæſar*, are
Thy crimes; oh fly from this ſad part of war
My ſoule, and leave it to eternall night:
Let no ſucceeding age by what I write
Learne how much ill may be in civill fight.
Oh rather let our teares and ſorrowes die:
What here thou didſt, O Rome, conceal'd ſhall be.
Cæſar th'inciting fury of his men,
And ſpur to their blind rage, leſt his guilt then
Should wanting be at all, rides through all parts
Adding new fury to their fired hearts:
Viewing their ſwords, looking whoſe points with gore
Were lightly ſtain'd, whoſe blades were bloudy'd ore:
Who faulter in their blowes, who hold their hand,
Who faintly ſtrike, who fight as by command,
And who with greedineſſe; who changes looke
To ſee a Roman ſlaine; himſelfe then tooke
Survey of bodies gaſping on the ground,
To let out all the blood cruſhing their wounds;
As fierce *Enyo* ſhakes her bloody lance,
And *Mars* incites his warlike Thracians,
Or drives with furious laſhes ore the field
His horſes ſtarting at *Minervaes* ſhield.
Blacke nights of ſlaughter, and dire deeds ariſe;
Like one great voice the dying ſouldiers cries,
Claſhing of armed breſts falling to ground,
And ſwords with ſwords meeting, and breaking ſound.
He with freſh ſwords his ſouldiers ſtill ſupplies,
To ſtrike the faces of their enemies,
Forcing them on, ſtill urging at their backe,
And with his javelin beating on the ſlacke.
Againſt the Senate, not Plebeian foes,
He guides their hands, and ſwords, full well he knowes

Where

Where the lawes live, where the ſtates blood does flow:
Where he may conquer Rome, and overthrow
The worlds laſt liberty. Together then
Fall Senators with Roman Gentlemen.
Thoſe honourd names *Metelli*, *Lepidi*,
Corvini and *Torquati* ſlaughtred die,
That oft commanders ore great Kings have been,
And, except *Pompey*, all the beſt of men.
In a Plebeian helme diſguiſed there
What weapon noble (d) *Brutus* didſt thou beare?
The Senats higheſt hope, Romes greateſt grace,
The laſt of all thy ancient honourd race?
Through the armd foes ruſh not too rathly on,
Nor ſeeke out thy Philippick fate too ſoone:
Fate will to thee a Theſſaly allot.
In vaine thou aymeſt there at *Cæſars* throat:
He has not yet mounted the top of fate,
And reatho that height that governes humane ſtate,
To merit that brave death; no, let him raigne,
That he, as *Brutus* offring, may be ſlaine.
Here all Romes honour dies: here heap'd on high
The ſlaughtred Senate with Plebeians lie.
But 'mongſt thoſe nobles, that to Styx were ſent,
Warlike *Domitius* (e) death was eminent:
VVhom fates had carry'd through all overthrowes,
Nere without him did *Pompeys* fortune loſe:
Vanquiſht ſo oft by *Cæſar*, yet dies now
With libetty, and gladly falls into
A thouſand wounds; proud that he ſhall no more
Be pardond now. Him welt'ring in his gore
Cæſar eſpy'd, with taunts upbraiding thus,
Now my ſucceſſor proud *Domitius*,
At length thou ſhalt forſake thy *Pompeys* ſide,
And war is made without thee. He reply'd
With that laſt breath, which in his dying breſt
Struggled; thou, *Cæſar*, haſt not yet poſſeſt

The

The dire reward of all thy wickednesse:
But yet art doubtfull of thy fate, and lesse
Then *Pompey*: under whom secure I goe,
And a free ghost downe to the shades below:
And dying hope that thou subdu'd to day
To us, and him for thy misdeeds shalt pay.
With this last speech away his spirit flies,
And night eternall closes up his eyes.
We cannot in the worlds sad funerall
Particular teares pay to the death of all,
Nor search each private fate; whose brest a wound
Receiv'd; who spurnd mens hearts upon the ground;
Who through the mouth receiv'd his mortall wound,
And thence breathd out his soule; who fell to ground
At the first stroke; who stood upright, the while
His lopt-off limbs fell downe; who with a pile
Was fast nail'd to the earth; whose blood spun our,
And sprinkled all his foes armd brest about;
Who kills his brother, and, that then he may
Without shame rifle, throwes his head away:
Who teares his fathers face, that standers by
Conjecture by his too much cruelty
Twas not his father, whom he robb'd of life.
No death is worthy of particular griefe,
Nor have we time to weep for every wight.
No others losse was like Pharsalia's fight:
Rome there by souldiers, here by kingdomes dies:
There private mens, here nations tragedies:
Here flow'd Assyrian, Grecian, Punick blood;
But all these bloods the powerfull Roman flood
Drove through the field away. All people there
Are deeplier wounded, then one age can beare:
Farre more then life, then safety here is gone:
For all succeeding times we are orethrowne.
These swords subdue all ages that shall serve.
Alas what could posterity deserve

To

To be in thraldome borne? fought we with feare?
Spar'd we our throates? the punishment we beare
Of others flight. To vs, that since doe liue,
Fates should giue war, if they a tyrant giue.
Pompey perceiv'd Romes fate, and gods were gone,
In all this losse not mooved for his owne
Ill hap. Ascending a small hill to see
The slaughters all, that cover'd Thessaly,
Which, while the war endur'd could not be spy'd:
He thence descern'd how many people dy'd,
How many swords reach at his destiny,
In how much blood he falls; nor wishes he
(As wretches vse) all with himselfe to drowne,
And mixe the nations ruine with his owne:
But for survivall of most part of men
He deignes to thinke the gods even worthy then
Of prayers from him, and makes this to be
His sorrowes comfort; spare, ye gods, quoth he
To sinke all nations: *Pompey* (if you list)
Although the world remaine, and Rome subsist,
May be made wretched; if moe wounds on me
You would inflict, a wife and sonnes haue I:
So many pledges haue we given to fate.
Ist nought for ciuill war to ruinate
Me, and my house? are we a losse so small
Without the world? why wouldst thou ruine all
Fortune? now nought is mine. With that he rides
Through his distressed troopes, and on all sides
Sounds a retreat, from death calling them backe,
Thinking himselfe not worth so great a wracke.
Nor lack'd he spirit, their weapons to defy
With throat or breast, but fear'd, if he should dy,
No souldier then would fly, but there would fall,
And all the world dy with their generall;
Or out of *Cæsars* sight a death he sought
In vaine; thy head to *Cæsar* must be brought,

Where

Where ere he pleaſe to ſee't. His wives deare ſight
Another reaſon was, that caus'd his flight.
For in her ſight the fates his death decree'd.
Then *Pompey* mounted on a gallant ſteede,
Fled from the field, fearing no ſwords behind,
But bearing ſtill a fate-vnconquer'd mind:
No ſighes, nor teares he ſpent: with majeſty
His griefe was mixt, ſuch as befitteth thee
Pompey, in Romes calamity to ſhew.
With lookes vnchang'd didſt thou Æmathia view.
That mind, which wars ſucceſſe could nere erect
To pride, wars loſſes cannot now deject.
Fortun's as far below thy wretched fate,
As ſhe was falſe to thy triumphant ſtate.
Securely now from Empires burden free
Thou goeſt; and on thy paſt proſperity
Haſt time to looke: all boundleſſe hopes are gone;
And what thou wert may now be truely knowne.
Fly this dire battell, and to witneſſe call
The gods, that none for thy ſake, *Pompey*, fall,
That ſtay behind thee; in Theſſalia,
No more then Ægypt, Munda, Affrica,
The battels greateſt part fought not for thee:
Nor ſhall the honour'd name of *Pompey* be
Wars quarrell now; the foes that ſtill will be
'Mongſt vs, are *Cæſar*, and Romes liberty:
And twill appeare more plaine after thy flight
The dying Senate for themſelves did fight.
Let thy flight comfort thee, thou ſhalt not ſee
Thoſe blood-ſtaind troopes nor their impiety;
The rivers ſwell'd with blood looke backe, and ſee,
And pitty *Cæſar*: with what heart can he
Reviſite Rome, made happyer by this field?
What baniſhment in forreine lands can yeild
To thee, by thee what ere can be endur'd
Vnder th'Ægyptian tyrant, reſt aſſur'd

The gods, and favouring fates, as best, preferre;
Twere worse for thee to be the conquerer.
Let all the people waile and weepe no more,
But dry their teares, and let the world adore
As well thy ruine, as prosperity.
Looke vpon Kings with a commanding eye,
Ægypt, and Libyas Kings, whom thou hast crown'd,
And cityes built by thee, and choose a ground
Where thou vvilt dy. Larissa towne beheld
(First vvitnesse of thy fall) fled from the field
Thy noble selfe vnconquer'd by the fates,
Whose Citizens all issuing forth the gates
To meete thee (as if Conquerour) they vvent,
And gifts from love, and sorrovv did present;
They ope their temples, and their houses all:
And vvish themselves partakers of his fall:
Much of his great name's left: in his ovvne eye
He seemes the least; nations vvould helpe him try
Once more his fortune, and renevv the vvar.
He cryes be faithfull to the Conquerer;
What should the conquer'd doe vvith townes and men?
Thou *Cæsar*, in thy countreys bowels then
Wert wading through Pharsalia's bloody field,
Whilest peoples loues to thee he reconcil'd.
Pompey rides thence: the people sigh, and cry,
And raile against each cruell deity.
The people's favour now is truely proov'd:
Whilest great, thou couldst not knovv thy selfe belov'd.
When *Cæsar* saw the field with Roman blood
Was ouerflow'd enovgh, he thought it good
His svvords from execution to refraine,
And spare poore liues, that would have dy'd in vaine.
But lest the foes should to their campe in flight
Retire, and rest should banish terrour quite;
He straight determines to assault their vvall,
Whilest fortune's hot, and terrour vvorkes in all.

Not

Nor does he thinke that this command appeares
Too harsh, to hot, and weary'd souldiers;
Small exhortation leads them to the prey.
Our victory (quoth he) is full to day,
And for our bloud nought is remaining now
But the reward; which tis my part to show,
I cannot say to give, what every man
Shall give himselfe; behold yon tents that stand
Full of all riches; there gold rak'd in Spaine,
There th'Easterne nations treasuries remaine;
Pompeys, and all those Kings estates doe lacke
Possessours, souldiers; run, and ouertake
Whom you pursue: and whatsoere to you
Pharsalia gives, take from the conquerd now.
This speech of *Cæsars*, and golds impious love
Over the swords the furious souldiers drove,
To tread on Senators, and Captaines slaine.
What trench, what bulwarke could their force sustaine?
Seeking the price of all their wars, and sin,
To know for what they have for guilty bin.
Spoiling the world they found a wealthy masse,
Which for wars future charges gatherd was:
But their all-coveting thoughts could not be fill'd
With what Spains mines, and Tagus streams could yield,
Or on their sands rich Arimaspians find;
Though all the spoiles be theirs, yet in their mind
Their mischiefe at too cheap a sale they vent,
And are bid losse in spoyling of these tents,
When to himselfe the Conquerer Rome decreed,
And in that hope whole mountaines promised;
Patricians tents impious Plebeians keepe,
In Kings pavilions common souldiers sleepe;
On brothers, and on fathers empty beds
The killers lay their parricidall heads;
But furious dreames disturbe their restlesse rest;
Thessalia's sight remaines in every brest;

Their horrid guilt ſtill wakes; the battell ſtands
In all their thoughts; they brandiſh empty hands,
Without their ſwords: you would have thought the field
Had groan'd, and that the guilty earth did yield
Exhaled ſpirits, that in the aire did move,
And Stygian feares poſſeſt the night above.
A ſad revenge on them their conqueſt takes;
Their ſleeps preſent the furies hiſſing ſnakes,
And brands; their countrey-mens ſad ghoſts appeare:
To each the image of his proper feare:
One ſees an old mans viſage, one a young,
Another's tortur'd all the evening long
With his ſlaine brothers ſpirit: their fathers ſight
Daunts ſome: but *Cæſars* ſoule all ghoſts affright.
Oreſtes ſo, not purg'd in Scythia,
Th'*Eumenides* affrighting faces ſaw:
Not more was *Pentheus* in *Agaves* fit
Diſmay'd, nor ſhe, when ſhe was freed from it.
Him all the ſwords that dire Pharſalia ſaw,
And which the Senate in revenge ſhould draw,
Oppreſſe that night, and helliſh-monſters ſcourge.
But that which moſt his guilty ſoule did urge,
Was this, that Styx, the fiends, and furies grim
(*Pompey* being yet alive) had ſeizd on him.
But having ſuffred all, when dayes cleare light
Diſplay'd Pharſalia's ſlaughter to his ſight,
No diſmall objects could avert his eyes
From thence: the rivers ſwell'd with blood he ſees,
And heaps of bodies equalling high hills,
And carkaſſes, whence blood and filth diſtills,
He numbers *Pompeys* people, and that place
O dines for banquetting, from whence each face
He might diſcerne, and know them as they lie,
Proud that Æmathia's earth he cannot ſee,
Or ſcarſe diſcerne the ſlaughter-cover'd ground.
In blood his fortune, and his gods he found.

And

And with that joyfull ſight to feed his eyes,
To the wretch'd ſoules he funerall fire denyes,
Making Æmathia noiſome to the ayre.
Carthage, that gave our conſuls ſepulcher,
And Libyan fire on Cannæ did confer,
Could not teach him his enemies t'inter:
Remembring ſtill (his anger not even then
With ſlaughter ſlack'd) they were his countreymen.
We doe not ſeverall fires, or tombes deſire;
Doe but to all theſe nations grant one fire;
And let them not on piles diſtinct be brent.
Or if thou ayme at *Pompey's* puniſhment,
Pil'd up let Pindus wood, and Oſſa be,
That he from ſea Pharſalia's fire may ſee.
This anger boots thee not; for tis all one
Whither the fire, or putrifaction
Diſſolve them; all to natures boſome goe,
And to themſelves their ends the bodies owe.
If now theſe nations, *Cæſar*, be not burn'd,
They ſhall, when earth, and ſeas to flames are turn'd.
One fire ſhall burne the world, and with the skie
Shall mixe theſe bones; where ere thy ſoule ſhall be,
Their ſoules ſhall goe; in ayre thou ſhalt not fly
Higher, nor better in Avernus ly.
Death frees from fortune: each receives againe
What ever ſhe brought forth: and they obtaine
Heavens coverture, that have no urnes at all.
Thou that deny'ſt theſe nations funerall,
Why doſt thou fly theſe ſlaughter ſmelling fields?
Breath, if thou canſt, the ayre this region yields,
Or drinke this water, *Cæſar*, but from thee
The rotting people challenge Theſſaly,
And keepe poſſeſſion 'gainſt the conquerer.
To the ſad food of this Æmathian war,
Senting from far the bloods corruption
The Thracian wolves, Arcadian lyons run:

Beares from their dens, dogs from their kennels come;
And all those ravenous creatures else, on whom
Nature bestowes the strongest sents, full well
The ayre by carrion putrifi'd to smell.
Hither all birds of prey assembled are,
That long hath waited on this civill war:
Birds, that from Thrace to Nile in winter goe,
Staid longer then, then they were wont to doe:
Nere did moe birds of prey in one ayre fly,
Nor did more vulturs ever cloud the skie;
From every wood came foule: each tree was fill'd
With bloody birds, that crimson drops distill'd.
Downe from the ayre blood, and corruption rain'd
The conquerors face, and impious Eagles stain'd.
Birds from their weary tallands oft let fall
Gobbets of flesh; nor were the people all
Consumed so, buried in bird, or beast,
Which would not on their bowels fully feast,
Nor sucke their marrow all, but lightly taste;
The greatest part of Roman flesh is cast
Disdain'd away: which by the Sun, and time
Dissolv'd, is mixed with Thessalian slime.

Vnhappy Thessaly, what hast thou done
T'offend the angry gods, that thee alone
So many deaths, and impious fates should staine?
What age, what length of time can purge againe
The guilt that thou hast wrought? what corne in thee
And grasse with blood discolour'd shall not be?
What plowshare, but some Roman ghost shall wound?
Before that time new battels on thy ground
Shall be; and impious civill wars shall staine
Thy fields (before this blood be dry) againe.
If all the graves of our dead ancestors
We should turne up, their tombes that stand, and theirs
Whose time-consumed urnes leave cast abroad
Th'enclosed dust: moe ashes would be trod,

And

And bones by harrowes teeth digg'd up, and found
In the ſad furrowes of Theſſaliaes ground.
No Mariners had ſailed from thy ſhore,
Nor husbandman had plow'd thee any more,
The Roman peoples grave; thy ghoſtly field
Had no inhabitant for ever till'd:
No heards of cattell on thy plaines had run.
Nor durſt the ſhepherds feed their flocks upon
Thy paſture fields, with Roman blood manur'd:
Nor habitable, nor to be indur'd,
(As in the torrid, or cold icy zone)
Shouldſt thou have lyen, forſaken, and unknowne,
If thou hadſt beene not firſt, but onely ſeat
Of wicked war: Oh give us leave to hate
This guilty land; ye gods, why doe you ſtaine
The world, t'abſolve it ſo? the blood in Spaine,
Sicilian ſeas, *Mutina*, *Leucas* ſpilt
Has quite abſolv'd Philippi fields from guilt.

FINIS Libri Septimi.

Annotations on the ſeventh Booke.

(a) *The ſame day when this great Pharſalian field was fought, an Augur* C. Cornelius *being then at Padua, obſerving his rules of augury, told unto them that ſtood by him the very inſtant when the battell began: and going againe to his art, returned as it were inſpired, and cryes out with a loud voice,* Cæſar *the day is thine.*

(b) *This* Chraſtinus *was an old Souldier of* Cæſars *army, and now* Emeritus, *that is freed from the duties of the war, but for love of* Cæſar *ſerved in this war a voluntary, hee deſiring to give the onſet ſpake thus to* Cæſar; *I hope,* Cæſar, *this day ſo to behave my ſelfe, that thou ſhalt thanke me either alive or dead; hee was ſlaine, run through the mouth.*

(c) *When* Cæſar *perceived that his horſmen could not withſtand the force of* Pompeyes *horſmen and archers, hee drew forth* 3000. *men which for that purpoſe hee had placed in the right wing, they with ſuch fury aſſaulted* Pompeyes *horſmen, that they all fled; after whoſe flight all the archers wanting their defence were without reſiſtance ſlaine.*

(d) Marcus Brutus *was there fighting in Plebeian armour, and ſcaped the knowledge of* Cæſars *ſouldiers. This was that* Brutus, *that joyning afterward with* Caſſius, *was with him vanquiſhed in the Philippian fields by* Octavius *and* Antonius; *after which battell all hope of Roman liberty was for ever loſt.*

(e) L. Domitius *was by the Senates decree to ſucceed* Cæſar *in the government of France; In this war taking* Pompeyes *ſide hee was at Corſinium by his owne ſouldiers brought bound to* Cæſar, *and by him pardoned: afterward in Maſſilia hee was vanquiſhed by* D. Brutus, Cæſars *Lieutenant, and fled.*

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Eight Booke.

The Argument.

Through devious deſarts vanquiſh'd Pompey *flyes,*
And ſailes to Lesbos; whence with weeping eyes
He takes his wife. In ſeverall flying fleets
Sextus, *and other Roman Lords he meets.*
Deiotarus *the Gallogræcian King*
Is ſent to great Arſacides, *to bring*
To ayde of Pompeyes *ſide the Parthian bowes.*
The Lords conſult where to retire, and choſe
Ægypts baſe ſhore. Th'unthankefull king betrayes
Old Pompey *comming: and before the face*
Of Sextus, *and* Cornelia, *ere he lands*
By baſe Achillas, *and* Septimius *hands*
Great Pompey *dyes. By night poore* Codrus *comes,*
And on the ſhore his halfe burnt trunke entombes,
Without the head. The author doth inveigh
'Gainſt treacherous Ægypt, and baſe Ptolomy.

ORe woody Tempe, and th'Herculian ſtraits
Following th'Æmonian woodes deſert retreats
(Though far about) great *Pompey* rode; his ſteed
Quite ſpent paſt helpe of ſpur had loſt his ſpeed.

Through

Through devious wayes he turnes, and leaves behind
No tracke of his uncertaine flight; the wind
Filling the shaken woods with murmuring noises
Made him afraid, and his owne followers voices,
That rode behind, and by him. For (although
Fall'n from his height of former fortunes now)
He thinks his blood set at no vulgar rate:
But as high priz'd (still mindfull of his fate)
By *Cæsar*, as himselfe for *Cæsars* head
Would give. But through the deserts as he fled,
His presence, and majestick face deny'd
A safe concealment; many, as they fly'd
Vnto his campe, and had not heard his fall,
Stood in amaze to meet their Generall:
Wondring at fortunes turnes, and scarse is he
Beleeft, relating his owne misery.
He grieves that any his low state should see,
And wishes rather in all lands to be
Vnknowne, and through the world obscurely got.
But fortunes ancient favour brings this woe
His present sinking state more to depresse
By honours weight, and former happinesse.
Now he perceives he did too early clime,
Blames his triumphant youth in *Syllaes* time.
And grieves to thinke upon, in these sad dayes,
His Pontick laurell, or Pyratick bayes.
So too long age great'st happinesse destroyes,
And life surviving Empire, former joyes
Breed griefe, unlesse with them our end be sent,
And timely death ensuing woes prevent.
Let none, but with a mind prepar'd to dy,
Dare to adventure on prosperity.
Now to the shore he came, where Peneus ran
Red with Pharsalia's slaughter to the maine.
There a (a) small barke unfit for seas, and winds,
Scarse safe in shallowest rivers, *Pompey* finds,

And

And goes aboord. He, with whose navies oares
Even yet Corcyra shakes, and Leucas shores,
That tam'd Cicilia, and Liburnia,
Goes fearfull now in a small barke to sea,
To Lesbos shore his sailes commanded are
By thee, *Cornelia*, conscious of his care,
Where thou then layst, far more with sorrow fill'd,
Then if th'hadst been in dire Pharsalia's field.
Thy carefull brest still sad presages shake,
And feares thy restlesse slumbers still awake.
Each night presents Thessalia; when night's done,
To th'shore, and sea-orehanging rocks begone
With woe, to view the Oceans face, she hyes,
And still all ships, that come, she first espyes,
But dares aske nothing of her husbands state.
Lo now a ship that comes: alas what fate
It brings thou know'st not; but behold thy feares,
Thy cares whole sum, thy vanquisht lord appeares
Himselfe the sad relater of wars crime.
VVhy now lamentst thou not, thus losing time?
When thou mayst weep, thou fear'st, the ship drawn nigh,
She runnes, and sees the crime of destiny,
Pompey pale-fac'd, his heary haires hung downe
Ore his sad brow, his garments squallid growne.
Then griefe contracts her soule; a suddaine night
Invades her sense, and reaves her eyes of light;
Her nerve-forsaken joynts all faile; cold is
Her heart, deceiv'd with hope of death she lies;
But *Pompey* landed searches the shores side;
VVhom when *Cornelia's* mayds now neere espy'd,
They durst not on fates cruelty complaine,
More then with silent sighs, striving in vaine
To lift their lady up; whom in his armes
Great *Pompey* takes, and with imbraces warmes
Her key cold brest. But when the fled blood fills
Her outward parts, her husbands hand she feeles,

And

And better brookes his viſage; he forbid
Her yield to fate, and thus her ſorrow chid.
Why is thy noble ſtrength of courage broke
(Woman deſcended from ſo great a ſtocke)
By the firſt wound of fate? thou haſt the way
To purchaſe fame, which never ſhall decay,
Thy ſexes praiſe ſprings not from war, or ſtate,
But faithfull love to an unhappy mate.
Advance thy thoughts, and let thy piety
Contend with fortune: love me now cauſe I
Am conquerd, ſweet, 'tis more true praiſe for thee
To love me thus, when all authoritie,
The ſacred Senate, and my Kings are gone,
Begin to love thy *Pompey* now alone.
That griefe extreme, thy husband yet alive,
Becomes thee not; thou ſhouldſt that ſorrow give
To my laſt funeralls, thou art bereft
Of nothing by this war: thy *Pompeys* left
Alive and ſafe; his fortunes onely gone;
Tis that thou wail'ſt, and that thou lov'dſt alone.
Chid by her husband thus, by ſhames conſtraine
She roſe, and uttered this moſt ſad complaint.
Would I to hated *Cæſar* had bin led
A bride, ſince happy to no husbands bed.
Twice have I hurt the world: my bridall lights
Erinnys, and th'unhappy *Craſſi's* ſprights
Carry'd; accurſed by thoſe ghoſts I bare
Th'Aſſyrian fortune to this civill war
I was the cauſe that all theſe nations dy'd,
And all the gods forſooke the juſter ſide.
Oh greateſt lord, worthy of better fate
Then my ſad marriage; had dire fortunes hate
Such pow'r on thee? why did I marry thee
To make thee wretched? take revenge on me,
Which willingly Ile pay; to make the ſea
More paſſible, Kings faiths more firme to thee,

And all the world more hoſpitable, drowne
Me by the way, oh would this life had gone
Before to get thee victory, but now
Deare *Pompey* expiate thine overthrow.
Where ere thou ly'ſt, ô cruell *Iulia*,
Reveng'd already in Pharſalia,
Come wreak thine anger, let thy ſtrumpets death
Appeaſe thy wrath, and ſpare thy *Pompeys* breath.
This ſaid, and ſinking in his armes, her fall
Againe drew teares from the ſpectators all:
Pompeys great heart relented, and that eye
Wept there, that in Pharſalia's field was drie.
The Mitylenians then thus on the ſhore
Beſpake great *Pompey*; if for evermore
It ſhall our honour be to have preſerv'd
Thy deareſt pledge, if we have ſo deſerv'd;
To grace the city of thy ſervants daigne,
And here with us, though but one night, remaine;
Make this a place honour'd for evermore,
A place, that Roman Pilgrims may adore.
Our towne before all townes thou ſhouldſt approve;
For all townes elſe may hope for *Cæſars* love:
We have already treſpaſt; further yet
This is an Ile, and *Cæſar* wants a fleet;
Beſides, thy nobles know this place, and here
Will meet: thy fates on this knowne ſhore repaire:
Take our gods wealth, our temples gold, and bands
Of our young men to ſerve by ſea, or land:
Take thou (though conquer'd) Lesbos forces heere,
Leſt *Cæſar* preſſe them as the Conquerer.
Oh cleare this faithfull land of that foule crime,
That thou which lov'dſt us in thy proſperous time,
Shouldſt feare our faith in thy adverſity.
Glad of theſe mens ſo wondrous piety
For the worlds ſake, that ſome fidelity
Was left to wretched ſtates, this land (quoth he)

That

That I of all the world most deare esteemd
By this great pledge I left with you it seem'd.
She was the hostage that my love was here,
That here my houshold gods, and countrey were;
Here was my Rome, fled from the field, before
I came to you, I toucht upon no shore;
Knowing that Lesbos in preserving her
Had purchas'd *Cæsars* ire, I did not feare
To give you cause your pardons all to plead;
Let it suffise that I your guilt have made:
I must through all the world my fates pursue.
Oh happy Lesbos, ever fam'd; from you
People, and Kings shall learne fidelity
To us, or faithfull you alone shall be.
Which lands are true, which false I now must try.
Heare ô ye gods, if any gods with me
Remaine, my last of prayers, grant us to find
A land like Lesbos, whose still faithfull mind
Dares give safe landing to our conquer'd state,
And parting safe, not fearing *Cæsars* hate.
His sad companion then aboord he tooke.
You would have thought all Lesbos had forsooke
Their native soile exil'd: so great a cry
Was rais'd, and woefull hands heav'd to the sky
All ore the shore, for *pompey* least of all,
(Though he deserv'd their sorrow by his fall):
But seeing her depart, whom they had seene
All this war time, as their owne citizen,
The people wept; of her the matrons dry
From teares, could hardly have tane leave, though she
Vnto her lord a Conquerer had gone:
She so had gaind the love of ev'ry one
By vertuous, courteous carriage, modesty
Of a chast looke; proud to no company:
Lowly to all, and such her life was seene
While her lord stood, as he had conquerd been.

Now

Now *Titans* orbe halfe drowned in the ſeas
Gaue part to us, part to th'Antipodes:
When care in *Pompey's* reſtleſſe boſome runs
Sometimes on Romes confederate ſtates, and townes,
And kings vncertaine faiths; ſometimes vpon
The South-ſcorch'd regions of the torrid zone:
Sometimes, as too ſad burdens, he layes by
His wearied cares of future deſtiny,
Asking the maſter of each ſtar, and where
He gueſſes land: what rules heaven gives to ſteere
His ſhip at ſea: what ſtars to Syria guide:
Which of Bootes fires to Lybias ſide
Directs; to this the maſter thus replyes:
We follow not thoſe ſtars, which through the skyes
Doe ſlide, and paſſe away: vnconſtant ſtars
In the vnfixt pole deceive the marriners;
That pole, that never falls, nere drownes in ſea
Famous for Cynoſure, and Helice,
Doth guide our ſhips, when ere that ſtares got vp
Right verticall, juſt ore the ſaileyards top,
Then to the Boſphorus we make apace,
And ſeas, that Synthiaes cooked ſhores embrace,
But when more low, and neerer to the ſea
Artophilax and Cynoſura be,
Then to the Syrian ports our courſe we ſteere:
Canopus then is elevated there,
Which feares the North, and in the Southerne skyes
Remaines alone. Who thence to th'left hand plyes
(Pharos orepaſt) into the Syrtes falls.
But whither now ſhall we direct our ſailes?
To whom with doubtfull thoughts *Pompey* replyes:
In all the courſe at ſea obſerve but this,
To keepe thy ſhip ſtill far from Theſſaly,
And to the heavens, and ſeas leave Italy,
The reſt truſt to the winds; I now haue caſt
My deare left pledge *Cornelia* in againe.

I then

I then was certaine whither to resort,
But now let fortune finde vs out a port.
Thus *Pompey* spake: the master straightway turnes
About his sailes stretch'd out with æquall hornes,
And to the left hand guides the ship, to plow
Those waves, that twixt Chios, and Asia flow,
To the ships length he turnes his sailes about.
The sea perceiues the change: her waves are cut
By the sharpe stemme with different motion.
The skilfull Charrioter not halfe so soone
Raines round his horse, and doth with suddaine change
About the goale his wheeling charriot range.
Sol hid the stars, and land discovered,
When those, that from Pharsalia's battell fled,
To *Pompey* came; and first from Lesbos shores
He met his son; then Kings, and Senators.
For *Pompey* yet (although at that sad time
Vanquish'd, and fled) had Kings to waite on him:
Proud sceptre'd Kings, that ore the East did reigne,
Attended there in banish't *Pompeys* traine.
Then *Pompey* King *Deiotarus* commands
To goe for aide to farthest Easterne lands.
Most loyall King, since on Pharsalia's plaines
This world was lost from Rome, it now remaines
To try the East, those that by Tigris ly,
And by Euphrates yet from *Cæsar* free.
Grieve not, though to repaire my fortunes lost,
Thou to the Medes, or farthest Scythians go'st,
Or quite beyond the day, that this world sees.
Beare my salutes to great *Arsacides*;
And if our ancient league remaine, which I
By *Latian Iove*, by his owne deity
He swore: let the Armenian archers strong,
Their well-bent bowes, and quivers bring along:
If you, O Parthians, vndisquieted
I ever left when I pursu'd the fled

Vnquiet

Vnquiet Alans to the Caſpian ſtraight,
And forc'd you not for ſafety to retreat
To Babylon: marching ore Cyrus ground,
And the Chaldæan kingdomes vtmoſt bound,
Appearing nearer then the Perſian
To the Suns riſe, where into th'Ocean
Nyſas, Hydaſpes, and ſwift Ganges fall,
Suffer'd you onely, when I conquer'd all,
To goe vntriumph'd: Parthias King alone
Of all th' Eaſts monarchs, ſcap'd ſubjection.
Nor once alone doe you your ſafety ow
To me; who after *Craſſus* overthrow,
Appeas'd the juſt incenſed wrath of Rome;
For all my merits now let Parthia come
Out of her bounds appointed, and paſſe ore
Greeke Zeugma's walls, and the forbidden ſhore.
Conquer for *Pompey*: Rome will looſe the day
Gladly. The King refus'd not to obey
(Though hard were his command) laying aſide
His Kingly robes, and in a ſervants weede
Attir'd he goes, in a diſtreſſed time
'Tis ſafe for Kings like pooreſt men to ſeeme.
Therefore how much lives he, that's truely poore,
Safer then Kings! The King tooke leave at ſhore.
And by the Icarion rockes great *Pompey* gone
Leaues Epheſus and ſea-calme Colophon:
Shaving ſmall Samos foamiug rockes he goes
A gentle gale blowes from the ſhore of Cos:
Gindon, and Phebus-honour'd Rhodes he leaues,
And ſailing ſtraight in the mid-Ocean ſaues
Telmeſſums long, and winding circuits. Firſt
Pamphylia greetes their eyes; but *Pompey* durſt
Commit his perſon to no towne, but thee
Little Phaſelis: thy ſmall company,
And few inhabitants could not cauſe a feare;
More in the ſhip then in thy walls there were.

But ſailing thence againe, high Taurus ſhowes
It ſelfe; and Dipſas, that from Taurus flowes.
Could *Pompey* thinke, when erſt he clear'd the ſeas
Of Pirates rage, it purchas'd his owne eaſe?
He now flyes ſafe along Cicilian ſhores
In a ſmall ſhip: there many Senators
Following ore take their flying generall
Within the haven of Celendræ ſmall,
Where in and out ſhips on Selinus paſt.
In full aſſembly of the lords at laſt
Thus ſadly *Pompey* ſpake; my Lords whoſe fight
(As deare companions both in war, and flight)
I doe eſteeme my country, though we ſtand
On a bare ſhore, in poore Cicilian land
Attended with no force, advice to take,
And new proviſion for a war to make,
Yet bring courragious hearts: I loſt not all
In Theſſaly, nor did my fortune fall
So low, but that this head againe may riſe.
Could *Marius* after all his miſeryes
In Libya, riſe to a ſeaventh Conſulſhip?
And me ſo lightly fall'n will fortune keepe?
A thouſand Captaines on the Græcian ſea,
A thouſand ſhips I have: Phaſalia
Has rather ſcatter'd, then quite overthrowne
My ſtrength: but me my actions fame alone
Which all the earth have ſeene, my name, that now
The whole world loves, ſhall guard. Conſider you
Th' Ægyptian, Libyan, Parthian monarchies,
Both in their ſtrength, and faith, and then adviſe
Which fitteſt is to ayd Romes labouring ſtate.
But I, my Lords, will to your eares relate
Freely my ſecret'ſt cares, and tell the truth
How I encline; I doe ſuſpect the youth
Of Ægypts King; for true fidelity
Requires ſtrong yeares, I feare the ſubtlety,

And

And double heart of Mauritania's King;
Remembring Carthage whence his race did spring,
He gapes for Italy, and his vaine breſt
Is much with thought of *Hannibal* poſſeſt;
Whoſe blood commixt with th'old Numidians
Obliquely *Iubaes* pedigree diſtaines.
He ſwell'd to ſee *Varus* a ſuppliant growne,
And Roman faces inferiour to his owne.
Therfore, my Lords, to th'Eaſterne world let us
Retire; Euphrates with a ſpacious
Channell divides the world; the Caſpian ſtraits
On tother ſide yield ſafe, and large retreats;
Another pole meaſures th'Aſſyrian dayes,
And nights: another colour beare the ſeas
Sever'd from ours, their aime is ſoveraignty:
Their bowes more ſtrong, their ſteeds more fierce, & high
Then ours, no boy, nor aged man wants skill,
Or ſtrength to ſhoot; deadly their arrowes kill.
Their bowes firſt brooke Peliæan ſpeares, and wonne
Th'Aſſyrian wall renowned Babylon,
And Median Baſtra. Nor ſo fearfull are
The Parthians of our piles, but that they dare
Come out to warre againſt us, they have try'd
Their ſhafts ſufficiently when *Craſſus* dy'd.
Nor are their truſty ſhafts arm'd at the head
With ſteele alone, but deadly venomed:
Slight wounds are mortall, and the leaſt blood drawne
Will kill. Oh would on the fierce Parthian
I were not forced to depend; their fate
Does too too much Romes fortune æmulate:
Too many gods ayd them. Ile draw from home
Some other nations of the Eaſt to come
To war. But if Barbarians leagues deceive
Our hopes, or elſe our ſcorn'd alliance leave;
Let fortune then our ſad and ſhipwracke ſtate
Beyond the knowne and traffiqu'd world tranſlate;

I will not ſue to Kings whom I have made;
But in my death this comfort ſhall be had
Lying farre off, this body ſhall not be
Subject to *Cæſars* rage, nor pietie:
But there revolving my whole lifes paſt fate
Still honourd in thoſe parts was *Pompeys* ſtate.
How great has Eaſterne Tanais me ſeene?
How great beyond Mæotis have I beene?
Into what lands did my victorious name
More ſound, or whence in greater triumph came?
Favour my purpoſe Rome, what happier
Can the gods grant thee, then in civill war
To uſe the Parthian armes to overthrow
That land, and mixe their ruine with our woe?
When the fierce Parthians have with *Cæſar* fought,
Craſſus revenge, or mine muſt needs be wrought:
This ſaid, he heard their murmure to condemne
His plot. But *Lentulus* 'mongſt all of them
In ſpirit, and noble griefe the forwardſt man
Thus (worthy his late Conſulſhip) began.
Has the Pharſalian loſſe ſo broke thy minde?
Has one dayes fate the world ſo low declin'd?
Does that one battell our whole cauſe decide,
And no cure left to helpe our wounded ſide?
Is no hope left thee, *Pompey*, but to ſue
At the proud Parthians feet; wouldſt thou eſchew
All lands, and climes, and thither aime thy flight,
Where croſſe poles raigne, and unknown ſtars give light,
T'adore the Parthians, and their deities,
Chaldæan fires, and barbarous ſacrifice?
Why in this war pretendſt thou liberty?
Why is the wretched world deceiv'd by thee,
If thou canſt ſerve? whoſe name they trembled at,
As the chiefe ruler of the Roman fate,
Whom they have ſeene lead captive Kings before
From wild Hyrcania, and the Indian ſhore,

Shall

Shall they now ſee caſt downe, and broke by fate,
Meaſuring themſelves by *Pompeyes* begging ſtate,
With Rome, and Italy aſpire t'inherit?
Thou canſt ſpeake nothing worth thy fate, and ſpirit:
Their ignorance ith'Roman tongue requires
That thou in teares ſhouldſt utter thy deſires.
Wouldſt thou ſo wound our ſhame, that not from Rome,
But Parthia the revenge of Rome ſhould come?
She choſe thee Generall of her civill war.
Why doſt thou ſpread her loſſe, and wounds ſo far
As Scythia, and teach Parthia to goe
Beyond her bound? Rome ſhall in her deepe woe
This ſpeciall comfort loſe of bringing in
No Kings, but ſerving her owne Citizen.
Canſt thou delight from fartheſt parts to come
Leading fierce nations 'gainſt the walls of Rome,
Following thoſe Eagles, that ſlaine *Craſſus* loſt?
That onely King, that from th'Æmathian (*a*) hoſt
Was abſent (fortune did his favour guide)
Will he provoke the Conquerers ſtrong ſide,
And joyne with vanquiſht *Pompey*, think you? no,
We have no cauſe to truſt that nation ſo,
The people all borne in the Northern cold
Are lovers of the war, hardy, and bold;
But in the Eaſt, and Southern climes, the heat
Of gentle ayre makes them effœminate.
Their men ſoft clothing, and looſe garments weare.
Parthians upon the Median fields, and where
Along Sarmatian plaines ſwift Tygris flowes,
By liberty of flight can by no foes
Be vanquiſhed; but where the earth does ſwell,
Ore craggy hills they cannot clime ſo well;
Nor in darke places can they uſe the bow;
Nor dare they ſwim torrents that ſwiftly flow;
Nor in the field with blood all over dyde
Dare they the duſt, and Summer Sun abide;

No rams, nor engines can the Parthian uſe,
Nor fill the trenches up: when he purſues,
What ere is arrow proofe, ſerves for a wall,
Slight are their wars, their fights like flyings all;
They ſtragling fight, apter to fly then ſtand.
Their arrowes venom'd are, not cloſe at hand
Dare they maintaine a fight: far off with bowes
They ſhoot, and where it liſts the wind beſtowes
Their wounds; but fight of ſword does ſtrength require:
All manly nations the ſword-fight deſire.
At the firſt onſet they'l diſarmed be,
And when their quivers are exhauſt, muſt flee;
Their truſt in poyſon is, not in their hands.
Thinkſt thou them men, *Pompey*, that dare not ſtand
Without ſuch helpes, the hazard of a fight?
Can ſuch baſe ayde be worth ſo long a flight?
For thee ſo far from thine owne land to dy,
And under barbarous earth entomb'd to ly
In a baſe monument, yet ſuch a one
As will be envy'd, *Craſſus* having none?
Thy ſtate is not ſo pitifull: for death
(Not fear'd by men) ends all: but loſſe of breath
Vnder that wicked King *Cornelia* feares not.
The *Venus* of thoſe barbarous courts who heares not?
Which like bruit beaſts all wedlocks rites exile,
And with wives numberleſſe all lawes defile:
Th'inceſtuous beds abhorred ſecrets ly
Ope to a thouſand concubines, rais'd high
With wine, and banqueting, the King refraines
No lawleſſe luſt, though nere ſo full of ſtaines:
Th'embraces of ſo many women can
Not all the night tire one inſatiate man;
In Kings inceſtuous beds their ſiſters ly,
And mothers which ſhould names unſtained be.
Oedipus wofull tale condemnes alone
Thebes of a crime, though ignorantly done:

But there how often does the Parthian King
Arſacides from ſuch foule inceſt ſpring?
What can be wickedneſſe to him, that may
Defile his mother? ſhall *Cornelia*
Metellus noble progeny be lad
The thouſand'th wife to a Barbarians bed?
Yet none more often will the tyrant uſe
Then her: her husbands titles will infuſe
A ſcornfull luſt: and, which will pleaſe him more,
Hee'l know that ſhe was *Craſſus* wife before,
And comes, (as fate to her did Parthia ow)
A captive for that former overthrow.
Think on that ſlaughter: t'will not onely bring
Shame, to have begg'd ayde from that fatall King,
But to have made a civill war before;
For what will *Cæſar*, and thy ſelfe be more
Accus'd by all, then that, while you two fought
There could for *Craſſus* no revenge be wrought?
'Gainſt Parthia all our armies ſhould have gone:
And that no ſtrength might want, from garriſon
Our Northern lands ſhould have beene freed each one,
Till treacherous *Suſa*, and proud Babylon
Had fall'n for tombes upon our ſlaughter'd men.
Of Parthian peace, fortune, we beg an end;
And, if Theſſalia end the civill war,
Againſt the Parthian ſend thy Conquerer:
Of all the world I ſhould rejoyce alone
At *Cæſars* triumphs ore that nation.
When thou the cold Araxis ſtreames haſt croſt,
Shall not the ſlaughter'd *Craſſus* mourning ghoſt
Vpbraid thee? thou, whom our unbury'd ghoſts
Long ſince expected with revenging hoſts,
Com'ſt thou to ſue for peace? beſides thine eyes
Sad monuments of Roman tragedyes
Shall greet: the walls, on which our Captaines heads
Were fixt: where bodies of our ſouldiers dead

Euphrates ſwallow'd, and ſwift Tygris ſtreame
Rowl'd backe againe to earth. If thou to them
Canſt ſue, why, *Pompey*, doſt thou ſcorne to pray
To *Cæſar* ſitting in Theſſalia?
Looke rather upon Romes confederates,
And if thou doe ſuſpect the Southern ſtates,
And *Iuba's* falſhood, goe to *Ptolomy*;
Ægypt by Libyan quick-ſands Weſterly
Is guarded: on the Eaſt fall Niles ſeven floods,
To th'ſea; a land content with her owne goods;
A land that needs nor raine, nor merchandize,
So much on onely Nilus ſhe relyes.
Young *Ptolomy* reignes there, that owes his crowne
To thee, once left to thy tuition.
Feare not the ſhadow of a name: no hurt
Can be in tender yeares: in an old court
Let not religion, faith, or truſt be ſought:
Men us'd to ſcepters are aſham'd of nought:
The mildeſt government a kingdome finds
Vnder new kings. This ſpeech quite turn'd their minds.
How are deſpairing ſtates moſt free and bold?
Pompeyes opinion is by all controll'd
They leave Cilicia, and to Cyprus move
The courſe. No land does *Venus* better love
Still mindfull of her birth (if we at all
Think gods were borne, or had originall)
Pompey departing thence his courſe gan bend
Round all the Cyprian rocks, that Southward tend,
And got into the interpoſed maine;
Nor by the nights weake light could he attaine
Mount Caſius; but with ſtrugling ſailes, and ſtrength
A lower port of Ægypt reach'd at length,
Where parted Nilus greateſt channell flowes,
And to the Ocean at Peluſium goes.
The time was come, wherein juſt Libra weighes
The howres, and makes the nights equall with dayes:

Then

Then payes the winter nights howers, which the ſpring
Had tane away. They, hearing that the King
Was at mount Caſius, thither make repaire:
The Sun yet was not downe, the wind blew faire.
The ſcouts along the ſhore poſt to the court,
And fill their fearfull eares with the report
Of *Pompeyes* coming; though their time were ſmall
For counſell, yet the Ægyptian monſters all
Were met: 'mongſt whom *Achoreus* began,
Whom age taught modeſty, a mild old man,
(Him ſuperſtitious *Memphys*, that obſerv'd
Th'increaſe of Nile brought forth: while he had ſerv'd
At the gods altars, not one Apis liv'd
Five changes of the Moone) his ſpeech reviv'd
The ſacred league of *Ptolomy's* dead father,
And *Pompeyes* merits; but *Photinus* rather
And counſeller for tyrants, with baſe breath
Durſt thus preſume to counſell *Pompeyes* death.
Iuſtice and truth have many guilty made:
Faith ſuffers, *Ptolomey*, when it would ayde
Whom fortune hates; joyne with the gods, and fate,
And fly the wretched, love the fortunate:
Profit from honeſty differs as far
As does the ſea from fire, earth from a ſtar.
Crownes loſe their power, whilſt onely good they doe,
Reſpect of right all ſtrength does overthrow.
Tis miſchiefes freedome, and th'uncurbed ſword,
That does to hated crownes ſafety afford.
No cruell actions, unleſſe throughly done,
Are done ſecure; let him from court be gone,
That would be good; vertue, and ſoveraignty
Doe not agree; nothing but feare ſhall he,
That is aſham'd a tyrant to be deem'd.
Let *Pompey* rue that he thy yeares contemn'd,
Thinking thou couldſt not from thy ſhore drive back
A conquer'd man: let not a ſtranger take

Thy

Thy ſcepter: if thou wou'dſt reſigne thy reigne,
Th'haſt neerer pledges, giue the crowne againe
To thy condemned ſiſter: leas keepe free
Our Ægypt from the Roman ſlavery.
Shall wee, that did not in the war adhere
To *Pompey*, now prouoke the Conquerer?
Vagrant through all the world, hopeleſſe of all
He ſeeks with what lands ruine he may fall:
Haunted with ciuill war-ſtaine ghoſts he flyes
Not onely *Cæſar*, but the Senates eyes,
Whoſe greater part feeds fowles in Theſſaly.
He feares thoſe nations whom he left to dy
Mixt in one bloody field: he feares thoſe Kings,
Whoſe hapleſſe ſtates his fall to ruine brings:
Now guilty of the loſſe, harbour'd by none,
To us, whom yet he has not ouerthrowne,
He ſeeks; a greater cauſe, ô *Ptolomy*,
Haue we to accuſe *Pompey*; why would he
Our quiet land ſtaine with the crime of war,
And made us hated by the Conquerer?
Why does thy miſery choſe our land alone
To bring Pharſalia's fortune, and thine owne
Fear'd puniſhment into? we beare a blame
Already, (and our ſwords muſt purge the ſame)
In that, becauſe the Senate mov'd by thee
Gaue us a crowne, we with thy victory.
This ſword, now drawne by fate, we did prouide
To wound not *Pompey*, but the conquer'd ſide,
And rather could we wiſh for *Cæſars* head:
But whither all are carry'd, we are led.
Mak'ſt thou a doubt of our neceſſity
To kill thee now we may? what ſtrength haue we
For thee to truſt, wretch'd man? thou ſaw'ſt our men
Vnarm'd, to plow ſoft mould ſcarce able, when
Nile ebb'd. Our kingdomes ſtrength is ſo that we
Try, and confeſſe; canſt thou, ô *Ptolomy*

Raiſe

Raiſe *Pompeys* ruine, under which great Rome
It ſelfe is fall'n ſo low? or dar'ſt thou come
To ſtirre the aſhes of Pharſalia,
And ſuch a war upon thy kingdome draw?
We to no ſide, before the battell, cleft;
Shall we now cleave to *Pompeys*, which is left
By the whole world? provoking the knowne fates,
And feared ſtrength of *Ceſar*, wretched ſtates
Aid they, that did their proſperous times attend.
No faith ere choſe a miſerable friend.
The miſchiefe pleas'd them all: the young king proud
Of this ſtrange honour: that his men allow'd
Him to command ſo wonderfull a thing,
Choſe out *Achillas* for the mannaging.
Where the falſe land in Caſian ſands does lie
Stretcht out, and fords witneſſe the Syrtes nigh,
Weapons, and partners of his murdrous guile
He puts in a ſmall boat. Oh gods, durſt Nile,
Durſt barbarous Memphis, and th'effœminate men
Of ſoft Canopus harbour ſuch a ſpleene?
Has civill war depreſt the world ſo low?
Or are the Romane fates dejected ſo?
Are Pharian ſwords admitted, and a roome
For Ægypt left into this war to come?
In this at leaſt ye civill wars be true;
Bring well known hands, keep forraine beaſts from you,
If *Pompeys* far-fam'd name deſerve to be
The crime of *Ceſar*, feares not *Ptolomey*
The ruine of that name: or when the ſky
Thunders, dar'ſt thou, effœminate *Ptolomey*,
Inſert thy prophane hands? to terrify
Thee, King, a Romans name enough ſhould be,
Without that worth that did the world controll:
Rode thrice in triumph to the Capitoll:
That govern'd Kings: that led the Senates war:
And ſon in law was to the Conquerer.

Who

Why with thy ſword our bowells doſt thou wound?
Thou doſt not know, proud boy, upon what ground
Thy fortunes ſtand, thou now canſt claime no right
To Ægypts Scepter: for in civill fight
Hee's fall'n, that Ægypts crowne on thee beſtow'd.
Now *Pompeys* ſhip tooke downe her ſailes, and row'd
Toward the ſhore. The wicked band drew (*b*) neere
In a ſmall two-oar'd boat; with faigned cheere
Tell him the Kingdome at his ſervice ſtands;
And feigning that the ſhore for ſhelves, and ſands
Could not approached be by ſhips ſo great,
Into their little boat they doe intreat
He would deſcend. If by the fates decree,
And everlaſting lawes of deſtinie
Pompey condemned to that wretched end
Had not beene fore'd to ſhore; (*c*) none of his friends
Wanted preſages of the dire event.
For had their faith bin pure, if they had meant
Their Scepter-giver truly t'entertaine
In Court, th'Ægyptian King with all his traine
And fleet had come. *Pompey* to fate gives way,
And, bid to leave his navie, does obey,
Preferring (*d*) death before baſe feare. Into
The enemies boats *Cornelia* faine would goe,
Now more impatient to be ſeparate
From her deare lord, becauſe ſhe feares his fate.
Stay wife, and ſonne, and far from ſhore (quoth he)
Behold my fortune: and in this necke try
The tyrants faith: but deafe to his commands
Franticke *Cornelia* wrings her wofull hands:
Whither without me go'ſt thou, cruell man?
Remov'd from Theſſaly, muſt I againe
Be left? ſtill fatall have our partings bin.
In flight thou neededſt not to have touch'd in
At Lesbos, but there ſtill have let me be,
If thou intend'ſt [illegible] and with thee,

Only

Only at ſea thy ſad companion.
Thus all in vaine *Cornelia* making mone
Vpon the ſhips fore-decke ſtood looking ore,
So full of griefe, and feare, ſhe could not more
Looke after him, nor turne her eyes away.
Doubtfull of his ſucceſſe the fleet did ſtay,
Not fearing ſwords, nor force, nor treachery;
But leſt great *Pompey* ſhould ſubmiſſively
Adore that ſcepter that himſelfe beſtow'd.
Septimius then a Roman ſouldier bow'd,
Saluting *Pompey* from th'Ægyptian boat,
Who (oh heavens ſhame) leaving his pile, had got
A barbarous partizan, one of the guard
To Ægypts King: fierce unrelenting hard,
Bloody as any beaſt. Who would not then
Have thought that fortune meant to favour men,
When ſhe had kept this impious ſword ſo far
From Theſſaly, and ſtayd from civill war
This hand? but ſhe diſpos'd the ſwords (alas)
That civill miſchiefe might in ev'ry place
Be done. A tale the Conquerers to ſhame
It was, the gods eternall bluſh, and blame,
A Roman ſword ſhould by a King be led,
And the Ægyptian boy reach *Pompeys* head
With his owne ſword. What fame ſhall future time
Give thee *Septimius*? or how ſtile thy crime,
That *Brutus* act as parricidall blame?
And now the ending houre of *Pompey* came;
Putting himſelfe into the monſters (e) hands
He went aboord their boat; the murdrous bands
Straight draw; great *Pompey* ſeeing their drawne ſwords
Covers his face, diſdaining to ſpend words,
Or lookes on ſuch a fate, and ſhut his eyes,
Containing his great ſpirit, leſt words might riſe,
Or teares, his everlaſting fame to taint.
But when *Achillas* murdring weapons point

Had

Had pierc'd his ſide, ſcorning the villaines pride
No groanes he gave: great, like himſelfe he dy'd
With unſtirr'd breſt, and thus in ſecret ſpake;
All times that mention of Romes labours make,
And future ages through the world will ſee
This fact, and Ægypts baſe diſloyaltie.
Maintaine thine honour now, the fates to thee
Through thy whole life gave long proſperitie,
And the world knowes not (unleſſe now they ſee)
How *Pompeys* ſpirit could beare adverſitie.
Bluſh not that ſuch baſe hands thy death afford;
But thinke, who ever ſtrike, tis *Cæſars* ſword.
Though they theſe limbs all torne and ſcatterd leave,
Yet am I happy, god; no god can reave
My happineſſe; my fortunes, and my breath
Expire at once: nor wretched is my death.
Cornelia, and my ſon this ſlaughter ſee:
So much more patient let my ſorrow be.
The more *Cornelia*, and my ſon approve
My dying conſtancie, the more they'l love.
So well could he his dying ſpirits guide:
Such ſtrength of mind had *Pompey* when he dy'd.
But poore *Cornelia*, that had rather dy
Then ſee that ſight, with ſhreekings fill the ſky:
Twas wicked I, deare lord, that murdred thee:
For whilſt at Lesbos thou turndſt in to me,
Cæſar had entred Ægypts ſhore; for who
But he had power that horrid act to doe?
What ere thou art ſent from the gods to kill
Pleaſing thine owne revenge, or *Cæſars* will;
Thou know'ſt not, wretch, where *Pompeys* bowels be:
Thou ſtrik'ſt with fury there, where conquer'd he
Deſires thy ſtroke, now let him ſuffer more
Then his owne death, and ſee my head before.
I am not guiltleſſe from the crime of war,
The onely wife following my Lord ſo far,

Fearleſſe

Feareleſſe of campes, or ſeas; and conquer'd too
I tooke him in, which Monarchs durſt not doe.
Did I for this, husband, deſerue to be
Left ſafe aboord? falſe Lord why ſpar'ſt thou me?
Or thought'ſt thou life, (thou dying) fit for me?
Ile find a death, though not from *Ptolomey*.
Oh ſailors, let me leape downe from the decke,
Or with the twiſted ſhrowds to breake my necke:
Or let ſome worthy friend of *Pompey's* now
Heere ſheath his weapon, and for *Pompey* doe
An act, that hee'll impute to *Ceſars* hate.
Why doe you hinder my deſired fate?
Husband, thou liv'ſt, *Cornelia* has not power
Yet of her ſelfe; they hinder my deaths houre
(And there ſhe ſounds) to be the Conquerours pray;
The fearfull fleet hoiſt ſailes, and poſt away.
But when great *Pompey* fell, that ſacred face,
And honour'd viſage kept his former grace
Though angry with the gods; deaths vtmoſt hate,
Chang'd not his viſage, and majeſticke ſtate,
As they confeſſe that his rent necke did ſee.
For ſterne *Septimius* in that cruelty
Findes out an act more cruell: to vncover
His face, he cuts the cloath, that was caſt over,
Invading halfe-dead *Pompey's* breathing face,
His dying necke acroſſe the bords he layes;
Then cutes the nerves, and veines, the twiſted bones
He breakes: the art to whip off heads at once
Was not yet found. But when the head was torne
Off from the trunke, 'twas by *Achillas* borne.
Degenerate Roman, baſe *Septimius*,
Vs'd in an vnder office, couldſt thou thus
Baſely cut off great *Pompeys* ſacred head
To be (oh ſhame) by another carryed?
Young *Ptolomy* to know great *Pompeys* face, (grace
Thoſe haires, that kings have honour'd, whoſe curl'd

Adorn'd

Adorn'd his noble front, ſtroakes with his hands;
Fixt on a pole the head of *Pompey* ſtands,
Whilſt yet his lips with throbbing murmurs ſhooke,
His eyes vnclos'd, and lively was his looke:
That head that ſtill determin'd war, and peace,
That rul'd the Senate, lawes, and ſuffrages,
Romes fortune in that face tooke greateſt pride.
Nor was the wicked tyrant ſatisfy'd
With ſight: but for memoriall of the fact,
Dire arts the heads corruption muſt extract,
The braine is taken out, dry'd is the skin,
The noiſome moiſture purged from within,
Medicines make ſolid, and preſerve the face.
Degenerate iſſue, laſt of *Lagus* race,
Whom thy inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall depoſe;
When ſacred vaults the Macedon encloſe,
When duſt of Kings in ſumptuous buildings lyes,
And the ignoble race of *Ptolomyes*
In Pyramids, and rich Mauſoleam graves
Vnjuſtly reſt, muſt *Pompey* by the waves
An headleſſe trunke againſt the ſhore be ſwept?
Was it too great a trouble to have kept
The carcaſſe whole for *Cæſar*? this ſad date
Did fortune giue to *Pompeys* proſperous ſtate;
By ſuch a death as this to pull him downe
From ſuch an height: heaping all plagues in one
Sad day, which he ſo many yeares had bin
Free from: nor yet had *Pompey* ever ſeene
Ioy mixt with woe: no god his proſperous ſtate
Did ere diſturbe, none helpt his wretched fate;
But once for all with a differring hand
Did fortune pay him; torne upon the ſand,
Salt water playing in his wounds, the mocke
Of ſeas he lyes, and beat 'gainſt every rocke:
No figure left of him, tis note enough
To know great *Pompey*, that his head is off.

But

But fates, ere *Geſar* on that ſhore arrive,
A ſuddaine funerall to *Pompey* give,
Leſt he in none, or in a better tombe
Should ly. To th'ſhore did fearefull *Codrus* come
Out of his lurking hole, that was before
Great *Pompey's* quæſtor, and from Cyprus ſhore
Had follow'd him; he by the ſhades of night
Durſt goe (true love had vanquiſht terrour quite)
To find his ſlaugher'd Lord, along the ſand,
And through the waves, to bring the trunke to land.
Faint light through dusky clouds ſad Cynthia gave;
But different colour'd from the foamy wave
The trunke appear'd; which *Codrus* catching ſtraight
When the waves ebb'd, but tired with the weight
Expects their flow to helpe him, and ſo bore
The trunke to land, and plac'd it on the ſhore;
Then falling downe, bathing the wounds in teares,
Thus to the gods he ſpeakes, and clouded ſtars.
Fortune, no coſtly pile with odours fill'd
Thy *Pompey* craves, nor that his hearſe may yeild
Precious Arabian fumes to fill the ayre,
Nor that the pious Roman neckes ſhould beare
Their countryes father forth, nor to adorne
A funerall pompe old tryumphs ſhould be borne,
No funerall ſongs, nor that his troopes the while
March a dead march about their generalls pile.
Grant *Pompey* but a baſe Plebeian Beere,
That his torne limbes may carry to dry fire.
Let him not want wood, and a burner, though
But meane, and let it be, ô gods enough
That with looſe haire *Cornelia* does not ſtand
To take her laſt embrace, and then command
To fire the pile; from this laſt funerall rite
She is away, yet hardly out of ſight,
This ſaid, far off a little fire he kem'd
Burne a neglected herſe, watch'd by no friend.

Thither he goes, and taking thence a part
Of fire, and halfe-burnd stickes, who ere thou art
Neglected ghost, deare to no friend, (quoth he)
But happier then great *Pompey*, pardon me;
(If any knowledge after death remaines)
That by a strangers hand thy hearse sustaines
This wrong; I know thou yeild'st and canst endure,
For *Pompeys* sake, this losse of sepulture,
And art asham'd of funerall rites, whilest he
Lyes an unburyed ghost. Then speedily
With his armes full of fire poore *Codrus* ran
To find the trunke which to the shore againe
The waves had beat; then off the sand he wipes,
And gathering vp the ribs of broken ships,
He layes them in a ditch; on no hew'n trees
Or well built pyle the noble body lyes:
Fire brought, not vnderbuilt great *Pompey* takes.
Then siting by the fire thus *Codrus* speakes.
Romes greatest Lord, the onely majesty
Of Italy, if worse this buriall be
Then none at all, then floating on the sea,
Avert thy *Manes*, and great ghost from me.
Tis fortunes injury that makes this right,
Lest fish, or fowle, or beast, or *Cæsars* spight
Might wrong thy coarse, accept this little brand
Of fire, since kindled by a Roman hand.
If fortune grant recourse to Italy,
Not here shall these so sacred ashes ly:
But from my hand *Cornelia* shall take,
And vrne thy reliques, vntill then wee'll make
Thy burialls marke vpon the shore, that who
So ere would pacify thy ghost, and doe
Full rights of funerall, may find out so
The bodyes ashes, and the sands may know,
Whither to bring thy head. Thus having spoke
He does with fuell the weake flame provoke;

Pompey dissolv'd, his fat distilling fed
The little fire; and now day promised
By bright *Aurora*, dimm'd the stars weake lights.
Codrus abruptly leaves the funerall rites,
And runs, himselfe about the shore to hide.
What mischiefe fear'st thou (foole) for such a deed?
Which long-tongu'd fame for ever shall renowne?
Cæsar himselfe shall praise what thou hast done
To *Pompeys* body. Goe then voyd of dread:
Confesse the funerall, and require his head.
An end of dutious workes piety makes.
The bones halfe burnt, scarse yet dissolv'd he takes,
Still full of nerves, and unconsumed marrow;
Quenching them in sea-water, in a narrow
Piece of the earth together layes them downe:
Then lest the ashes should abroad be blowne
By the winds force, he layes a stone above;
And lest some sailer should that stone remove
To tye his cable, with a coleburnt staffe
Vpon the top he writes this Epitaph.
Here *Pompey* lies, fortune, this stone we call
His tombe: in which, rather then none at all,
Cæsar would have him ly. Why in a roome
So small, rash hand, includ'st thou *Pompeys* tombe,
And shutst up his great ghost? as far he lyes
As the earths farthest shore extended is.
Romes mighty name, and Empires utmost bound
Is *pompeys* tombe, this marke for shame confound
The shame of heaven; if *Alcides* lie
Over all Oete, and all Nysa be
Great *Bacchus* monument, why should one stone
In Ægypt stand for *pompeys* tombe alone?
Did no one piece of earth thy name expresse,
All Ægypts land, *pompey*, thou mightst possesse.
Let us be still deceiv'd, and still for feare
Of thee, to tread on Ægypts land forbeare.

But if that ſacred name muſt grace a ſtone,
Write his each deed, and glorious action;
The Alpine warre of rebell *Lepidus*;
The conqueſt of revolt *Sertorius*
(The Conſul being call'd home:) thoſe triumphs note,
Which he but gentleman of Rome had got:
Cilician pirats tam'd: trafficke made free:
Barbarian kingdomes conquerd all that ly
Vnder the Eaſt, and North: with this make knowne
How ſtill from war he tooke a peacefull gowne.
Contented with three triumphs, he to Rome
His other conqueſts did forgive; what tombe
Can hold all this? his aſhes in this grave
No titles, nor triumphant ſtories have.
That name, that temples lofty roofes, and high
Triumphall arches deckt with victory
Were wont to beare, now neere the loweſt ſand
A ſmall grave ſhewes, which ſtrangers cannot ſtand
Vpright to reade, which (if it be not ſhowne)
The Roman travellers paſſe by unknowne.
Ægypt, whom civill fate has guilty made
'Twas not in vaine the *Sibylls* verſe forbad
A Roman Niles Peluſian mouth to touch,
Or once his ſummer-ſwelled banks approach.
How ſhall I curſe thee for this impious deed?
May Nile run back, and ſtay at his firſt head,
May thy unfruitfull fields want winter raine,
And all like Æthiops barren ſands remaine.
We let thy *Iſis* in Romes temples dwell,
Thy deify'd dogs, and ſorrow cauſing bell:
Oſiris, whom thou ſheweſt, while thou weep'ſt,
A man, our god in duſt thou Ægypt keep'ſt.
And thou that gav'ſt the tyrant temples, Rome,
Haſt not yet fetch'd thy *Pompeys* aſhes home:
His ghoſt lies yet exil'd. If *Cæſars* frownes
That firſt age fear'd, yet now thy *Pompeys* bones

Bring

Bring home, ô Rome, if yet on that curs'd land
Not ruin'd by the waves, the marks doe ſtand.
Who'l feare that grave? who'l feare to take from thence
Aſhes deſerving temples? that offence
Injoyne me (Rome) to doe, my boſome uſe:
Oh too too happy I, if Rome would chuſe
My hand to open that baſe ſepulcher,
And his deare aſhes hither to transfer.
Perchance when Rome from oracles would crave
An end of dearth, or peſtilence to have,
Of too much fire, or earthquakes, thou to Rome
Shalt by the gods expreſt appointment come,
Thy aſhes borne by the high Prieſt. For who
To ſcorch'd Siene in Iunes heat can goe,
In view of Nile, or Pharian *Thebes* deſcry
Vnder the ſhowry Pleiades ſtill dry;
What Eaſtern Merchant trafficking reſorts
To the Red ſea, or rich Arabian ports,
But at thy graves ever adored ſtone,
And aſhes (though perchance ſcatter'd upon
The ſands) will ſtay, thy ghoſt to pacifie,
Before the Caſian *Iove* preferring thee?
This little grave can nothing hurt thy name;
Thy ghoſt would be of a far cheaper fame
Shrowded in gold, and temples: fortune now
Beares more divinity intomb'd ſo low;
This ſea-beat ſtone is more majeſtick far
Then the proud altars of the Conquerer.
Some worſhip gods dwelling in duſky clay,
That to Tarpeian *Iove* refuſe to pray.
Twill vantage thee hereafter in thy grave
No poliſht Marbles laſting works to have.
This little duſt will quickly ſcatter'd ly:
The tombe will fall; proofes of thy death will dy:
And then a happier age will come, when none
Shall credit give to thoſe that ſhew the ſtone:

As false shall Ægypt seeme in times to come
(As Crete of *Ioves*) to boast of *Pompey's* tombe.

FINIS Libri Octavi.

Annotations on the eight Booke.

(a) Pompey *in his flight from Larissa came all along the Tempe to the shore, and lodged that night in the small cottage of a fisherman; about morning he went to sea in a little boat, and sailing along by the shore met with a ship of greater burden, of which one* Peticius *a Roman was Captaine, who knowing* Pompey, *received him, and transported him to Lesbos, where* Cornelia *lay.* Plutarch. Appian.

(b) *When their boat drew neere to* Pompey, Septimius *arose, (who had once served as a Tribune under* Pompey) *and in the Roman language saluted his Generall, and welcomed him in the Kings name.* Achillas *complemented with him in the Greeke tongue, and desireth him to enter into his boat, by reason that the shelves, and sands would not afford a passage to his ship.*

(c) *Those that attended* Pompey, *seeing his entertainment not Royall, nor Magnificent, but that a few onely in a small boat were sent to meet him, began to suspect the treason, and counselled* Pompey *to put to sea, and forsake that shore whilst yet he was free from danger.*

(d) Pompey *disdaining to appeare fearfull, (although hee were full of ill presages) came into* Achillas *his boat, as he were invited, and taking his leave of his wife, and son* Sextus Pompeius, *hee repeated these two Iambick verses of* Sophocles;

ὅστις δὲ πρὸς τύραννον ἐμπορεύεται
Κεἰ νοῦ τι δοῦλος, κἂν ἐλεύθερος μόλῃ.

These

These were the last words hee spake to his friends, and so entred into the boat, where Achillas *was.*

(e) *When* Pompey *was now far from his ship, and perceived no courteous entertainment in the boat, he looked upon* Septimius *and thus spake; Have not I knowne thee heretofore my fellow souldier?* Septimius *disdaining to answer him at all onely nodded his head to him, and when* Pompey *was rising out of the boat,* Septimius *first run him through with his sword.*

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Ninth Booke.

The Argument.

Pompeyes departed ſpirit to heaven aſcends.
His wife, and ſons lament; Cato commends
His worthy life: checks the Cilicians,
And marching ore the ſcorched Libyan ſands
To Iuba's *kingdome, with ſtrong patience*
Indures the heat, the Southwinds violence
And killing ſerpents venome. Cæſar ſees
Renowned Troyes defac'd antiquities,
To Ægypt comes, and with diſſembling breath
Complaines, and weeps for noble Pompeyes *death.*

IN Pharian coales his ghoſt could not remaine,
Nor thoſe few aſhes his great ſpirit containe.
Out from the grave he iſſues, and forſakes
Th'unworthy fire, and halfe burnt limbs, and takes
Vp to the conuexe of the skie his flight,
Where with blacke ayre the ſtarry poles doe meet.
The ſpace betwixt the regions of the moone,
And earth, halfe deify'd ſoules poſſeſſe alone,
Whom fiery worth, in guiltleſſe lives, hath caught
To brooke the lower part of heaven, and brought

Them

Them to th'eternall ſphæres, which not they hold,
That are with incenſe bury'd, tomb'd in gold.
There filled with true light, with wondring eyes
The wandring planets, and fixt ſtars he ſees.
He ſees our day involv'd in midſt of night,
And laughes at his torne trunks ridiculous plight.
Then ore the Æmathian fields, his ſcatter'd fleet,
And bloody *Cæſars* troops he tooke his flight:
And with revenge for theſe dire facts poſſeſt
Catoes bold heart, and *Brutus* noble breaſt.
Cato, while chance was (*a*) doubtfull, and at ſtake
Whom civill war Lord of the world would make,
Then hated *Pompey*, though with *Pompey* he
(Led by the Senate, and Romes Auſpicy)
Had fought, but when Pharſalia's field was try'd,
He altogether favour'd *Pompeyes* ſide.
His countrey wanting a Protector then
He tooke, and cheat'd the trembling hearts of men:
And putting ſwords in fearfull hands againe
Made civill war neither for hope of reigne,
Nor feare of bondage; nought at all in war
For his owne ſake did he; his forces are
Since *Pompeyes* death, alone for liberty;
Which left the ſpeed of *Cæſars* victory
Should ſeize upon, being diſperſed ore
The coaſt, he failes unto Corcyra's (*b*) ſhore,
And in a thouſand ſhips carries away
The conquer'd remnant of Pharſalia.
Who would have thought ſo great a fleet had held
All flying men? that conquer'd ſhips had fill'd
The ſtraitned ſeas? from thence they ſaile away
To ghoſt fill'd Tænarus, and long Malea;
Thence to Cytherus: *Boreas* blowing faire
Crete flyes: and getting a good ſea they cleare
The Cretan coaſt. *Phycus*, that durſt deny
Their men to land, they ſacke deſervedly.

And

And thence along the deepe, while faire winds blow,
Vnto thy shore, oh Palinurus, goe:
(For not alone doth our Italian sea
Keep monuments of thee, but Libya
Can witnesse well calme harbours once did please
The Phrygian master) when upon the seas
Descrying ships afar, they gan to feare,
Whether the men their foes, or partners were:
Cæsars knowne speed gave them just cause to feare,
And still suspect his comming every where.
But those sad ships brought griefe, and woes, and eryes
Able to draw soft teares from *Cato's* eyes:
For after that *Cornelia* all in vaine
(Lest *Pompeys* trunke beat from the shore againe
Should float at sea) by prayers had striv'd to draw
From flight her sailers, and her son in law,
When from the shore that little fire descry'd
His most unworthy funerall, she cry'd,
Seem'd I not worthy then, fortune, to thee
To light my husbands funerall fire, and ly
Stretch'd out on his cold limbs, burne his torne haires,
And gathering his sea-scattered limbs, with teares
To bath each wound? with bones, and ashes hot
To fill my lap, and in the temples put
The sad remainder of his funerall?
That fir's no honour to his hearse at all.
Besides perhaps some hands of Ægypt now
This loathed office to his ashes doe.
Well did the *Crassi's* ashes naked ly,
For by the gods far greater cruelty
Is *Pompey* burnt. Still shall my woes appeare
In the same shape? and shall I nere Interre
My slaughtered Lords? and at full urnes lament?
What need'st thou toombe, or any instrument
Of sorrow, wretch? doth not thy brest containe
Thy *Pompey*, and his image still remaine

Within

Within thee? let those wives, that meane to live
After their lords, urnes to their ashes give.
But yet the fire, that lends yon envious light
From Ægypts shore, brings nothing to my sight
Of thee, deare *Pompey*: now the flame is gone,
The vanisht smoke beares to the rising Sun
Pompey aloft: the winds unwillingly
Beare us from thence, yet is no land to me
(Though triumph'd by my lord as Conquerer)
Nor chariot deckt with laurell halfe so deare.
My breast has quite forgot his happinesse,
And loves that *Pompey*, whom Niles shores possesse,
Faine would I stay under this guilty clime:
The land's ennobled by so great a crime.
I would not leave (believe me) Ægypts shore.
Sextus, try thou the chance of war, and ore
The spacious world thy fathers colours beare:
This his last will was trusted to my care,
When me of breath deaths fatall houre shall reave,
To you, my sonnes, this civill war I leave;
And let not *Cæsar* race in quiet raigne,
Whil'st any of our stocke on earth remaine.
Sollicite kingdomes, and free pow'rfull townes
By my names fame: these are the factions,
These are the armes I leave; what *Pompey* ere
Would goe to sea, shall finde a navie there.
My heires may stirre war in what land they will.
Be but couragious, and remember still
Your fathers lawfull power. Serve under none
But *Cato* (whil'st he fights for Rome) alone.
I have perform'd thy trust, done thy behest
Deare lord, thy cunning did prevaile, and lest
False I those words of trust should here deliver,
Deceiv'd I liv'd. Now *Pompey*, whereseover
Th'art gone, through hell, if any hell there be,
Or empty chaos, I will follow thee:

How

How long my life's decreed, I doe not know,
If long, Ile puniſh it for laſting ſo:
For not expiring when it firſt did ſee
Thy wounds, with ſorrow broken it ſhall die.
It ſhall diſſolve in teares: no halter, ſword,
Or præcipice ſhall death to me afford.
It were a ſhame for me, now thou art gone,
Not to have power to dye with griefe alone.
This ſaid, and covering with a vaile her head,
Vnder the hatches ſhe reſolv'd to lead
A life in darkneſſe: neerely hugging woe
She feeds on teares, and for her husband now
Imbraces griefe. The noiſe of ſtormy wind,
Nor cries of fearfull ſailers move her mind:
Her hope contrary to the ſailers is,
Compos'd for death, and wiſhing ſtormes ſhe lyes.
They firſt arriv'd on Cyprus foamy ſhore.
From thence a mild East-wind commanding bore
Their ſhips to *Catoes* Libyan campe; as ſtill
A doubtfull mind doe ſad preſages fill,
Cneius from ſhore ſpying his fathers traine,
And brother, running to the ſea amaine,
Where is our father, brother? ſpeake (quoth he)
Lives the worlds head, and honour, or are we
Vndone, and *Pompey* to the ſhades below
Has borne Romes fate? he anſwers, happy thou,
Whom fate into another coaſt diſperſt;
Thou, brother, this dire miſchiefe only hear'ſt:
Mine eyes are guilty of a fathers death.
Nor did he loſe by *Cæſars* armes his breath,
Nor of his fall a worthy author found,
By the falſe tyrant of Niles impious ground,
Truſting the gods of hoſpitality,
And his owne bounty to old *Ptolomey*,
In recompence of kingdomes given he dy'd.
I ſaw them wound our noble fathers ſides;

And

And thinking Aegypts King durst not have done
So much, I thought *Cæsar* had stood upon
The shore of Nile. But not our Fathers wounds,
Nor blood so shed so much my heart confounds,
As that his head, which mounted on a speare
Aloft we saw, they through their cities beare:
Which as they say is kept for *Cæsars* eye:
The tyrant seekes his guilt to testify.
For whether dogs, or fowles devouring maw
Consum'd his trunke, or that small fire we saw
Dissolved it by stealth, I doe not know.
What ere injurious fate to that could doe,
I did forgive the gods that crime, and wept
For that part onely which the tyrant kept.
When *Cnejus* heard these words, his inward woe
In passionate teares, and sighs he could not show;
But thus inflam'd with pious rage gan speake,
Lanch forth the fleet, sailers, with speed, and breake
Through the crosse winds a passage with the oare,
Brave Captaines follow me, never before
Knew civill war more worthy ends then these,
T'interre unbury'd *Manes*, and appease
Pompey with slaughter of th'effœminate boy.
Why should not I th' Aegyptian tow'rs destroy?
And from the temples *Alexander* take,
To drowne his hearse in Mareotis lake?
In Nile *Amasis*, and those Kings with him
Digg'd up from their Pyramides shall swim.
All tombes shall rue *Pompeys* no sepulcher:
Isis their goddesse now Ile dis inter,
Osiris linnen-cover'd shrine dispersse,
And kill god *Apis* over *Pompeys* hearse.
Vpon a pile of gods Ile burne his head;
Thus shall the land by me be punished,
I will not leave a man to till those fields,
Nor take the profit that Niles flowing yields.

The

The gods, and people baniſhed, and gone,
Thou, father, ſhalt poſſeſſe Ægypt alone.
This ſaid, to launch the fleete forth he aſſayes,
But *Cato* ſtills the young mans wrath with praiſe.
Now ore the ſhore when *Pompey's* death was knowne,
The ſky was peirc'd with lamentation:
A griefe not ſeene, nor pararell'd at all,
That common people mourne a great mans fall.
But when *Cornelia* quite exhauſt with teares
Was ſeene to land with torne diſhevell'd haires,
Their troubled lamentations ſounded more.
Cornelia landed on a frienly ſhore,
Gath'ring the garments, and triumphall weedes
Of hapleſſe *Pompey*, that expreſt his deedes,
And ancient trophies, painted robes, and ſhield,
That thrice great *Iove* in triumph had beheld,
Into the funerall fire ſhe threw them all;
Such was her Lords imagin'd funerall.
Example from her piety all take,
And funerall fires all ore the ſhore they make
T'appeaſe the ghoſts ſlaine in Pharſalia.
So when the ſhepherds of Apulia
Make winter fires on their bare-eaten ground
To ſpring their graſſe againe, a gliſtering round
The Vultures arms, and high Garganus yeilds,
And hot Matinus bullocke-paſture fields.
But not more pleaſing was't to *Pompey's* ſpirit
That all the people raile at heaven, and twit
The gods with *Pompey*, then what *Cato* ſpoke,
Few words, but from a truth-fill'd breaſt they broke.
A Roman's dead, not like our anceſtry
To know the rule of right, but good (quoth he)
In this truth ſcorning age; one powerfull growne
Not wronging liberty: the people prone
To ſerve, he only private ſtill remain'd;
He ſway'd the Senate, but the Senate raign'd,

Nought

Nought claim'd he by the ſword, but wiſh'd what he
Wiſh'd moſt, the Senates freedome to deny;
Great wealth he had, but to the publike hoord
He brought far more then he retain'd; the ſword
He tooke, but knew the time to lay it downe.
Arm'd he lov'd peace, though armes before the gowne
He ſtill preferr'd; and ever pleas'd was he
Entring, or leaving his authority.
A chaſt vnriotted houſe and never ſtain'd
With her Lords fortune, to all lands remain'd
His name renown'd, which much availed Rome.
True liberty long ſince was gone, when home
Sylla, and *Marius* came: but *Pompey* dead,
Even freedomes ſhadow is quite vaniſhed.
No Senates face, no colour will remaine
Of power; none now will be aſham'd to reigne.
Oh happy man, whom death, when conquer'd caught,
And Ægypts guilt ſwords to be wiſht for brought.
Perchance thou could'ſt haue liv'd in *Cæſars* ſtate.
To know the way to dy is mans beſt fate,
His next to be compell'd; and ſuch to me
(If captiv'd now) fortune, let *Iuba* be;
Not to be kept to ſhew the enemy
I doe not beg, ſo headleſſe kept I be.
More honour from theſe words the noble ghoſt
Receiv'd then if the Roman barres ſhould boaſt
His praiſe. Now mutinous the ſouldiers are,
Since *Pompeys* death growne weary of the war;
In which broiles *Tarcho Catoes* ſide to quit
Tooke vp the colours, who prepar'd for flight
With all his ſhips was chid by *Cato* ſo.
Never reclaim'd Cilician, wouldſt thou goe
To thy old theft at ſea? is *Pompey* ſlaine,
And thou return'd to Pyracy againe?
Then round about he on each man gan looke
Mongſt whom one boldly thus to *Cato* ſpoke

Not

Not hiding his intent, 'twas not the love
Of ciuill war, but *Pompey*, first did moove
Our armes, (excuſe vs *Cato*) we adhær'd
By favour, now he, whom the world preferr'd
Before her peace, is dead, our cauſe is gone;
Now lets returne to our left manſion,
Our houſhold-gods, and children deare to ſee.
For what can ciuill wars concluſion be,
If not Pharſaliaes field, nor *Pompeys* death?
Our time of life is ſpent; now let vs breath
Our laſt in peace: let our old age prouide
Our funerall pyles, which ciuill war deny'd
To greateſt Captaines. For no barbarous,
Or cruell yoke will fortune lay on vs.
No Scythian, nor Armenian tyranny.
The ſubjects of Romes gowned ſtate are we.
He that was ſecond: *Pompey* being alive,
Is firſt with us: the higheſt place we give
His ſacred name; He whom wars fortunes make,
Shall be our Lord, no generall wee'll take.
Vnto the war we followed thee alone;
Wee'll follow fate, *Pompey*, now thou art gone.
Nor haue we cauſe to hope for good ſucceſſe.
Since *Cæſars* fortune now doth all poſſeſſe.
Th' Æmathian ſtrength is by his victory
Diſpers'd, we looſe his mercy; only he
Has power, and will to ſpare the conquered.
Our ciuill war's a crime now *Pompey's* dead;
'Twas duty while he liu'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt ſerue thy countrey ſtill, lets follow now
Thoſe Eagles, which the Roman Conſuls keepes.
Thus having ſpoke, aboord the ſhip he leapes
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to ſlavery upon
The ſhore exclaime; But from a ſacred breaſt
Cato to them at laſt theſe words expreſt.

Fought you, young men, with *Cæsars* armyes hopes
(No more true Roman, but Pompeyan troopes)
To gaine a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But live to doe your selves, not tyrants right,
Since your spent bloods can no mans rule procure,
But your owne safety, you'll not now endure
The wars; to live in bondage you desire,
And for your slavish neckes a yoake require.
Your danger's worthy now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhaps might have abus'd your blood.
And will you now, when liberty's so nigh,
To aide of Rome your swords, and throates deny?
Of three Lords fortune now has left but one.
Ægypts base King, and Parthian bowes have done
More for the lawes then you, (oh shame) goe ye
Base men, and scorne the gift of *Ptolomy*:
Who will believe your hands could guilty be
Of any blood? he'll rather thinke that ye
Were the first men that from Pharsalia fled.
Goe then securley: you have merited
Pardon in *Cæsars* judgement, not subdew'd:
By seidge, or open force. Oh servants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heire you'l serve.
Why would you not more then your lives deserve,
And pardons? ravish with you for a prey
Metellus daughter, *Pompeys* wife away,
And his two sonnes: the gift of Ægypts King
Surpasse, or could you to the tirant bring
My head no small reward 'twould render ye;
Then to good purpose have you follow'd me.
On then, and in our bloods your merit make;
Tis slothfull treason a bare flight to take.
This speach of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying ships; as when a swarme of Bees
Their hony combes, and barren waxe forsake;
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take

Their

Their flight i'th aire, and taſt not (ſlothfull grow
The bitter Thyme: at ſound of braſſe alone
Amaz'd they leave their flight: againe approve
Their flow'ry taskes, againe their honey love.
Glad is the ſhepherd on ſweet Hybla's hill
To keep the riches of his cottage ſtill.
So *Catoes* ſpeech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a warre had brought.
And now their reſtleſſe minds with toile t'inure,
And teach them warlike labours to indure,
With weary marches firſt their ſtrength he tries
Along the ſands; their ſecond labour is
To ſcale Cyrenes lofty walls, on whom
Cato no vengeance tooke, when overcome
(Though they againſt him ſhut their gates) to him
Revenge ſufficient did their conqueſt ſeeme.
He thence to Libyan (c) *Iubaes* kingdome goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpoſe,
Which *Catoes* dauntleſſe virtue hopes to paſſe.
Theſe Syrts, when all the worlds firſt ſtructure was,
Nature as doubtfull left twixt ſea, and land;
(For neither ſinke they quite like ſeas to ſtand,
Nor yet like land with ſhores repell the mane,
But doubtfull, and unpaſſable remaine,
A ſhelfe-ſpoil'd ſea, a water-cover'd land,
Where ſounding waves let in by ſands command;
This part of nature, natures ſelfe diſclam'd
As a vaine worke, and to no purpoſe fram'd)
Or once the deep-drownd Syrts were ſeas intire:
But burning *Titan* thence to feed his fire
Drew up thoſe waves ſo neere the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phœbus* drought: which by continuance ſpent,
The Syrts will grow a ſollid continent.
For now their tops but ſhallow waters hide,
The fading ſea decayes at every ſide.

When firſt the fleet began to launch from ſhore,
In his owne kingdome did blacke Auſter roare:
Whoſe blaſts the ſea from ſhip invaſion keep,
And from the Syrts far rowle the wavie deep,
Or flat the ſea with throwne in heaps of ſand.
Now the reſiſtleſſe winds the ſeas command,
Whoſe blaſts of all ſpread ſailes, that faſtned were
To the maine-maſt quite robb'd the mariner;
In vaine the ſhrowds to wind ſo violent
Deny their ſailes; beyond the ſhips extent,
Beyond the prow the ſwelled linnen's blowne.
But where a man more provident was knowne,
That did his linnen to the ſaile-yard ty,
He quite diſpoil'd of tackling preſently
Was overcome. That fleet had far more eaſe,
Which on the deep was toſt with certaine ſeas.
But all thoſe ſhips, which had cut downe their maſts
T'avoyd the fury of ſtrong Auſters blaſts
(As then the wind againſt the tide did ſtrive)
Againſt the wind the conquering tide did drive.
Some ſhips the ſea forſakes, whom ſtraight the ſands
Vnſeene ſurpriſe, whoſe ſtate now doubtfull ſtands:
Part of the ſhip upon firme ground doth reſt,
Part ſwims in water. Now the ſea's oppreſt
With flats. The ſands aſſault the ocean,
And though ſtrong *Auſter* drive the waves amaine,
They cannot maſter theſe high hills of ſand.
On th'Oceans backe far from all countreyes ſtand
Heaps of dry duſt not by the Ocean drownd.
The wretched ſailers, though their ſhips on ground,
No ſhores can ſee. Part of the fleet this ſhallow
Detaines; the greater part the rudders follow,
And ſafe by flight, by skilfull pilots ayd
Are to Tritonia's ſtanding poole convey'd.
This poole (they ſay) that god eſteemeth deare,
Whoſe ſhrill ſhell trumpet ſeas, and ſhores doe heare.

This *Pallas* loves, borne of the braine of *Iove*,
Who firſt on Libya trod. (The heat doth prove
This land next heaven) ſhe ſtanding by the ſide,
Her face within the quiet water ſpy'd,
And gave her ſelfe from the lov'd poole a name
Tritonia. Here doth the ſilent ſtreame
Of darke oblivious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hels *Lethe* takes originall.
The waking dragons charge is neere to theſe,
The once robb'd orchard of th'Heſperides.
To rob old times of credit, the deſire
Is ſpite, or truth from Poets to require.
A golden wood there was, whoſe yellow trees
Laden with wealthy fruit, ſtood bow'd: of theſe
A dragon guardian was, which never ſlept,
And the bright wood a troope of Virgins kept.
Hither *Alcides* coming, did ſurpriſe
The wealth, and burden of thoſe laden trees,
And leaving light their robbed boughs, did bring
Thoſe glittering apples to th'Argolian King.
Part of the fleet got off from hence againe,
Aud from the Syrtes driven, did remaine
Vnder great *Pompeyes* eldeſt ſons command
On this ſide Garamantis in rich land.
But *Catoes* virtue brooking no delay
Through unknowne regions lead his troops away,
T'incompaſſe round the Syrts by land, for now
The ſtormy ſeas unnavigable grow
In winter time: but ſtormes deſired are
To coole the temper of the ſweltring ayre.
They feare no cold in Libyaes ſcorched clime,
Nor too much heat, becauſe in winter time.
Entring theſe barren ſands thus *Cato* ſpake;
You that have follow'd me, ſouldiers, and make
Freedome your onely ſafety, ſettle now
Your minds with conſtancie to undergoe

Virtues great work. We march ore barren fields,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountaine yields
Water enough, where *Titans* heat abounds,
And killing ſerpents ſmeare the parched grounds.
Hard wayes, but whom their falling countries cauſe
Through paths unknowne, and midſt of Libya drawes,
Who makes no vowes for their returning home,
But think of going, onely let them come.
I would deceive no ſouldier, nor keepe cloſe
My feares to draw them on. Let onely thoſe
My followers be, whom dangers doe invite,
Who think it brave, and Roman, in my ſight
T'indure the worſt of ills. He that would have
A ſurety for his ſafety, and faine ſave
His loved life, let him be gone from me,
And find an eaſier way to ſlavery.
Vpon the ſands whilſt I firſt footing ſet,
Let me firſt ſuffer th'ayres annoying heat:
Let ſerpents poyſon'd teeth firſt ſeize on me,
And in my fate doe you your dangers try.
Let him, that ſees me drinking, water crave,
And plaine of heat, when I a ſhelter have.
Or when I ride before the foot, ſtraight grow
Weary, if any by indurance know
Whither I goe ſouldier, or generall
The ſands, heat, thirſt, and poyſonous ſerpents, all
Are ſweet to virtue: hard things patience loves,
And ſweeteſt ſtill, when deareſt, goodneſſe proves,
Theſe Libyan dangers onely juſtifie
The flight of men, thus their hot ſpirits he
With labours love, and virtue ſtriv'd to fire;
Marching ore defarts never to retire
Secure he goes to Libya, gracing there
With his great name a little ſepulcher.
If th'old account we follow, Libya is
The worlds third part: following the winds, and skies

A part

A part of Europe. For not diſtant more
Then Scythian Tanais is Nilus ſhoſe
From Weſtern Gades, where Europe Africke flyes,
And makes the Ocean roome: but greater is
Aſia then both. For as they both ſend forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The Weſtern wind: the Eaſtern wind alone
From Aſia blowes. That part that's fertile knowne
Of Libya, Weſtward lyes, but moyſture lacks:
The North-wind dry with us, there ſtormy, takes
His flight but ſeldome thither. The rich ſoyle
No wealthy growing mineralls doe ſpoyle:
The earth corrupts into no braſſe, nor gold,
But keeps her naturall, and perfect mold.
The Mauritanian men are rich alone
In Citron wood, of which no uſe was knowne
To them of old, contented with the ſhade.
Our axes firſt did that ſtrange wood invade;
From far we fetch our tables, as our meat.
But in thoſe parts about the Syrts, whoſe heat
Is violent, and ſcorching *Sol* too neere,
No corne can grow, no vines can proſper there,
Nor trees deepe rooting take, the ſandy ground
Wants vitall temper, and no care is found
Of *Iove* in that at all, the barren land
Through every ſeaſon doth unchanged ſtand
By natures negligence. Yet this dull earth
Vnto a few ſmall herbs affords a birth,
Which are the hardy Naſamonians fare.
Neere the ſea coaſt they bleakly ſeated are,
Whom barbarous Syrts with the worlds loſſe maintaine.
For ſpoyle they ſtill upon the ſand remaine.
And though no merchant trade with them, yet gold
They have, and ſtill by ſhipwrack traffick hold
With all the world. This way did virtue beare
Cato along, the Souldiers could not feare

A ſtorme by land, or think of blaſtring wind,
But there (alas) the Oceans dangers find.
For more on land then ſea the Southwinds more
About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
No rocks, nor mountaines ſtand oppoſed there
To break his force, and turne him into ayre?
No well-growne oakes, no wood oppoſed ſtands;
The ground lyes open all, free are the ſands
To Æols rage, which violently ſtrong
Hurries through th'ayre a ſandy cloud along.
Their greateſt part of land the winds doe beare
Into the ayre, which hangs not fixed there.
His houſe, and land the Naſamonian ſees
Fly in the wind, their little cottages
Blowne ore their heads into the ayre as high
As from a fire the ſmoake, and ſparkles fly.
The mounted duſt like ſmoake obſcures the skie.
And then more ſtrong then uſuall did the blaſt
Aſſault our men; no ſouldier could ſtand faſt;
No, nor the ground on which they ſtood, could ſtay.
'Twould ſhake the earth, and beare that land away.
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southern winds in cavernes to infold;
But ſince compos'd of looſe, and fleeting ſands
Reſiſting not, it bides; the loweſt ſtands
Becauſe the higheſt yields, helmets of men,
Their ſhields, and piles the wind with fury then
Bereft them of, and through the welkin toſt.
That in ſome forreine far-removed coaſt
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigy.
And nations fear'd armes falling from the skie,
Thinking thoſe weapons reft from men, did fall
Downe from the gods. So once I think that all
Our ſacred ſhields to holy *Numa* were,
Which now our choiſe Patrician ſhoulders beare.

The

The Southern wind, or Northern robb'd of yore
Some forreine people, that thoſe bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with wind, the ſouldiers all
Downe to the ground, their cloathes faſt girded, fall,
Hold faſt the earth, yet ſure they ſcarſely lay
By weight, nor ſtrength from being blowne away.
Mountaines of duſt the Southwinds furious hand
Rowles ore their heads; drowned in heapes of ſand
The ſouldiers ſcarſe can ſtir. Some though upright
With riſing earth are overwhelmed quite;
And, though the earth remove, want motion.
Vaſt ſtones of ruin'd walls from far are blowne,
And (ſtrange to tell) in ſome fan region fall,
They ruines ſee, that ſee no houſe at all.
No paths, no difference now of wayes are knowne:
Their courſe is guided by the ſtar alone
Like navigators; nor all ſtars to us
In that Horizon are conſpicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many be
Obſcur'd from ſight. But when the ayre was free
From the winds rage, diſſolv'd againe by heat,
And ſcorching day, their body flow'd with ſweat,
Their mouths with thirſt were parch'd: a little ſteame
They ſpy'd, which from a muddy fountaine came;
From whence with much adoe a ſouldier got
His helmet full of water, and ſtraight brought
The ſame to *Cato*, their dry throats were all
With duſt beſmeared, and the Generall
Himſelfe was envy'd for that little draught.
Baſe ſouldier, anſwers he, in thy poore thought
Seem'd I alone ſo worthleſſe? none but I
Tender, and weake in all this company?
This puniſhment thou more deſerv'ſt then I
To drink thy ſelfe while all the army's dry.
Then ſtirr'd with wrath he ſtruck the helmet downe;
The water ſpilt ſuffic'd them every one,

And now to Libyaes onely temple plac'd
In Garamantis rude they came at laſt.
Iupiter Aumon is adored there,
Not arm'd with thunder like our *Iupiter*,
But crooked hornes. To whom the Libyans build
No ſumptuous Fane, no orient jewels fill'd
The houſe with luſtre. Though the Indians,
The Æthiopes, and rich Arabians
Iupiter Ammons name doe all adore,
And no god elſe, yet ſtill that god is poore.
No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th'old
Pureneſſe, his temple guards from Roman gold.
That place of all the countrey onely greene
Shewes a gods preſence. All that lyes betweene
Leptis, and Berinicis is dry ſand,
And barren duſt; no part of all the land,
But *Ammons* ſeat beares trees. The cauſe of it
A neighbouring fountaine is, whoſe waters knit
The moiſtned earth, and make fertility.
But when the Sun at noone is mounted high,
Thoſe trees no ſhadow can diffuſe at all:
Their boughs ſcarce hide their trunks. No ſhade or ſmall
The Sunbeames make, ſince perpendicular.
It is perceiv'd this is the region where
The Summer Tropick hits the Zodiack.
The ſignes oblickly riſe not, but direct.
Nor more direct the Bull then Scorpio,
Moiſt Capricornus then hot Cancer goe:
Nor Gemini then Sagitarius,
Nor Leo then oppos'd Aquarius,
Virgo then Piſces, Libraes motion
Then Aries: But whom the torrid zone
Divides from us, thoſe people ever ſee
The ſhadows Southward, which here Northward be,
You ſlowly ſeeing Cynoſure, ſuppoſe
Her undrench'd carre into the Ocean goes.

And

And that no Northerne ſigne from ſeas is free.
You ſtand far diſtant from each axeltree;
Your ſignes in midſt of heaven converted be.
The Eaſterne people ſtanding at the doore
The oracles of horned *Iove* t'implore,
Gave place to *Cato*; whom his ſouldiers ply,
That of that Libyan far-fam'd deity
His future fates event he would be taught.
Him *Labienus* moſt of all beſought;
Chance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
Lend us the mouth of that great Deitie,
And his ſure counſells: we may now implore
His powerfull guidance through this war, and ore
The dangerous Syrtes. For to whom ſhould I
Believe the gods would trulier certify
Their ſecret will, then *Catoes* holy breſt,
Whoſe life to heavnly lawes was ſtill addreſt,
And follow'd god? behold we now have here
A freedome given to talke with *Iupiter*,
Cato, enquire of wicked *Cæſars* fate,
And know what ſhall be Romes enſuing ſtate,
Whether this civill war be made in vaine,
Or ſhall our lawes, and liberties maintaine,
Let *Ammons* ſacred voice thy breſt inſpire.
Thou lover of ſtrict virtue, now deſire
To know what virtue is; ſeeke from above
Approvement of the truth: He full of *Iove*,
Whom in his ſecret breſt he carryed ever,
Theſe temple-worthy ſpeeches did deliver;
What, *Labienus*, ſhould I ſeeke to know?
If I had rather die in armes, then bow
Vnto a Lord? if life be nought at all?
No difference betwixt long life and ſmall?
If any force can hurt men virtuous?
If fortune loſe, when virtue doth oppoſe,

Her

Her threats; if good desires be happinesse,
And virtue grow not greater by successe?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with us still;
And, though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree;
Nor needs he voices; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our births did show.
Nor did he chuse these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it here) his truth but to a few.
Is there a seat of god, save earth, and sea,
Aire, heaven, and virtue? why for gods should we
Seeke further? what ere moves, what ere is seen
Is *Iove*. For oracles let doubtfull men
Fearfull of future chances troubled be:
Sure death, not oracles ascertaine me.
The coward and the valiant man must fall;
This is enough for *Iove* to speake to all:
Then marching thence, the temples faith he saves,
And to the temple untry'd *Ammon* leaves.
Himselfe afoot before his weary'd bands
Marches with pile in hand, and not commands,
But shewes them how to labour: never sits
In coach, or charriot: sleeps the least a nights:
Last tasts the water. When a fountain's found,
He stayes afoot till all the souldiers round,
And every cullion drinke. If fame be due
To truest goodnesse, if you simply view
Virtue without successe, what ere we call
In greatest Romans great; was fortune all.
Who could deserve in prosperous war such fame?
Or by the nations blood so great a name?
Rather had I this virtuous triumph win
In Libya's desart sands, then thrice be seene
In *Pompeys* laurell'd charriot, or to lead
Iugurtha captive. Here behold indeed

Rome

Rome, thy true father, by whoſe ſacred name
(Worthy thy temples) it ſhall never ſhame
People to ſweare; whom, if thou ere art free,
Thou wilt hereafter make a deitie.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hot
Then which, the gods for men created not.
Few waters here are ſeene; but in the ſands
One largely flowing fountaine onely ſtands,
But full of ſerpents, as it could containe.
There on the bankes hot killing Aſpes remaine,
And Dipſaſes in midſt of water dry.
When *Cato* ſaw his men for thirſt would dy
Fearing thoſe waters; thus he ſpake to them.
Feare not to drinke, ſouldiers, this wholſome ſtreame,
Be not affrighted with vaine ſhewes of death.
The ſnakes bite deadly, fatall are their teeth,
When their dire venome mixes with our bloud,
The water's ſafe. Then of the doubtfull flood
He drinkes himſelfe, there only the firſt draught
Of all the Lybian waters *Cato* ſought.
Why Libia's aire ſhould be infected ſo
With mortall plagues, what hurtfull ſecrets grow
Mixt with the noxious ſoile by natures hand,
Our care, nor labour cannot underſtand:
But that the world in the true cauſe deceiv'd,
In ſtead of that a common tale receiv'd,
In Libya's fartheſt part, whoſe ſcorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by ſetting *Sol* doth bound,
Meduſa's countrey lay, whoſe barren fields
No trees doe cloath, whoſe ſoile no herbage yields:
Chang'd by her looke all ſtones, and rocks they grow.
Here hurtfull nature firſt thoſe plagues did ſhow,
Firſt from *Meduſas* jawes thoſe ſerpents growne
Hiſſed with forked tongues, and hanging downe
Like womans haire, upon her backe, gave ſtrokes
Vnto her pleaſed necke. In ſtead of lockes

Vpon

Vpon her horrid front did serpents hisse;
Her combe, comb'd poyson downe, no part but this
Safe to be seene about *Medusa* was.
For who ere fear'd the monsters mouth, and face?
Whom, that had viewd her with an eye direct,
Did she ere suffer sense of death t'effect?
She hastned doubting fate, preventing dread;
Their bodies dy'd before their soules were fled:
Inclosed soules with bodies turn'd to stone.
The furies haires could madnesse worke alone;
Cerberus hissing *Orpheus* musicke still'd;
Alcides saw that *Hydra*, which he kill'd;
But this strange monster even her father, who
Is the seas second god, her mother too
Cetos, and *Gorgon* sisters feated, she
Could strik a numnesse through the sea, and skie:
And harden all the world into a stone.
Birds in their flight have fall'n congealed downe.
Running wild beasts to rockes converted were;
And all the neighb'ring Æthiopians there
To marble statues, not a creature brookes
The sight of her: t'avoyd the *Gorgons* lookes
Her snakes themselves backward themselves invert.
She neere *Alcides* pillars could convert
Titanian *Atlas* to an hill, and those
Giants with serpents feet, that durst oppose
The gods themselves, those warres in Philegra field
Her face could end, but shewd in *Pallas* shield.
Thither the son of showre-rap'd *Danae*
Borne on th'Arcadian wings of *Mercurie*
Inventer of the harp, and wrestling game,
Flying through th'aire with borrow'd Harpe came,
Harpe, whom monsters blood before did staine,
When he, that kept *Iove's* loved cow was slaine.
Ayd to her winged brother *Pallas* gave,
Conditioning the *Gorgons* head to have.

She bids him fly to Libaes Eaſterne bound
His face averted, on the *Gorgons* ground,
In his left hand a ſhield of ſhining braſſe,
Wherein to ſee the ſtone transforming face
Of ſterne *Meduſa*, *Pallas* bad him keeepe;
Then lay'd *Meduſa* in an endleſſe ſleepe,
But yet not all; part of her ſnaky haire
Defends her head: ſome ſnakes ſtill waking are;
Some ore the face, and ſleeping eylids glide.
Minerva doth th'averted *Perſeus* guide,
And with a trembling hand directs the ſtroake,
Of his Cyllenian Harpe, which quite broke
Her large ſnake-couer'd necke. How ſtrange a looke
Had *Gorgons* head cut off by *Perſeus* ſtroke,
And towring blade? what poyſon did ariſe
In her blacke mouth? what death ſhot from her eyes?
Which not *Minerva* durſt to looke vpon;
And *Perſeus*, ſure, had bin congeal'd to ſtone,
Had not *Minerva* hid that diſmall face
With thoſe ſnake haires. Now *Perſeus* flyes apace
To heaven with *Gorgons* head, but in his mind
Conſidering how the neareſt way to find,
Over the midſt of Europe meanes to fly;
But *Pallas* ſtraight forbids that injury
To Europes fruitfull fields, and bids him ſpare
The people there, for who can in the ayre
Refraine to gaze, when ſuch a bird he ſpyes.
Perſeus converts his courſe, and Weſtward flyes
Ore deſart Libya, whoſe vnfruitfull ſeat
Vntill'd lyes ope to nought but *Phebus* heat;
Who runs his burning courſe ſtraight ore their heads.
No land then this a larger ſhadow ſpreads
'Gainſt heaven, nor more the moones eccliſpe doth cauſe
When ſtraying nos in latitude, ſhe drawes
Neither to North nor South, but ſtill is found
In ſignes direct. Yet this vnfruitfull ground

Barren

Barren in all that's good, a seed could yeild
From venome, which *Medusaes* head distill'd.
From those dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
Sols aiding heat did give new monsters birth.
First from that dust so mixt with poyson bred
Rose the sleep-causing Aspe with swelling head,
Made of the thickest drop of *Gorgons* gore,
Which in no serpent is compacted more.
She wanting heat seekes not a colder clime,
Content to liue in her owne Libyaes slime,
But oh how shameleſſe is our thirſt of gaine?
Those Libyan deaths are carryed ore the maine,
And Aspes at Rome are sold as merchandise.
In scaly folds the great *Hæmorrhus* lyes,
Whose bite from all parts drawes the flowing blood.
Cherſideos then, that both in land and flood
Of doubtfull *Syrtes* lives; *Chelydri* too;
That make a reeking slime where ere they goe.
The Cenchris creeping in a tract direct,
Whose speckled belly with more spots is deckt,
Then ere the various Theban marble takes.
Sand-colour'd Ammodytes, th' horned snakes,
That creepe in winding tracks; the Scytale;
No snake in winter casts her skin but she,
The double-head; Dipsas, that thirſty makes;
The water spoyling Newte, the dart-like snakes.
The Pareas, whose way his tale doth guide;
The greedy Prestor too distending wide
His venome-foaming mouth; the Seps, whose bite
Consumes the bones, dissolves the body quite.
The Basiliske, whose hisse all snakes doth scarre,
(Hurtfull before the venome touch) who far
All vulgar-serpents from his sight commands,
Reigning alone vpon the empty'd sands.
You dragons too, glistring in golden pride,
Who hurtleſſe wander through all lands beside,

Not

Hot Affrick mortall makes; aloft you fly
Through the ayre on wings, and follow speedily
The heards; your ſtrokes the mightyeſt buls deſtroy,
Great Elephants not ſcape you: all you kill,
Nor neede you poyſons helpe to worke your will.
This thirſty way among theſe venom'd ſnakes
Cato amids his hardy ſouldiers takes:
Where many loſſes of his men he found,
And deaths vnuſuall from a little wound.
A trodden Dipſas turning backe his head
Did bite young *Aulus* Enſigne bearer, bred
Of *Thyrrhene* race: no griefe, nor paine enſu'd:
His wound no pity found, no danger ſhew'd,
But in (alas) did fiery venome deepe
Into his marrow, and ſcorch'd entrailes creepe.
Which quite drunke vp all moiſture, that ſhould flow
Into his vitall parts: his palate now
And tongue is ſcorch'd, and dry; no ſweate could goe
To his tir'd joynts, from's eyes no teares could flow.
His place, nor his ſad generalls command
Could ſtay this thirſty man; out of his hand
He throwes his Eagle; water runnes to have,
Which the dry venome in his heart did crave.
Though he in midſt of Tanais did ly,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drinke the ſtreames, where ever Nilus flowes.
The ſoyle ads to his drought, the worme doth looſe
Her venoms fame, help'd by ſo hot a land.
He digs, and ſeekes each veine in all the ſand.
Now to the Syrts he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kind,
Of death he dy'd, nor his diſeaſe could finde,
But thinkes it thirſt; and now full faine he would
Rip open all his veines, and drinke his blood.

Cato commands them (loath his men ſhould ſtay
To know what thirſt was) ſtraight to march away.
But a more woefull death before his eye
Appear'd; a Sepa on poore *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which he ſtraight with his hands
Caſt off, and with his pile nail'd to the ſands;
A little ſnake, but none more full then ſhe
Of horrid death, the fleſh falls off, that nigh
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the body naked ſhewes the wound,
His ſhanks fall off, matter each members fillis,
His knees are bar'd, his groine blacke filth diſtills,
And ev'ry muſcle, of his thighes diſſolves:
The skin, that all his naturall parts involves,
Breaking lets fall his bowels, nor doth all
That ſhould remaine of a dead body, fall.
The cruell venome, eating all the parts,
All to a little poiſonous filth converts.
The poiſon breakes his nerves, his ribs doth part,
Opens his hollow breaſt, there ſhewes his heart,
His vitalls all, yea all that man compoſes,
And his whole nature this foule death diſcloſes;
His head, necke, ſhoulders, and ſtrong armes doe flow
In venomous filth, not ſooner melts the ſnow
By hot Southwindes, nor waxe againſt the Sunne.
This is but ſmall I ſpeake; burnt bodyes run
Melted by fire in filth, but what fire ere
Diſſolv'd the bones? no bones of his appeare.
Following their putrid juce, they leave no ſigne
Of this ſwift death, the palme is only thine
Of all the Lybyan ſnakes; the ſoule take they,
But thou alone the carcaſſe tak'ſt away.
But lo a death quite contrary to it,
Marſian Naſidius an hot Preſter bit,
Whoſe face, and cheekes a ſuddaine fire did roſt;
His fleſh and skin was ſtretch'd, his ſhape was loſt.

His

His ſwelling body is diſtended far
Paſt humane growth, and undiſtinguiſh'd are
His limbs; all parts the poyſon doth confound,
And he lies hid, in his owne body drownd:
Nor can his armour keep his ſwolne growth in.
Not more doth boyling water riſe within
A brazen caldron, nor are ſailes more ſwell'd
By Weſterne winds. No limbe he now can yield.
A globe deform'd he is, an heap confus'd.
Which ravening beaſts did feare, which birds refus'd:
To which his friends durſt doe no obſequy,
Nor touch, but from the growing carcaſſe fly.
But yet theſe ſnakes preſent more horrid ſights,
A fierce *Hæmorrhus* noble *Tullus* bites,
A brave young man, that ſtudy'd *Cato's* worth.
And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
Through ev'ry hole the preſſed ſaffron goes,
So from his every part red poyſon flowes
For blood; his teares were blood: from every pore,
Where nature vented moyſture heretofore,
His mouth, his noſe, flowes blood: his ſweat is red:
His running veines all parts be bloodied.
And his whole body's but one wound become.
An Aſpes ſharpe bite did *Lævus* heart benumme;
No paine he felt, ſurpris'd with ſudden ſleep
He dy'd, deſcending to the Stygian deep.
Not halfe ſo ſuddaine doe thoſe poyſons kill
Which dire Sabæan ſorcerers diſtill
From off the falſely ſeeming Sabine tree.
On an old ſtumpe a dart-like ſnake did lye,
Which, as from thence her ſelfe ſhe nimbly threw,
Through *Paulus* head, and wounded temples flew.
Twas not the poiſon wrought his fate, the blow
It ſelfe brought death. To her compared ſlow
Fly ſtones from ſlings, and not ſo ſwift as ſhe
From Parthian bowes doe winged arrowes flee.

What help'd it wretched *Murrus* that he did
Kill a fierce Basiliske? the poyson slid
Along his speare, and fastned on his hand,
Which he cut off, and then did safely stand
With that hands losse, viewing securely there
The sad example of his death so neere.
Who would have thought the knotty Scorpion had
Such power in killing, or a sting so bad?
Her straight stroke won, when she *Orian* slew,
A trophee, which the constellations shew.
Who, small Solpuga, from thy hole would flee?
Yet the three Sisters give their power to thee.
So that no rest they found by night, nor day;
They fear'd the ground it selfe on which they lay.
For neither heaps of leaves, nor reeds they found
To make them beds; but on the naked ground
Expos'd their bodies, whose warme vapors steame
By night attracted the cold snakes to them,
Whose harmlesse jawes, whilst nights astringent cold
The poyson freez'd, unhurt their bosomes hold.
Nor by the guidance of the starres their way
Can they discerne, but oft complayning say,
Restore, oh gods, to us those wars againe,
From which we fled: Restore Pharsalia's plaine.
Why should we die, whose lives devoted were,
And sworne to war, the death of cowards here?
The Dipsases on *Cæsars* party are,
And horned snakes helpe end our civill war.
Oh let us goe where the hot Zone doth ly.
'Twould ease our grieved hearts, that to the sky
We might ascribe our deaths. In nought doe we
Accuse thee, Africa, or nature thee.
For thou this monster-bearing countrey tane
From mens plantation, didst for snakes ordaine.
This land all barren, where no corne could thrive,
Thou mad'st, that men might from these serpents live.

But

But we are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on us, thou god, who ere
Hating our journey, didst the world divide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on tother, deaths sad seat
Plac'd in the midst. To thy moist hid retreat
Our civill war dares goe; to the worlds end
Our wayes, through natures secrets prying, tend.
Worse things, perchance, must be indur'd then this.
The pole declines, the setting Sun doth hisse
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further ly
This way; then *Iubæs* wofull monarchy
Knowne but by fame, we shall perchance againe
Wish for this serpents land; th'ayre doth containe
Some comfort yet: some things are living here.
Alas, we wish not for our countrey deare,
Europe, nor Asia, different Suns which see:
Vnder what pole, oh Africk, left we thee?
Twas winter at Cyrene when we lay:
Is the yeares course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backs: to th'adverse pole
Our journey tends; about the world we rowle.
We are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Let this our comfort be, Let *Cæsar* come,
Oh let our foes pursue where we have fled.
Thus they in sad complaints unburdened
Their loaded patience. *Catoes* virtue keeps
Them proofe 'gainst any labour, who still sleeps
Vpon the naked sands, and every hower,
Present at every fate, tempts fortunes power.
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow
Far more then health, a strength to undergoe
Even death it selfe. Whilst *Catoes* standing by
They are asham'd impatiently to dy.
What power ore him had any misery?
Whose presence griefe in others brests subdew'd,

And what ſmall power can be in ſorrow, ſhew'd.
Some eaſe at laſt did tired fortune give
To their long ſuffrings, there a nation live
Marmarian (*d*) Pſylls, from ſerpents biting free.
They arm'd with powerfull incantations be.
Their blood's ſecure, and, though they did not charme,
By touch of poyſon cannot ſuffer harme.
The places nature this did juſtly give,
That ſerpent-free they might with ſerpents live.
Twas well, that in this poyſonous ayre they breath;
For peace is made betwixt themſelves, and death.
Of their owne broods ſuch certaine proofes have all,
That when to ground a new-borne child doth fall,
Fearing ſtrange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
By deadly Aſpes they try the doubted child.
As th'Eagle when her Eagles are diſclos'd,
Layes them againſt the riſing Sun expos'd;
Thoſe that with ſteedy eye can view his beames,
And boldly gaze, thoſe onely ſhe eſteemes,
The other ſcornes: the Pſylls ſo count it there
Their nations pledge, if infants doe not feare
The ſerpents touch, or freely play with ſnakes.
They not content with their owne ſafety, take
For ſtrangers care; and following th'army then
Againſt thoſe ſerpents ayded *Catoes* men.
For when the campe was pitch'd, thoſe ſands, that lay
Within the compaſſe of the trenches, they
D d purge with ſnake-expelling charmes throughout,
And medcinable fires made round about.
There Wallwort cracks, and fennell gum doth fry,
Thin Tamariſk, Theſſalian *Centory*,
Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
Sicilian *Thapſos* burnd with Sulphurwort.
Larche trees, and Southernwood, which ſerpents dread
And hornes of ſtags far off from Africk bred.

So

So night was ſafe. If ſtung by day they were,
That magick nations miracles appeare;
For 'gainſt the Pſylls the taken venome ſtrives;
Marks to the wounded place their ſpirtle gives;
Whoſe force the poyſon in the wound doth ſtay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charmes they ſay
In ceaſeleſſe murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger gives. Approaching ſpeedy death
Admits no ſilence. Oft hath poyſon tane
In th'inmoſt parts beene charm'd away againe.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poyſon dare to tarry long,
Then falling downe they lick the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite ſqueezing it round
Suck with their mouths the poyſon out, and it
Extracted from the key-cold body ſpit.
And in their mouths taſting the poyſon well
What ſerpent deepeſt bite the Pſylls can tell.
Now ore the fields encourag'd by their ayd
The Roman ſouldiers wander'd leſſe afraid.
Thus *Cato* treading ſands of Libya
The Moone twice waning, and twice wexing ſaw.
Now more and more the ſands to harden gan,
And Africks thicken'd ground grew glebe againe.
Trees here, and there began t'extend their ſhade:
And cottages of reeds and ſedges made.
How great an hope of better ground had they,
When firſt they ſaw fierce Lions croſſe their way?
Lepeis was neer'ſt, which quiet harbour lent.
There winter free from heat, and ſtormes they ſpent.
Now *Cæſar* with Pharſaliaes ſlaughter cloy'd
Leaving all other cares, his thought imploy'd
In the purſuit of *Pompey*, and was brought
(When he his ſteps by land had vainly ſought)
By fames report to ſea, and paſſed ore
The Thracian ſtraits, and that love-famed ſhore,

Where once faire *Heroes* wofull turret ſtood;
Where *Helles* tragedy new-nam'd the flood.
No armes of ſea-bounds with a ſtreame ſo ſmall
Aſia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine ſea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to ſee renown'd Sigæan ſands,
The ſtreame of Simois, and Rhætæan lands
Fam'd for the Græcian worthies tombe, where ſly
Great ghoſts ſo much in debt to Poetry.
Sack'd Troyes yet honour'd name he goes about,
To find th'old wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitleſſe trees, old oakes with putrify'd,
And rotten roots the Trojan houſes hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's oreſpred
With buſhes thick, her ruines ruined.
He ſees the bridall greve, *Anchiſes* lodg'd,
Heſiones rock, the cave where *Paris* judg'd,
Where nymph *Oenone* play'd, the place ſo fam'd
For *Ganimedes* rape, each ſtone is nam'd.
A little gliding ſtreame, which *Xanthus* was,
Vnknowne he paſt, and in the lofty graſſe
Securely trod; a Phrygian ſtraight forbid
Him tread on *Hectors* duſt: with ruines hid
The ſtone retain'd no ſacred memory.
Reſpect you not great *Hectors* tombe, quoth he?
Oh great, and ſacred work of Poeſie,
That freeſt from fate, and giv'ſt eternity
To mortall wights! but, *Cæſar*, envie not
Their living names, if Roman muſes ought
May promiſe thee, while *Homer's* honoured,
By future times ſhall thou, and I be read;
No age ſhall us with darke oblivion ſtaine,
But our Pharſalia ever ſhall remaine.
Then *Cæſar* pleas'd with ſight of theſe ſo prais'd
Antiquities, a greene turfe-altar rais'd,

And

And by the frankincenſe-fed fire prepar'd
Theſe orizons not vaine; you gods, that guard
Theſe *Heroës* duſt, and in Troyes ruines reigne;
Æneas houſhold gods, that ſtill maintaine
In Alba, and Lavinia your ſhrines,
Vpon whoſe altars fire yet Trojan ſhines;
Thou ſacred temple clos'd Palladium,
That in the ſight of man didſt never come;
The greateſt heire of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former ſeat implores your grace,
And pious incenſe on your altars layes;
Proſper my courſe, and thankfull Rome ſhall raiſe
Troyes walls againe, your people Ile reſtore,
And build a Roman Troy. This ſaid, to ſhore
He haſts, takes ſhipping, and to *Coreus* lends
His full-ſpread ſailes with haſte to make amends
For theſe delayes, and with a proſperous wind
Leaves wealthy Aſia, and faire Rhodes behind.
The Weſtwind blowing ſtill, the ſeventh night
Diſcovers Ægypts ſhore by Pharian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appeares,
And dims the nightly fires, when *Cæſar* heares
Strange tumults on the ſhore, noiſes of men,
And doubtfull murmurings, and fearing then
To truſt himſelfe at land, ſtayes in his fleet;
Whom ſtraight *Achillas* launches forth to meet
Bringing his Kings dire gift great *Pompeyes* head
With an Ægyptian mantle covered;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.
Lord of the world, greateſt of Roman race,
And now ſecure (which yet thou doſt not know)
In *Pompeyes* death, my King doth here beſtow
What onely wanted in Pharſalia's field,
And what thy wars, and travels end will yield:
We in thy abſence finiſh'd civill war.
For *Pompey* here deſiring to repaire

Theſſalia's ruines, by our ſword lyes ſlaine,
By this great pledge, *Cæſar*, we ſeeke to gaine
Thy love, and in his blood our league to make.
Here without bloodſhed Ægypts kingdome take,
Take all Niles fertile regions, and receive
What ever thou for *Pompeyes* head wouldſt give:
Think him a friend worthy thine armes to have,
To whom the fates ſuch power ore *Pompey* gave.
Nor think his merit cheape, ſince brought to paſſe
With eaſie ſlaughter, his old friend he was,
And to his baniſh'd father did reſtore
The crowne of Ægypt. But why ſpeak I more?
Find thou a name for this great work of his,
Or aske the world; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'ſt to him, that from thee tooke
This act of villany. Thus having ſpoke
Straight he uncovers, and preſents the head,
Whoſe ſcarſe-knowne looks pale death had altered.
Cæſar at his firſt gift would not refuſe,
Nor turne his eyes away, but fixtly views
Till he perceiv'd twas true, and plainly ſaw
Twas ſafe to be a pious father in law;
Then ſhed forc'd teares, and from a joyfull breaſt
Drew ſighs, and grones as thinking teares would beſt
Conceale his inward joy: ſo quite orethrowes
The tyrants merit, and doth rather choſe
To weep, then owe to him for *Pompeyes* head.
He that on ſlaughter'd Senators could tread,
And ſee the blood-ſtain'd fields of Theſſaly
Dry-ey'd, to thee alone durſt not deny
The tributte of his eyes. Strange turne of fate,
Weep'ſt thou for him, whom thou with impious hate
Cæſar, ſo long purſu'dſt? could not the love
Of Daughter, Nephew, not aliance move?
Thinkſt thou among thoſe people, that bewaile
Great *Pompeyes* death, theſe teares can ought availe?

Perchance

Perchance thou envy'ſt *Ptolomeys* dire fact,
And griev'ſt that any had the power to act
This but thy ſelfe, that the revenge of war
Was loſt, and taken from the conquerer.
What cauſe ſo ever did thy ſorrow move,
It was far diſtant from a pious love.
Was this the cauſe that thy purſuite did draw
Ore land, and ſea to ſave thy ſonne in law?
'Twas well, ſad fortune tooke the doome from thee,
And ſpar'd ſo far a Roman modeſty,
And not to ſuffer thee, falſe man, to give
Pardon to him, or pitie him alive,
Yet to deceive the world, and gaine beliefe
Thou add'ſt a language to thy fained griefe.
Thy bloody preſent from our preſence beare,
For worſe from *Cæſar*, then ſlaine *Pompey* here
Your wickedneſſe deſerves; the only meed
Of civill war to ſpare the conquered
We loſe by this, and did not *Ptolomey*
His ſiſter hate, I could with eaſe repay
This gift of his, and for ſo blacke a deed
Returne his ſiſter *Cleopatras* head.
Why wag'd he ſecret war, or why durſt he
Thus thruſt his ſword into our work? did we
By our Pharſalian victory afford
Your King this power, or licenſe Ægyps ſword?
I brook'd not *Pompey* to beare ſhare with me
In rule of Rome, and ſhall I *Ptolomey*?
All nations joyned in our warre in vaine,
If any other power on earth remaine
But *Cæſar* now; if any land ſerve two.
We were determin'd from your ſhore to goe,
But fame forbid us, leſt we ſhould ſeeme more
To feare then hate dire Ægypts bloody ſhore.
And doe not thinke you have deceived me:
To us was meant ſuch hoſpitalitie.

And 'twas our fortune in Theſſalia's war,
That frees this head. With greater danger far
Then could be fear'd, we fought. I fear'd the doome
Of baniſhment, the threats of wrathfull Rome,
And *Pompeys* force: but had I fled, I ſee
My puniſhment had come from *Ptolomey*.
We ſpare his age, and pardon his foule fact;
For let your King for ſuch a deed expect
No more then pardon. But doe you interre
This Worthy's head: not that the earth may beare,
And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours ſtore
T'appeaſe his head, and gather from the ſhore
His ſcatter'd limbs, compoſe them in one tombe,
Let his deare ghoſt perceive that *Cæſar's* come,
And heare my pious griefe. Whilſt he preferres
All deſperate hazards before me, and dares
Rather to truſt his life with *Ptolomey*,
The people all have loſt a joyfull day,
The world our peace: the gods my prayers deny'd
That laying theſe victorious armes aſide
I might embrace thee, *Pompey*, and requeſt
Our former life, and love, and thinke me bleſt
After this war thy equall ſtill to be.
Then had my faithfull love perſwaded thee
Though conquer'd to excuſe the gods, and make
Thee Rome to pardon me. Though thus he ſpake,
He found no partners in his griefe; the reſt
Beleſt not his, and their owne teares ſuppreſt,
And durſt (oh happy freedom) with dry eye,
Though *Cæſar* wept, behold this tragedie.

FINIS Libri noni.

Annotations on the ninth Booke.

(a) *Whilest the event of the civill warre was yet doubtfull, and both the Generalls were possessed of their full strengths,* Cato *was fearfull of both their intents, and hated them both; as fearing that the Conquerour would captive his countrey; but after the battaile of Pharsalia was fought, and* Cæsar *had conquered, hee was then wholly of* Pompey's *side, desiring to uphold the party vanquished.*

(b) Pompey *the great pursuing* Cæsar *into Thessalia, had left* Cato *with a great strength to guard Dyrrachium, who hearing the overthrow, and flight of* Pompey, *marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow* Pompey *to joyne his strength with him.*

(c) Cato *at Cyrene hearing that* Lucius Scipio *the father-in-law of* Pompey *the great was joyned in Africa with* Iuba *King of Mauritania, and that* Atius Varus *whom* Pompey *had deputed his Lieutenant in Africa, was there also, marched over-land thither, in which march being thirty dayes upon those desart sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity indureing the journey; forsaking his horse alwayes, and marching afoote in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather then command them to indure hardnesse; hee arrived at last at* Iuba's *court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him Generall, hee refused the charge, and chose rather to serve under* Scipio, *then command himselfe in chiefe.*

(d) *These Psylli are a people inhabiting those parts of Africa fortifyed by nature with an incredible priviledge against the strength of poyson, and sustaine no harme by the biting of serpents. The serpents (saith* Plinie) *are afrayd of them, and when others are bitten, these Psylli by sucking*

ing the wounds, and muttering some charmes doe easily cure them. They have a custome (as Writers report) when their children are borne, if the father suspect his wives chastity, hee exposes the infant to all kinde of serpents; if begotten by a stranger, the child dyeth, but if lawfully begotten, the privilege of his fathers blood protecteth him against the venome.

LVCANS

LVCANS
PHARSALIA.

The Tenth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar in Ægypt feareleſſe walkes, and ſees
Their temples, tombes, and fam'd antiquityes.
Before his feete faire Cleopatra *kneeles,*
Whom to her brother king he reconciles.
With ſumptuous feaſts this peace they celebrate,
To Cæsars *eare* Achoreus *doth relate*
Niles ebbes, and flowes, and long concealed ſpring.
Within the pallace Cæsar, *and the King*
By ſterne Achillas *are beſieg'd by night.*
Cæsar *to* Pharos *takes a ſecret flight;*
There from his ſhip he leapes into the waves,
And his endanger'd life by ſwimming ſaves.

When *Cæsar* firſt, poſſeſt of *Pompey's* head,
Arrived there, and thoſe dire ſandes did tread:
His fortune ſtreve with guilty Ægypts fate,
Whether that Rome that land ſhould captivate;
Or Ægypts ſword take from the world the head
Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.

Pompey

Pompey, thy ghoſt prevailes, thy *Manes* free
Cæſar from death, leſt Nile ſhould after thee
Be by the Romans lov'd. He goes from thence
To Alexandria arm'd with confidence
In this dire miſchiefes pledge, following along
His faſces. But perceiving that the throng
Of people murmur'd that in Ægypt he
Bore th' Enſignes up of Romes authority,
He findes their wavering faiths, perceiving plaine
That for his ſake great *Pompey* was not ſlaine,
Then with a looke ſtill hiding feare goes he
The ſtately temple of th' old god to ſee,
Which ſpeakes the ancient Macedonian greatneſſe.
But there delighted with no obiects ſweeteneſſe,
Not with their gold, nor gods majeſticke dreſſe,
Nor lofty city walls, with gredineſſe
Into the burying vault goes *Cæſar* downe.
Their Macedonian *Philip's* mad-brain'd ſon
The proſperous thiefe lyes buryed: whom juſt fate
Slew in the worlds revenge: vaults conſecrate (juſt
Containe thoſe limbs, which through the world 'twere
To caſt abroad: but fortune ſpar'd his duſt,
And to that Kingdomes end his fate remain'd.
If ere the world her freedome had attaind,
He for a mocke had beene reſerv'd, whoſe birth
Brought ſuch a dire example to the earth,
So many lands to be poſſeſt by one,
Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
And Athens, which his father had ſubdew'd:
Through Aſian lands, with human ſlaughter ſtrew'd,
Led by too forward fates he ruſhes on,
Driving his ſword through every nation:
Rivers vnknowne, Euphrates he diſtaines
With Perſians blood Ganges with Indians:
Th' earths fatall miſchiefe, lightning dire, that rents
All people, and a ſtar malevolent

To

To nations. To invade the South-east ſea
He built a fleete. Not barren Libya,
Water nor heat, nor Ammons deſart ſands
Could ſtop his courſe. Vpon the Weſterne lands
(Following the worlds devexe) he meant to tread,
To compaſſe both the poles, and drinke Niles head.
But death did meete his courſe; that checke alone
Could nature give this Kings ambition:
VVho to his grave the worlds ſole Empire bore,
VVith the ſame envy, that 'twas got before;
And wanting heires left all he did obtaine
To be devided by the ſword againe.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd, Oh ſhame, that Eaſterne nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian ſpeare
Farre more, then now the Roman pile they feare.
Though all the North, the Weſt, and South be ours,
In th' Eaſt the Parthian King contemnes our powers.
That, which to *Craſſus* proov'd a fatall place,
A ſecure province to ſmall *Pella* was.
Now the young King come from Peluſium
Had pacify'd the peoples wrath: in whom
As hoſtage of his peace, in Ægypts court
Cæſar was ſafe; when loe from Pharos port,
Bribing the keeper to vnchaine the ſame,
In a ſmall galley *Cleopatra* came
Vnknowne to *Cæſar* entering the houſe:
The ſtaine of Ægypt, Romes pernicious
Fury, unchaſt to Italyes diſgrace,
As much as *Helen's* bewitching face
Fatall to Troy, and her owne Greekes did proove,
As much Romes broiles did *Cleopatra* moove.
Our Capitall ſhe with her Siſtrum ſcar'd,
With Ægypts baſe effœminate rout prepar'd
To ſeize Romes Eagles, and a triumph get
Ore captiv'd *Cæſar*: when at *Leucas* fleet

It doubtfull ſtood, whether the vvorld that day
A vvoman, and not Roman ſhould obey.
Her prides firſt ſpring that impious night had bin,
That vvith our chiefes mixt that inceſtuous queene.
Who vvould not pardon *Anthonyes* mad love,
When *Cæſars* ſtiffe breaſt deſires could move
In midſt of vvar, vvhen heat of fight rag'd moſt,
And in a court haunted by *Pompeys* ghoſt?
Embrevv'd vvith blood from dire Pharſalias field
Could he vnto adulterous *Venus* yeild?
And mixe vvith vvarlike cares (oh ſhameleſſe head)
A baſtard iſſue, and unlavvfull bed;
Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
To thee, faire *Iulia*, on a ſtrumpet mother:
Suffring the forces of his ſcattered foes
To joyne in Afrike, baſely he beſtowes
Time in Ægyptian love, a conquerer
Not for himſelfe, but to beſtow on her;
Whom, truſting to her beauty, without teares,
Though geſture ſad, with looſe, as if rent haires,
Dreſt in a beautifous, and becomming woe
Did *Cleopatra* meete, beſpeaking ſo:
If, mighty *Cæſar*, noblenеſſe there be,
Ægyptian kings royall iſſue I,
Depos'd and baniſht from my fathers ſtate,
If thy great hand reſtore my former fate,
Kneele at thy feet a queene; unto our nation
Thou doſt appeare a gracious conſtellation.
I am not the firſt woman that hath ſway'd
The Pharian ſcepter: Ægypt has obay'd
A queene; not ſexe excepted: I deſire
Thee read the will of my deceaſed Sire,
Who left me thee a partner to enjoy
My brothers crowne, and marriage bed. The boy
(I know) would love his ſiſter were he free:
But all his power, will, and affections be

Vnder *Photinus* girdle; to obtaine
The crowne I beg not, *Cæsar*, from this staine
Free thou our house: command the King to be
A King, and free from servants tyrannie.
Shall slaves so proud of *Pompeys* slaughter be,
Threatning the same (which fates avert) to thee?
Cæsar, 'tis shame enough to th'earth, and thee
His death *Photinus* gift, and guilt should be.
Her suit in *Cæsars* eares had found small grace,
But beauty pleads, and that incestuous face
Prevailes; the pleasures of a wanton bed
Corrupt the Iudge. The King had purchased
His peace with weighty summes of gold; which done,
With sumptuous feast this glad accord they crowne.
Her riot forth in highest pompe (not yet
Transferr'd to Rome) did *Cleopatra* set.
The house exceel'd those temples, which men build
In wickedst times, the high-arch'd rooфes were fill'd
With wealth: high trestells golden tables bore:
Nor did carv'd marble only cover ore
The house; alone th'unmixt Achates stood,
And pillars of red marble: their feet trod
On pavements of rich Onyx: pillars there
Not coverd with Ægyptian Eben were;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorne, but prop the pallace stood.
The roomes with Ivory glister'd, and each doore
In-layd with Indian shells, embellisht ore
With choisest Emeraulds: the beds all shone
With richest gems; and yellow Iasper stone.
Coverlids rich, some purple dy'd in graine,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron taine,
Part wove of glittering gold, part scarlet dy,
As is th' Ægyptian tile of Tapestry:
The servitours stood by, and waiting pages,
Some different in complexions, some in ages;

Some of blacke Libyan hew, some golden haires,
That *Cæsar* yields in all his German wars
He nere had seene so bright a yellow haire:
Some stiffe curl'd locks on Sun-burnt foreheads weare.
Besides th'unhappy strength-robb'd company
The Eunuch'd youths: neere these were standing by
Youths of a stronger age, yet those so young
Scarse any downe darkning their cheeks was sprung.
Downe sate the Princes, and the higher power
Cæsar; her hurtfull face all painted ore
Sate *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'injoy her brothers bed, nor Ægypts crowne:
Laden with pearles: the rich seas spoiled store
On her red haire, and weary'd necke she wore.
Her snowy brests their whiteneſse did disply
Thorow the thin Sidonian tiffenay
Wrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypts workmen. Citron tables stand
On Ivory tressells, such as *Cæsars* eyes
Saw not, when he King *Iuba* did surprise.
O blind ambitious madneſse to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a civill war,
And tempt an armed guest! For though that he
Sought not for wealth by wars impiety,
And the worlds wrack; suppose our chiefes of old
Were there, compos'd of that poore ages mould,
Fabritij, *Curij* grave, or that plaine man
That Consull from th'Etrurian plowes was tane,
Were sitting at those tables, home to Rome
With such a triumph he would wish to come.
In golden plate they fill their feasting boords
With what the aire, the earth, or Nile affords,
What luxury with vaine ambition had
Sought through the world, and not as hunger bade,
Beasts, fowles, the gods of Ægypt are devour'd:
From cristall Ewers is Niles water powr'd

Upon

Vpon their hands: ſtudded with gems that ſhine
Their bowles containe no Mareotick wine,
But ſtrong, and ſparkling wines of Meroë,
To whom full yeares give full maturity.
With fragrant Nard, and never-fading roſe
Their heads are crown'd: their haire annointed flowes
VVith ſweeteſt Cinnamon, that has not ſpent
His ſavour in the ayre, nor loſt his ſent
In forreine climes: and freſh Amomum brought
From harveſts neere at hand, there *Cæſar's* taught
The riches of the ſpoyled world to take;
And is aſham'd that he a war did make
VVith his poore ſon in law, deſiring now
Some quarrell would twixt him and Ægypt grow.
VVhen wine, and cakes had tir'd their glutted pleaſure,
Cæſar begins with long diſcourſe to meaſure
The houres of night, beſpeaking gently thus
The linnen-veſted grave *Achoreus*:
Old man devoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirmes) deſpis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing eares relate
Ægypts originall, her ſite, and ſtate,
VVorſhip of gods, and what doth ere remaine
In your old temples character'd, explaine.
The gods, that would be knowne, to us unfold,
If your forefathers their religion told
T'Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A gueſt more worthy, or more fit to heare?
Rumor of *Pompey* drew our march thus far,
And fame of you, for ſtill in midſt of war
I leaſure had of heaven, and gods to heare,
And the ſtars courſe: nor ſhall *Eudoxus* yeare
Excell my Conſulſhip. But though ſo much
My virtue be, my love of truth be ſuch,
There's nought I more deſire to know at all
Then Niles hid head, and ſtrange originall

So many yeares unknowne: grant but to me
A certaine hope the head of Nile to see,
Ile leave off civill war, *Cæsar* had done,
When thus divine *Achoreus* begun:
Let it be lawfull *Cæsar*, to unfold
Our great forefathers secrets hid of old
From the lay people. Let who ere suppose
It piety to keep these wonders close:
I think the gods are pleas'd to be made knowne;
And have their sacred lawes to people showne:
Planets, which crosse, and slack the tenth sphæres course,
Had from the worlds first law their different powers.
The Sun divides the yeares, makes nights, and dayes,
Dims other stars with his resplendent rayes.
And their wild courses moderates; the tides
Of Thetis *Phœbes* growth, and waning guides.
Saturne cold ice, and frozen zones obraines;
Mars ore the winds, and winged lightning raignes:
Quiet well temper'd ayre doth *Iove* possesse;
The seeds of all things *Venus* cherishes;
Cyllerius rules ore waters which are great;
He when he enters, where the dog-stars heat,
And burning fires display'd, there where the signe
Of *Cancer* hot doth with the Lyon joyne,
And where the Zodiack holds his *Capricorne*,
And *Cancer*, under which Niles head is borne:
Ore which when *Mercuries* proud fires doe stand,
And in a line direct, (as by command
Of Phœbe the obeying Ocean growes)
So from his open'd fountaine Nilus flowes;
Nor ebbs againe till night have from the Sun
Those howers recover'd, which the summer won.
Vaine was the old opinion, that Niles flow
Was caus'd, or help'd by Æthiopian snow.
For on those hils cold *Boreas* never blowes.
As there the natives Sunburnt visage showes.

And moiſt hot Southern winds. Beſides the head
Of every ſtreame, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
Swels then, when firſt the ſpring diſſolves the ſnowes.
But Nile before the dog-dayes never flowes,
Nor is confin'd within his banks againe
Till the Autumnal Æquinoctian:
Thence tis he knows no laws of other ſtreames,
Nor ſwels in winter, when *Sols* ſcorching beames
Are far remote, his waters want their end:
But Nile comes forth in ſummer time to lend
A cooler temper to the ſweltring ayre
Vnto the torrid zone, leſt fire impaire
The earth, unto her ſuccour Nilus drawes,
And ſwels againſt the Lyons burning jawes.
And when hot *Cancer* his *Siene* burnes,
Vnder her ayde implored Nilus turnes:
Nor till the Sun to Autumne doe deſcend,
And that hot Meroë her ſhades extend,
Doth he reſtore againe the drowned field.
Who can the cauſes of this flowing yield?
Even ſo our mother nature hath decreed
That Nile ſhould flow, and ſo the world hath need.
As vainly doth antiquity declare
The Weſtwinds cauſe of this increaſes are,
Which keep their ſeaſons ſtrictly, and long ſtay,
And beare within the ayre continu'd ſway.
Theſe from the Weſterne parts all clouds exile
Beyond the South, and hang them over Nile;
Or elſe their blaſts the rivers current meet,
And will not let it to the Ocean get;
Prevented ſo from falling to the maine
The ſtreame ſwells back, and overflows the plaine.
Some through the cavernes of earths hollow vvomb:
In ſecret channels think theſe waters come
Attracted to th'equator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his Meroë doth hold,

The ſcotched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and Padus flow unſeene together:
Venting all rivers at one fountaine ſo
VVithin one channell Nilus cannot goe.
From th'Ocean ſwelling, which begirts about
All lands, ſome think, increaſed Nile breaks out;
The waters looſe, ere they ſo far have ran,
Their ſaltneſſe quite. Beſides the Ocean
Is the ſtars food, we think, which *Phœbus* drawes,
VVhen he poſſeſſeth fiery *Cancers* clawes.
More then the ayre digeſts attracted ſo
Falls back by night, and cauſes Nilus flow.
I think if I may judge ſo great a caſe,
Some waters ſince the great creation was,
In after ages from ſome earthly vaine
Have broke: ſome others god did then ordaine
VVhen he created all the world, whoſe tides
By certaine lawes the great Creator guides.
Cæſar's deſire to know our Nilus ſpring
Poſſeſt th'Ægyptian, Perſian, Græcian king;
No age, but ſtriv'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Phillip's great ſon, *Memphis* moſt honourd king
Sent to th'earths utmoſt bounds to find Niles ſpring
Choice Æthiops; they trod the ſunburnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there warme Nilus found.
The fartheſt Weſt our great *Seſoſtris* ſaw,
VVhilſt captive kings did his proud charlot draw:
Yet there your Rhodanus, and Padus ſpy'd
Before our Niles hid fountaine he deſcry'd.
The mad Cambiſes to the Eaſtern lands,
And long-liv'd people came. His famiſht bands
Quite ſpent, and with each others (*a*) ſlaughter fed
Return'd, thou, Nile, yet undiſcovered.
No tale dares mention thine originall
Th'art ſought, wherever ſeene. No land at all

Can

Can boaſt that Nile is hers. Yet Ile reveale,
As far as that ſame god, that doth conceale
Thy ſpring, inſpires me. From th'Antartick pole
Vnder hot Cancer doe thy ſurges rowle
Directly North, winding to Eaſt and Weſt,
Sometimes th'Arabians, ſometimes Libyans bleſt
With fruitfulneſſe thou makſt, the Seres ſpy
Thee firſt, and ſeek thee too, thy channell by
The Æthiopians, as a ſtranger flowes:
And the world knowes not to what land it owes
Thy ſacred head, which nature hid from all,
Leſt any land ſhould ſee thee, Nilus, ſmall.
She turn'd away thy ſpring, and did deſire
No land ſhall know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the ſummer Solſtice art oreflowne
Bringing with thee a winter of thine owne,
When winter is not ours: nature alone
Suffers thy ſtreames to both the poles to run.
Not there thy mouth, not here thy ſpring is found.
Thy parted channell doth incompaſſe round
Meroë fruitfull to black husband-men,
And rich in Eben wood: whoſe leaves, though greene,
Can with no ſhade aſſwage the ſummers heat,
Vnder the Lyon ſo directly ſet.
From thence thy current with no waters loſſe
Ore the hot zone, and barren deſerts goes,
Sometimes collected in one channell going,
Sometimes diſpers'd and yielding banks oreflowing.
His parted armes againe collected ſlide
In one ſlow ſtreame, where *Philas* doth divide
Arabia from Ægypt. Ore the ſand,
Where the red ſea by one ſmall neck of land
From ours is kept, thou, Nile, doſt gently flow.
Oh who would think thou ere ſo rough couldſt grow
That ſees thee gentle here, but when thy way
Steepe Cataracks, and craggy rocks would ſtay,

Thy

Thy never curbed waves with scorne despise
Those petty lets, and foaming lave the skies:
Thy waters sound, with noise the neighbouring hils
Thy conquering streame with froath grown hoary fils.
Hence he with fury first assaults that Ile,
Which our forefathers did *Abatos* stile,
And those neere rocks, which they were pleas'd to call
The rivers veines, because they first of all
His swelling groath did show. Hence nature did
His straggling waves within high mountaines hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Africk; betwixt those
As in a vale thy pent up water flowes.
At *Memphis* first thou runn'st in fields, and plaines,
Where thy proud streame all banks, and bounds disdains.
Thus they secure, as if in peace, a part
Of night discours'd. But base *Photinus* heart
Once stain'd with sacred blood, could nere be free
From horrid thoughts, since *Pompeyes* murder he
Counts nought a crime; great *Pompeyes Manes* bide
Within his breast, and vengefull furies guide
His thoughts to monsters new, hoping to staine
Base hands with *Cæsars* blood, which fates ordaine
Great Senators shall shed. Fate to a slave
That day almost the Senates vengeance gave,
The mulct of civill war. Oh gods defend,
Let none that life in *Brutus* absence end.
Shall th'excution of Romes tyrant be
Base Ægypts crime, and that example dy?
Bold man, he makes attempt against fates course,
Nor at close murder aymes, by open force
A most unconquer'd Captaine he assaults;
So much are minds emboldein'd by their faults.
He durst the death of *Cæsar* now command,
As *Pompeyes* once, and by a faithfull hand
To sterne *Achillas* thus dire message send,
Who shar'd with him in murder'd *Pompeyes* end,

Whom the weak King against himselfe, and all
Trusts with a strength, his forces generall.
Thou on thy downy bed securely snort,
Whilst *Cleopatra* hath surpris'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'd, but given away.
Hast thou (though all alone) this match to stay.
Th'incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
Cæsar already has injoy'd her bed:
Twixt those two husbands Ægypt is her owne,
And Rome her hire for prostitution.
Have *Cleopatras* sorceries beguil'd
Old *Cæsars* brest, and shall we trust a child?
Who, if one night incestuously imbrac'd
The beastly pleasures of her bed he tast
Cloth'd with the name of marriage, twixt each kisse
He gives my head, and thine, the gibbet is
Our fortune, if he find his sister sweet.
Hope we no ayd from any side to meet:
The King her husband, her adulterer
Cæsar; and we (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatras* sight, where 'twill appeare
Crime great enough that we are chast from her.
Now by that crime, which we together did,
And lost; and by the league we ratify'd
In *Pompeys* blood, I pray be speedy here,
Fill on the suddaine all with war, and feare:
Let blood break off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruell Queene, whose armes soere she fill
In bed to night. Nor feare we *Cæsars* fate:
That which advanc'd him to this height of state,
The fall of *Pompey* was our glory too;
Behold the shore, and learne what we can doe,
Our mischiefes hope: behold the bloody'd waue,
And in the dust great *Pompeys* little grave
Scarse covering all his limbs; He, whom we feare,
Was but his peece. But we ignoble are

In

In blood: all one: we ſtir no forraigne ſtate,
Nor King to ayd, but our owne proſperous fate
To miſchiefe bring; and ſtill into our hands
Fortune delivers them; ſee ready ſtands
Another nobler Sacrifice then he;
The ſecond blood appeaſes Italie.
The blood of *Cæſar* will thoſe ſtaines remove,
Which *Pompeys* murder ſtucke, and make Rome love
Thoſe hands ſhe once thought guilty. Feare not than
His fame, and ſtrength, hee's but a private man
His army abſent. This one night ſhall end
The civill war, and to whole nations ſend
A ſacrifice t'appeaſe their ghoſts below,
And pay the world that head, which fates doe owe.
Goe confidently then 'gainſt *Cæſars* throat:
For *Ptolomey* let Ægyps ſouldiers do't,
The Romans for themſelves. But ſtay not thou;
Hee's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Doe but attempt, the gods on thee beſtow
Nh'effect of *Brutus*, and grave *Cato's* vow.
Achillas prone to follow ſuch anviſe
Drawes out his army ſtraight in ſecret wiſe,
Without loud ſignalls giv'n, or trumpets noiſe
Their armed ſtrength he ſuddainly imployes.
The greateſt part were Roman ſouldiers there,
But ſo degenerate, and (*b*) chang'd they were
With forraigne diſcipline, that voyd of ſhame
Vnder a barbarous ſlaves command they came,
Who would diſdaine to ſerve proud Ægypts King.
No faith, nor piety thoſe hirelings bring
That follow campes: where greateſt pay is had,
There's greateſt right; for money they invade,
Not for their owne juſt quarrell, *Cæſars* throat.
Oh wickedneſſe, within what land hrs not
Our Empires wretched fate found civill war?
Thoſe troops remov'd from Theſſaly ſo far

Rage

Rage Roman-like here upon Nilus shore.
What durst the house of *Lagus* venture more
Had they receiv'd great *Pompey?* but each hand
Performes that office, which the gods command;
Each Roman hand helpe to this war must lend,
The gods were so dispos'd Romes state to rend.
Nor now doth *Cæsars*, or great *Pompeys* love
Divide the people, or their factions move.
This civil war *Achillas* undertakes,
A barbarous slave a Roman faction makes.
And had not fates protected *Cæsars* blood,
This side had wonne, in time both ready stood;
The Court in feasting drownd did open ly
To any treason; and then easily
Might they have tane at table *Cæsars* head,
His blood amidst the feasting goblets shed.
But in the night tumultuous war they feare,
Promiscuous slaughter rul'd by chance, lest there
Their King might fall; so confident they are
Of their owne strength, they haften not, but spare
So great an actions opportunity.
Slaves thinke deferring *Cæsars* death to be
A reparable losse. Till day break light
His execution is put off. One night
To *Cæsars* life *Photinus* power could give,
And till *Sol* rises grant him leave to live.
Now on mount Casius *Lucifer* appear'd;
And with hot day though infant Ægypt chear'd;
When from the wall they view'd those troops afar
March on well rack'd, and marshall'd for a war,
Not in loose maniples, but ready all
To stand, or give a charge. The city wall
Cæsar distrusts, and shuts the pallace too,
So poore a siege enforc'd to undergoe.
Nor all the house can his small strength maintaine,
One little part great *Cæsar* can contains:

Whilest

Whilst his great thoughts both feare, and anger beate,
He feares assaults, and yet disdaines to feare,
So in small traps a noble Lion caught
Rages, and bites his scorned goale with wrath;
So would fierce *Vulcan* rage, could any stop
Sicilian Ætna's fiery cavernes top.
He that in dire Pharsalian fields of late
In a bad cause presum'd on prosperous fate,
And feared not the Senates hoast, nor all
The Roman lords, not *Pompey* generall,
Fear'd a slaves war; he here assaulted tooke
A house, whom Scythians bold durst nere provoke,
Th'Alani fierce, nor Mauritanians hot,
Which fast-bound strangers barbarously shoot.
He whom the Roman world could not suffise,
Nor all that twixt the Gades and India lies,
Like a weake boy seekes lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late surprised towne:
Nor hopes for safety but in keeping close
And through each roome with steps uncertaine goes;
But not without the King; him he retaines
About his person still: his life he meanes
Shall the revenge, and expiation be
Of his owne fate [illegible] head, ô *Ptolomey*,
He meanes to throw for want of darts, or fire
Against thy servants; as *Medea* dire,
When her pursuing Sires revenge she fled,
Stood arm'd against her little brothers head
To stay her Sire. But desperate fate so nigh
Enforced *Cæsar* teames of peace to try.
A courtier from the absent King is sent
To checke his men, and know this warres intent,
But there the law of Nations could obtaine
No power; the Kings Embassadour is slaine
Treating of peace, to adde one horrid crime
O monstrous Ægypt, to thy impious clime.

Impious

Impious *Pharnaces Pontus* Theſſaly,
Nor Spaine, nor *Iubaes* far-ſpread monarchy,
Nor barbarous *Syrtis* durſt attempt to doe,
What heere effeminate Ægypt reaches to
The war on every ſide growes dangerous,
And ſhowres of falling darts even ſhake the houſe.
No batt'ring ram had they to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all:
Nor vs'd they fire: the skilleſſe people run
Through the vaſt pallace ſcatter'd vp, and downe,
And vſe their joyned ſtrength no where at all:
The fates forbid, and fortune's *Cæſars* wall.
But where the gorgeous pallace proudly ſtands
Into the ſea, from ſhips the Navall bands
Aſſault the houſe; but *Cæſar* every where
Is for defence at hand, and weapons here,
There wild-fire vſes. Though beſiedg'd he be,
Doth the beſiedgers worke (ſuch ſtrength had he
Of conſtant ſpirit) wild fire balls he threw
Among the joyned ſhips; nor ſlowly flew
The flame on pitchy ſhrowds, and bords that drop
With melted waxe: at once the ſaileyards top,
And loweſt hatches burne. An halfe burnt boate
Here drownes in ſeas, their foes and weapons floate,
Nor ore the ſhips alone doe flames prevaile;
But all the houſes neere the ſhore aſſaile:
The South winds feed the flame, and drive it on
Along the houſes with ſuch motion,
As through the Welkin fiery meteors run,
That wanting fuell fed on aire alone.
This fire a while the courts beſiedging ſtay'd,
And drew the people to the cityes aide.
Cæſar that time would not in ſleepe beſtow,
Who well could vſe occaſions, and knew how
In war to take the greateſt benefit
Of ſuddaine chances, ſhips his men by night,

Surpri-

Surprises Pharos: Pharos heretofore
An Iland was, when prophet *Proteus* wore
That crowne: but joyn'd to Alexandria now.
Two helps on *Cæsar* doth that fort bestow:
Commands the sea, the foes incursions stay'd,
And made a passage safe for *Cæsars* aide.
He now intends no longer to deferre
Photeus (c) death, though not enough severe.
Not fire, nor beast, nor gibbets reaue his breath,
Slaine with a sword he dyes great *Pompey's* death.
Arsinoe (d) from court escaped goes
By *Ganymedes* helpe to *Cæsars* foes,
The crowne (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtaine,
By whose just sword was sterne *Achillas* slaine.
Another to thy ghost is sacrific'd,
Pompey, but fortune is not yet suffic'd:
Far be it, gods, that these two deaths should be
His full revenge; the fall of *Ptolomey*,
And Ægypts ruine not enough is thought:
Nor ere can his revenge be fully wrought,
Till *Cæsar* by the Senates swordes be slaine.
But though the author's dead, these broiles remaine;
For *Ganymedes* now commander mov'd
A second war, which full of danger prov'd,
So great the perill was that day alone
Might *Cæsars* name to future times renowne.
While *Cæsar* strives pent vp so closely there
To ship his men from thence, a suddaine feare
Of war did his entended passage meete:
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleete;
Behind their foote, from shore against him fight:
No way of safety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor scarse doth hope of noble death remaine.
No heapes of bodyes, no whole armyes slaine
Are now requir'd to conquer *Cæsar* there:
A little blood will serve. Whether to feare

Or

Or wiſh for death he knowes not. In this ſame
Sad ſtraite, he thinkes of noble *Scæva's* fame,
Who at Dyrrachium, when his workes were downe;
Beſeidg'd all *Pompey's* ſtrength himſelfe alone:
Th' example rais'd his thoughts, reſolv'd to doe
What Scæva *did; but ſtraight a ſcorne to owe*
His valour to examples, checks againe (reſtraine.
That high reſolve: great thoughts, great thoughts
Yet thus at laſt; Scæva *was mine, 'twas I*
Nurtur'd that ſpirit: if like him I dy,
I doe not imitate, but Cæſars *feat*
Rather confirmes that Scævas *act was great.*
In this reſolve had Cæſar *charg'd them all*
Himſelfe alone, and ſo a glorius fall
(Slaine by a thouſand hands at once) had met,
Or elſe enobled by a death ſo great
Thoſe thouſand hands; but fortune was afraid
To venture Cæſar *further then her aide*
Could lend a famous reſcue, and endeare
The danger to him; ſhe diſcovers neare
Ships of his owne; thither when Cæſar *makes.*
He findes no ſafety there, but ſtraight forſakes
Thoſe ſhips againe, and leapes into the maine.
The trembling billowes fear'd to entertaine
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd ſo many victoryes to come;
And Ioue *(whileſt he on* Cæſars *danger lookes)*
Suſpects the truth of th' adamantine bookes.
Who could haue thought, but that the gods aboue
Had now begun to favour Rome, and loue

Her libertie againe? and that the fate
Of Pompey's *sonnes, of* Cato, *and the state*
'Gainst Cæsars *fortune had prevailed now?*
Why doe the powers Celestiall labour so
To be unjust againe? againe take care
To save that life they had expos'd so farre
That now the danger even in Cæsars *eye,*
Might cleare their doome of partialitie?
But he must live untill his fall may proove
Brutus *and* Cassius *were more just than* Iove.
Now all alone on seas doth Cæsar *floate;*
Himselfe the Oares, the Pylot, and the Boate;
Yet could not all these offices employ
One mans whole strength for his left hand on high
Raised, holds up his papers, and preserves
The fame of his past deeds, his right hand serves
To cut the waves, and guard his life alone
'Gainst th'Oceans perills, and all darts, which
From every side doe darken all the skie, (thrown
And make a cloud, though heaven it selfe deny.
Two hundred paces thus alone he swam
Till to the body of his Fleet he came,
His ore-joy'd Souldiers shouting to the skies
Take sure presage of future Victories.

Adu-

Annotations on the tenth Booke:

(a) Cambyſes *the ſon of* Cyrus, *and king of Perſia added to his Monarchy the kingdome of Egypt; hee intended a farther warre againſt the Æthiopians, which are called Macrobij by reaſon of the extraordinary length of their naturall lives. But by reaſon of the teadiouſneſſe of the march, and want of proviſion, there was in his army a great famine that they killed by lot every tenth ſouldier, and fedde upon them.*

(b) Achillas *comming to aſſault* Cæſar *had an Army of twenty thouſand; they were many of them Roman ſouldiers, which had ſerved before under* Gabinius, *but had changed their manner of life, and corrupted with the vice of Ægypt, had quite forgotten the Roman diſcipline.*

(c) Photinus *the Kings tutor remaining with* Cæſar *ſent ſecret encouragements to* Achillas *to goe forward with his ſiedge, which being diſcovered by interception of his meſſengers he was ſlaine by* Cæſar.

(d) Ganymedes *an Eunuch, and tutor to* Arſinoe *the younger ſiſter of the King of Ægypt, aſſaulted* Achillas *by treachery, and ſlew him, and being himſelfe made Generall of the army he continued the ſiedge againſt* Cæſar.

FINIS.

Annotations on the tenth booke:

FINIS.

A CONTINUATION of the SVBIECT of LUCANS Hiſtoricall Poem, till the death of Iulius Cæſar.

London, Printed for *William Shears*, at the ſigne of the blew Bible, in Coven-garden, 1657.

TO THE

Most High and Mighty

MONARCH,

CHARLES By the Grace of God, KING of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c.

SIR,

I Should have taught my humble labours a lower presumption than to have appoached your sacred hand, if I had onely weighed mine own weaknesse and disability; but the dignity of this subject, did somewhat encourage me, being a remainder of that

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great Hiſtorie, whoſe former part was ſo richlie dreſſed in the happy conceits, and high raptures of that Noble LUCAN: of whoſe ability in writing I was not ſo ambitious in emulation, as officious in deſire, to continue ſo ſtately an argument for your Princelie eare: with what ſucceſs I have performed it, your MAIESTIES acceptation onely can determine; to whom if it preſent but the leaſt delight, my end is accompliſhed, for which I have run ſo great a hazard, as (perchance) to be cenſured a foile onely to LUCAN's luſtre; and choſe rather to fall under the weight of a great argument, than to preſent a mean

one

one to ſo high a hand: your MAIESTIES renowned worth, and Heroical virtues (the perfection of mind meeting in you with the height of Fortune) may make you ſecurely delighted in the reading of great actions; to whom I humbly preſent this weak work, beſeeching Almighty God long to eſtabliſh your Majeſties Throne upon earth, enriching it with bleſſings of the right hand and the left; and after to crown you with incorruptible Glory: So prayeth

Your MAIESTIES

moſt humble ſubject

THO. MAY.

The mind of the Picture, or Frontiſpiece.

For noble Lucan *ſo untimely ſlain,*
Thus did faire-hair'd Calliope *complain;*
(Whileſt teares apace flow'd from her
Chriſtall eies)
Againſt the too too haſty deſtinies;
Too cruell ſiſters, why again am I
Enforc'd to weep, and tax your tyranny?
Was not my Orpheus *death (though along ago)*
Enough for me to bear, for you to do?
Orpheus *ſo much by all the graces lov'd,*
Whoſe charming skill, and matchleſſe muſick mov'd
The ſavage beaſts, the ſtones and ſenſeleſſe trees,
Yet could not move the harder Deſtinies.
I ſaw his limbs alas ſcattered abroad
On Hebrus banks, while down the ſilver flood
His learned head was rowl'd, and all along
Heard the ſad murmures of his dying tongue.
No other Tragedy but Lucan *ſlain*
By your untimely ſtroke, could thus again
Revive my griefe: Oh could you not prolong
That thread a while, until the ſtately ſong

Of

Of his Pharſalia had been finiſh'd quite?
What ſavage bird of prey, what murdring Kite
Could in the mid'ſt of that melodious lay,
Raviſh the charming Nightingal away?
Thou ſung'ſt no luſts, no riots, nor mad'ſt known
(Corrupting other manners with thine own)
New crimes, nor with laſcivious wantoning
Did'ſt thou defile the ſacred Theſpian ſpring.
Thy verſes teach no foul adulteries,
Nor rapes committed by the Deities,
Which may from guilt abſolve the worſt of men;
But actions great and true: thy happie pen
Adorning Hiſtorie with raptures high,
With quick conceits and ſound moralitie
Condemn'd the ſtrong injuſtice of that age,
And reins too much let looſe to civil rage,
When Rome the ſtrength, which ſhe had made, did fear,
No longer able her own weight to bear,
Taxing bad greatneſs, and in deathleſs verſe
Beſtowing fame of noble Sepulchers,
And had'ſt enobled moe; but woe is me,
Th' untimely ſtroke of death did ſilence thee.
Of which the grief not onely us invades,
But dives into the bleſt Elyſian ſhades,
Sadding the worthies there that ſo did long
To fill a room in thine eternall ſong.
There Cato *thinks (and grieves it was deny'd)*
If thou had'ſt liv'd, how great he ſhould have dy'd:
The Roman Scipio *did diſdain a Tomb*
On Libya's ſhore, in hope to find a room
Within thy ſtately Poëm, well content
Save there, to have no other Monument,
Thoſe ſtately Temples, where great Cæſar's *name*
Shall be by Rome ador'd, wanting the fame
Which thy high lines might give, in time to come
Shall envie Pompey's *ſmall Ægyptian Tomb.*

Had Juba's *Tragick fall been ſung by thee*
I had eas'd the loſs of his great Monarchie:
But that to them and us did Fate denie
That we the more might wail thy Tragedie.
But bootleſly thus to complain (quoth ſhe)
Is weake, to act is more befitting me.
Down to the ſhades infernal will I go,
And trie what Magicks powerful Charms can do.
A ſpatious Cave there was(not oft before
Deſcry'd by mortal eye)within that ſhore
Which wealthy France doth to the North diſplay,
And Brittain's Ocean bounds. Thither, they ſay,
The wiſe Dulychian Heroe, *by advice*
Of beauteous Circe, *came to ſacrifice,*
And there reſtor'd, by bloud of Bullocks ſlain,
To ſilent Ghoſt the uſe of ſpeech again.
Through that dark vault did Phœbus *nere ſhoot ray,*
Nor ever glided beam of cheerful day.
The grove of Proſerpine *ore ſhadow'd quite*
That diſmal ſhore, and damps of dreary night
Condens'd the Air; no birds thoſe boughs did grace
Nor with ſweet muſick cheer'd the baleful place.
To this dark thicket did the Muſe deſcend
To raiſe her Poet's Ghoſt; and to that end
Prepar'd the ſacrifices. Pluto, to thee
A Bull was kill'd, to thy Perſephone
A Virgin Heifer; to the Eumenides
A two-years ſheep. Then with the bloud of theſe
She fill'd a cup, and gave it to your hand
Of her dear Poets Ghoſt, and with this command;
Thou, once the glorie of the Aonian Wood,
But now their ſorrow, Lucan, *drink this bloud.*
No other Nectar Phœbus *gives thee now;*
Nor can the Fates a ſecond life beſtow;
A ſecond voice by this charm'd cup they may,
To give ſome progreſs to that ſtately Lay

Thou

Thou left'ſt unfiniſh'd. And it not untill
The Senates ſwords the life of Cæſar ſpill;
That he, whoſe conqueſts gave dire Nero *Reign,*
May as a ſacrifice to thee be ſlain.
The Ghoſt receiv'd the cup in his pale hand,
Drunk and fulfill'd Calliopes *command.*

AUTHOR

Author Lectori

Non hæc marmoreis cecinit Lucanus *in Hortis;*
Nec vivum hîc tanti Vatis acumen habes.
Desine mirari, Lector, si carmina forsan
Ista videbuntur frigidiora tibi.
Impetus Ingenii felix, ardensque recessit.
Hoc tibi defuncti debilis Umbra canit.

A CONTINVATION of the Subject of *LUCAN's* Hiſtorical Poem, till the death of *Julius Cæſar.*

The firſt Book.

The Argument of the firſt Book.

Th' Ægyptians ſue to Cæſar *for a peace,*
Excuſe their crime, and crave their Kings releaſe:
The King reſtor'd by Cæſar *to his ſtate,*
Revolts again: Euphranor's *noble fate,*
Ptolomey's *viſion from Serapis ſent*
Foreſhews the change of Ægypts government.
The war in Delta; Cæſars *victory.*
The overthrow and death of Ptolomy.

THE threatning Ocean now had ſpent in vain
His ſwelling ſpite, and from the watery main,

From Ægypts feeble Treason, and the band
Of Pharian slaves is *Cæsar* safe at land;
Fill'd with revenge and scorn, arm'd with a rage
Greater then Ægypts ruin can asswage.
His war is now made just; but that great mind
Too much disdains so just a cause to find
From such a State, griev'd that they durst afford
Wrongs proud enough to call on *Cæsar's* sword,
Or provocation to his furie lend,
Whom Rome it selfe had trembled to offend,
And rul'd his anger at no cheaper rate
Then *Pompye's* fall and ruin of the State.
How well could Rome excuse the gods above
For *Cæsar's* late-wrought safetie, and approve
Their favour in it, if no other State
Had felt the force of his revived fate
But Ægypts guiltie land; in that war nought
But just revenge for *Pompey* had been wrought.
The willing Senate had with joy decreed
Honours for such a conqueſt; for that deed
From every Town th' Italian youth in throngs
Had met his Chariot with triumphal songs,
Nor had yet *Pompey's* spirit from the skie
Repin'd at sight of that solemnitie.
That act had reconcil'd the Conquerer
To Rome again, had not the fatal war,
What straight in Affrick, and in Spain ensu'd,
His conquering armie with fresh guilt embrew'd.
The treacherous band of Ægpyts Soulders now
That chose *Arsinoë*, Queen, gan disallow
The pride of *Ganymedes*, and disdain
A feeble woman, and base Eunuchs reign.
All murder, all to mutenie inclin'd
Yet each afraid to sound each others minde:
Till one at last more venturous then the rest
Thus with his own the thoughts of all expreſt.

What

What end have these our armes? why do we make
Tumults in stead of wars? If arms we take
To free Niles fruitful regions from the yoke
Of Romes ambition, why we do provoke.
The strength of *Cæsar* at a time when he
Detains our King within his custodie?
The King as hostage for our truth doth lie,
We hazard not the war but *Ptolomey*.
Though our attempt against *Cæsar* should succeed
We stain the honour of so great a deed
Wanting a lawful chiefe; and 't will be thought
Rebellious tumults not just wars have wrought
Rich Ægypts freedom. More may be obtain'd
By peace, then can be by such hazards gain'd,
Then let us sue for *Ptolomey's* release:
Cæsar (though now incenst) will grant us peace
On easie terms; and think it better far
Then to be here entangled in a war,
Whilest yet Pharsalia's reliques do remain
To joyn their strength, and trie their fate again:
Whil'st the disperst'd not conquer'd powers of Rome
Are gathering head, and furious nations come
From *Juba's* Kingdome, Ammons fartheſt sands,
And where Spains Calpe bounds the western lands,
To cross his growing fortunes: But if we
Tender the state of young *Arsinoë*,
(Because descended from great *Lagus* race,)
Why do we wrong her brother, and misplace
Our dutie so? preposterous loyaltie
It is, to honor *Lagus* familie,
And therefore *Lagus* lawfull heir depose,
A general shout, which through the Camp arose,
Shews their agreement too too great to be
Surppressed now, or term'd a mutenie.
That even *Arsinoë* seeing this consent
Is forc'd to be, or seem (at least) content.

Embassadours to *Cæsar* they address
To beg the King's inlargment, sue for peace,
And par don for their treacherie to him:
Which they excus'd at large, and all the crime
Upon *Photinus* and *Achillas* laid:
Whose lives (say they) have for their treasons paid.
Cæsar, though once enrag'd, admits their low
Submissive prayers, and smooths his angrie brow,
Scorning to lose so proud a wrath upon
Such worthless objects; or intent alone,
On civil wars, reserves his furie all.
To wreak in nothing but his countreys fall,
Nought but so hard and so abhorr'd a crime
Had guilt and danger great enough for him.
He briefly grants them their desired ends,
And *Ptolomey* back to his Kingdome sends.
Poor boy, what fatal freedome hast thou gain'd?
Thou to thy ruin hast thy wish obtain'd.
'Tis *Cæsars* crueltie that sets thee free,
To make thee guiltie and then punish thee.
Thine innocence did guard thee, whil'st by him
Thou wert confi'd, and could'st not act a crime
That might deserve thy death; but well knew he
Thy ages weakness, and the treacherie
Of thy perfidious and unconstant men
Would draw thee to offences, and thou then
By fair pretence of justice might'st be slain
A sacrifice to *Cleopatra's* (*a*) reign.
And his desires, we meanes thy crown shall buy.
Or pay the hire of his adulterie.
Cæsar's surmises find a true event;
For *Ptolomey* back to his people sent
(Whether that falshood were the nations vice,
Or else by nature or bad nurture (*b*) his,
Or he by others easie to be sway'd)
Forgets the oath that he to *Cæsar* made.

And

And fill'd with vain and flattering hopes, calls on
The forward fates t' his own destruction
A well rigg'd fleet of Ships he forth doth send
In ambush near Canopus to attend
(An Ile that East from Alexandria lies)
To cut off all provision and supplies,
That might by Sea to *Cæsars* camp arrive.
To this his first attempt doth fortune give
Some seeming favour; for while there they lie,
(*u*) *Euphranor*'s Ship, sever'd unhappily
Alone from all the rest of *Cæsar*'s fleet
By this Ægyptian Navy is beset.
(*o*) *Euphranor*'s valour, that had never found
The fates but friendly, and so oft renown'd
With *Cæsar*'s fortune had for *Cæsar* fought,
This change affrights not; his undaunted thought
Not feare but rage possesses; and though there
Beset, he plaies th' assailant every where.
They feare to join with him, and evermore
Flie from his grapple; as a chafed Bore
The following hounds avoid; so Ægypts fleet
Surprizes danger which it dares not meet.
But being so many Ships they cannot all
Escape from; some, though unwilling, fall
Upon *Euphranor*, and are forc'd to buy
With their own losse their fellowes victory.
Some vessels bor'd 'twixt wind and water sunk,
And drinking waves, into the waves were drunk.
'Gainst others from the Roman vessell fire,
Wrapt up in bals was thrown; whose active ire
The Ocean could not quench untill too late,
And did not succour then, but changer he fate.
Some dead, some living float in *Neptune*'s flood,
The Sea discolour'd with the victours blood.
Had but one more of *Cæsars* Ships been caught,
Th' Ægyptian fleet a fatall prey had sought,

And learned then how they deceived took,
But Fortunes bait which hid a mortall hook.
But when at last those few Cæsarians
Were spent with wounds and toil, and that their hands
Could for that endlesse taske no more suffice
Euphranor weary with subduing dies,
Leaving the rest of those Ægyptian powers
Survivours rather then true Conquerours.
Now *Ptolomey* was levying strength by land,
When *Mithridates* with a warlike band
Of men, from Syria, and Cilicia came
Raised from thence by him in *Cæsar's* name.
And marching swiftly o'r the land, at last
Arriv'd where strong Pelusium's fitly plac'd
Upon the continent, and on that side
Th' Ægyptian bounds from Syria doth divide:
Pelusium's strength is thought by land to be
Ægypts defence as *Pharos* is by sea.
But now (alas) too weak it proves to stay
Fierce *Mithridates* course, who in one day
(Though there *Achillas* left a Garrison)
Summons, assaults, and wins by force, the Tow;
Nor staies he there, but marches speedily
To join his strength with *Cæsar's* power, whom
Of this exploit before had certifi'd.
This *Mithridates*, who on *Cæsar's* side
So well had serv'd, as to deserve from him
After this war, the Thracian Diadem,
Of great and roiall parentage was sprung,
And trained up in Princely arts, when young,
By that great King, that Asian Conquerour,
Who forty yeares withstood the Roman power,
And in so many honour'd fields did fame
Lucullus, *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* name.
The King, that now besides Canobus lay,
With all his power, intends to march away

With

With ſpeed through Delta, where the Fates decree
To ſeat the war, and his ſad tragedy.
Rich Delta, Ægypts pride, the flower alone
Of all the Pharian Kings dominion;
Upon theſe fertile breaſt a thouſand waies
In winding tracks the wanton Nilus plaies,
And with his amorous folding arms doth ſeem
T' embrace ſmall Ilands, whileſt his ſilver ſtream
From ſeverall channels oft it ſelfe doth meet,
And oft it ſelfe with wanton kiſſes greet,
So thoſe fair rivolets, which for the food
Of living bodies, beare the crimſon blood
To every part, within the river meet,
And there with kiſſes numberleſſe do greet
Themſelves; and as they through each other glide,
Make many knots, as if they took a pride
In their ſtrange foldings, and themſelves did pleaſe
In thoſe admired Anaſtomoſes.
This fertile region, whoſe extenſion makes
A juſt triangle, from the letter takes
Delta for name, whoſe baſis is the Sea,
Whoſe two ſides Niles, two wideſt channels be.
For all the other five within thoſe two
Into the Northern Sea through Delta go.
Down from the leſſer cataract Nile flowes,
And in one ſingle channel North-ward goes
From Elephantis Ile the ancient bound,
Twixt the Æthiopian, and Ægyptian ground.
Four thouſand furlongs to that ſpatious plaine,
Where Memphis ſtands, ſo famed for the vaine,
And miſpent labour of ſo many men,
Her wondrous Pyramids; which had not been,
If natures bounty, and the wealthy ſoile
Had not too much excus'd the Plowmans toile;
So many hands (as there were vainly found)
Had been enough t' have made the barren'ſt ground

Of Ammons deserts, or the Libyan sands
Fruitfull by working, t' have entrench'd whole lands,
And fenc'd their Ægypts often conquer'd Towrs
From Persian, Græcian, and Italian powrs.
At Memphis Nile his channel doth divide:
That branch that flowes along the Eastern side,
Into the Ocean rowls his curled waves
At strong Pelusium; th' other channel laves
(A thousand furlongs distant thence, as he
Into the Ocean fals) the regions nigh
To faire Canobus, which (by ancient fame)
From *Menelaus* Pilot took the name;
Who dying there, was buried on the shore,
When Ægypts Crown that just King *Proteus* wore:
Who took from *Priam's* wanton son away
Atrides beauteous wife, his ravish'd prey,
And to her husband after her restor'd,
When Troyes sack'd towrs had felt the vengefull sword
Of arm'd Greece. That region, which between
Those two the widest arms of Nile is seen,
Is Delta, which so plentifully yields,
Ceres and *Bacchus*, rich in pasture fields,
And flowry meadowes where the bleating flocks,
And horned heards do graze; the labouring Ox
Weary'd in those fat furrows, near deceives
Hopes which the greediest husbandman conceives.
There lofty Cities stand, and Towns of fame,
Lakes flow, which from those Cities take their names.
Butum environ'd with the Butick lake,
Where once her Oracles *Latona* spake:
There faire Diospolis, Lycopolis,
Hermopolis, and Leontopolis
Proud Cities rise: There doth Busiris stand
Fatal to strangers, that were forc'd to land
Upon her bloudy shore; untill the hand
Of great *Alcides* freed the grieved land

From

From that fell Tyrants reign, whoſe name the Town
Yet bears; near that is that faire City known
By Venus name; there faire Panephyſis,
Tanitis, Xois, and Cynoſpolis,
And Sais chief of all the region,
In which *Minerva*'s ſtately Temple's ſhown,
Where fam'd *Pſammiticus* entombed lies.
There alſo Mendes famous wals do riſe,
Where *Pan* th' Arcadian god is worſhipped,
And goats ador'd; there goats (as we have read)
Do mix with woman-kind; ſo got was he
That lov'd the boy turn'd to a Cypreſſe tree.
But now to know the future wars ſucceſſe,
The King advis'd by *Dioſcorides*
E're from Canobus he through Delta paſs,
(Since there *Serapis* ſtately Temple was)
Reſolv'd to crave that Oracles advice,
Commands the Prieſts prepare a ſacrifice.
This ſnake-like god *Serapis* ſeated there,
Whom all rich Ægypt, and the nations near
Devoutly worſhip, and from every port,
To his undoubted Oracle reſort,
Speaks not to men, like other gods, nor ſhews
His truth by voice, as horned Ammon does;
Nor like their *Apis*, fore-declaring good
Or bad, by taking or refuſing food;
Nor like the Delphian *Phœbus* doth poſſeſſe
In killing rage, a wretched Propheteſſe,
Making ſad death the puniſhment or hire
Of every ſoul his fury doth inſpire;
But gently glides into a ſleeping breaſt,
By dreams inſtructing our repoſe and reſt,
In truths that can be by no labour gain'd;
There onely knowledge is with eaſe attain'd.
To this renowned Temple far and near
Th' Ægyptian Lords and Princes come to heare

Truth

Truth without help of ſenſes, and to know
By dreaming there their future weal or woe.
Why ſhould this god his knowledge then declare
To men, why men leaſt fit for knowledge are?
And chuſe to come to them at ſuch a time,
When they no duties can return to him?
Is it his bounty or his power to ſhew,
That men ſo taught may plainly ſee they owe
Nothing at all to ſtudies of their own,
But to his bounty and his power alone,
That then can make them underſtand aright,
When they 're bereft of underſtanding quite?
Or elſe the god, when men can exerciſe
Their powers and intellectuall faculties,
Will not deſcend with their weak thoughts to join
Commixing humane reaſon with divine.
Within the Temples inmoſt room, a bed
Of richeſt purple wrought with gold, was ſpred;
To which the King was by the Prieſts convay'd,
And there to take his dreaming viſion lay'd.
No dreams at all within that ſacred room,
But ſuch as were divinely ſent, might come.
Others, which from complexions difference,
Or naturall humours flow'd, were baniſh'd thence;
And thoſe which from the ſtudies of the day,
Or cares aroſe, in th' outward Temple ſtay,
And there together flie in companies
Of different colours, ſhapes, and qualities.
Fair ſanguin dreams that ſeem to cheer the night,
With beauteous ſhapes, and roſie wings, as bright
As is the morning, or thoſe flowrs, that grace
In midſt of ſpring, the painted *Flora's* face,
Within the Temple merrily do ſport;
To whom the little *Cupids* oft reſort;
The little *Cupids* from faire *Venus* grove
Stealing by night, do thither come, and love

With

With those bright sanguine dreams to passe away
The hours of night in sport and amorous play.
There dreams of choler in a flame-like hew
Through th' aire, like little fiery Meteors flew
With swift and angry motion to and fro,
As if they sought within that place a foe.
Sometimes up to the Temples roofe on high
They soar, as if they meant to scale the skie,
Or some impossible atchievement sought
T' allay the thirst of an aspiring thought.
But down below with sad and heavy cheer
On dead mens Tombs, and every Sepulcher,
The duskie dreams of melancholy light,
With sable wings like Bats, or birds of night.
Fluttering in darkest corners here and there,
But all alone, and still each other feare.
Courting dead skuls, and seeming to invite
The dismall ghosts for company by night.
There all along the Temples whited wall,
Phlegmatick lazy dreams, not wing'd at all,
But slow, like slimy Snails, about do crawl,
And evermore are thence afraid to fall,
And so be drown'd; for on the floor below,
They do suppose deep pools of water flow.
But swift as thoughts can flie, as winds do blow,
Or winged lightning, in a moment go (noise
The flatuous dreams through th' aire; sometimes with
Like the far-off affrighting thunders voice.
Besides a thousand other companies
Of dreams, which do from daily cares arise,
From thoughts and deeds of men; which do appear
In forms as many and as different there,
As all the World has objects, or is fill'd
With deeds: All these to dreams diviner yield,
And flye aloofe without; nor dare they come
Into the Temples inward sacred room.

The

The dead of night had eloſed every eie,
And ſleep now ſeiz'd the breaſt of *Ptolomey*,
When lo a viſion from *Serapis* ſent
To his affrighted fancy did preſent
The changed ſtate of Ægypts hapleſſe land,
Which now by fates appointment was at hand.
A larg-ſiz'd Ox, into that ſacred room
With lad and heavy pace did ſeem to come,
And lean he was, as if he had not eat
Of long, or wanting, or refuſing meat;
Save two white ſpots, his colour wholly black,
One on his forehead, t' other on his back:
And paſſing by he ſeem'd to waile and moan,
From his black eies the tears faſt trickling down.
After, a woman came of ſtature tall,
Of preſence ſtately and majeſticall;
High Towrs and Caſtles on her head ſhe bare,
But looſe, as it all torn, hung down her haire.
Strong chains did ſeem her naked arms to tie,
With that aroſe a diſmall ſhreek and crie,
As it had been from Ghoſts infernall ſent,
Whoſe fury rent the regall monument:
And from their open'd tombs he ſaw ariſe
The ghoſts of all the buri'd *Ptolomeys*,
From *Lagus* ſon the firſt, in order all,
Who following, ſeem'd to wail the womans fall.
With that cold chilling horrour from the breaſt
Of ſleeping *Ptolomey* had baniſh'd reſt,
Who with amazed thoughts look'd up and down;
But when his eies were ope, the ſight was gone.
The Prieſts approach, and hearing him relate
His dolefull dream, lament the wretched State
Of Ægypts Kingdome, and with one conſent
Foretell th' approaching change of government:
Yet to appeaſe the gods, by their advice,
The King commands a ſolemn ſacrifice.

But

But neerer miſeries by far then thoſe
Do threaten thee poor King; the god foreſhows
Thy Countries future dangers, and from thee
Conceals thine own approaching tragedy.
To meet with *Cæſar* than he march'd away
Through wealthy Delta, and encamped lay
Upon an high and ſpatious hill; which round
About commands the lower champion ground;
From whence the Country he afar deſcrib'd,
A place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd
Three ſeverall waies; th' aſcent ſo ſteep and hard
To climb, as ſeem'd impregnable, did guard
One part alone without the aid of men:
Unto another part a ſpatious fen
And lake did ſeem to give protection:
To guard the third a river ſwiftly run.
Betwixt the lake and which alone did ſtand,
To lend ſome paſſage, a ſmall neck of land:
That little Iſthmos ſeem'd alone to ſtand
In need of guarding by a ſouldier's hand
Againſt the foes aſſault. But in that place
The King ſuppoſes, 'twere too much diſgrace
To be aſſaulted firſt, and would diſmay
His ſouldiers hearts, for *Cæſar* there to ſtay;
Or elſe not ſafe in what defence the lake,
The river, hill, or his own works could make,
To hinder *Cæſars* comming he intends
Far off; and moſt of all his forces ſends
To guard a river where his paſſage lay.
That bank, on which th' Ægyptian ſouldiers ſtay,
Was high, and far from water, and might well
Keep the Cæſarians off, or them compell
To fight on wondrous diſadvantage there.
But *Cæſars* troups incapable of feare,
At firſt approach, reſolve, viewing the place,
In ſpight of diſadvantages to paſſe,

And

And whil'ſt the Legionary ſouldiers throw
'Gainſt th' other ſide, to buſie there the foe,
Thick ſtormes of winged piles; whilſt ſome of them
Strive to lay trees for bridges, o'r the ſtream;
The German cohorts up and down do try
The rivers depth, and where moſt eaſily
They may or ſwim, or wade the channel through;
And make as boldly their attempts, as though
They went againſt no enemy at all.
Whilſt the Ægyptians do ſecurely gall
Down from above their labouring enemy,
And on the place, not their own worth relye:
For all the weapons which from them are thrown,
Require no ſtrength, but by deſcent alone
Bring wounds to the Cæſarians, who inrag'd
To be 'gainſt ſuch advantages ingag'd,
Sigh, that their valour they muſt vainly loſe,
Not to ſubdue, but to approach their foes,
And muſt contend as eagerly to gaine
A fight, as erſt a conqueſt to obtaine.
Againſt the river and the banks they goe:
And in this war the foe is leaſt the foe.
Cæſar perceives in what diſtreſſed plight
The legionaries are inforc'd to fight,
And therefore ſtraight commands his lighteſt horſe
To wheel about, and with a ſpeedy courſe
Far from that place to croſſe the river ore.
Which they performed ſwiftly, and before
Th' Ægyptian ſouldiers their approach could feare,
Behin'd they charg'd them with a ful carreer.
Whoſe force whilſt they, turning abour, withſtood,
The legionary ſouldiers paſt the flood
With greater eaſe by bridges which they made,
And through the ſhalloweſt fords the Germans wade.
And now at laſt th' Ægyptian Souldiers
Are forc'd, though loth, to enter equall wars.

But

But fear made them unequall, and ſubdu'd
As ſoon as fought with, by the fortitude
Of *Cæſars* men, who elſe had fought in vain
By ſo much ſweat and labour to obtaine
A battell, had they not a conqueſt had:
And now a ſlaughter, not a war was made.
The King from out his lofty camp beheld
His ſlaughtred ſouldiers bodies ſtrow the field,
Which lately they ſtood upon; for ſcarce by flight
Were any ſaved; the Cæſarian ſpight
Purſu'd the conqueſt which they had obtain'd
With ſuch a fury, that the fields diſtain'd
All o'r with blood, might let th' Ægyptians ſee
How they before had fought unequally.
He views how few return'd, that newes to tell,
Which he had ſeen, and knew too ſadly well.
But to the Camp, thoſe that eſcaped were,
Brought nothing but aſtoniſhment and feare.
Th' incamped find in them no aid at all,
But ſee the greatneſſe of their fellowes fall:
Whom *Cæſars* men ſo ſwiftly follow home,
That to the trenches and out-works they come.
Cæſar, that never in his battels, held
A foe ſubdu'd, till from his camp expell'd,
Exhorts his ſouldiers to forget their pains,
And freſhly force the works, whilſt fear there reigns,
To end this war, and with the wealthy ſpoile
Of Ægypts King, to recompence their toile.
Nor need the Souldiers be incouraged
To ſeek their wages for the blood they ſhed.
They firſt invade that little neck of land,
Which 'twixt the river and the lake did ſtand.
But that th' Ægyptian ſouldiers moſt do guard;
When on the paſſage there begins a hard
And bloody conflict, one ſide fight to make
Their conqueſt perfect, and the fruit to take:

Th'

Th' other despaire instead of courage arms;
For vanquished they fear the worst of harms,
From either side the passage where they stood,
The lake and river are distain'd with blood.
Down halfe dead bodies they precipitate,
Who drown'd in water, taste a double fate.
There oft together, as they fighting stand,
Ægyptians and Cæsarians hand in hand
Do grapling fall into the crimson lake;
Nor there (alas) their enmity forsake:
But weakly try the combat out, where he
That conquers can no long survivour be.
Whilest on that side the Camp, both parties fought
So furiously, and all hands thither brought;
Cæsar perceived on the other side,
That seem'd enough by nature fortifi'd,
Where the ascent was craggy, steep and hard
To climb, that *Ptolomey* had left no guard;
Or those that had been left, from thence were gone
To t' other side, as aid, or lookers on.
Thither his lightest cohorts he commands;
Bold *Curfulenus* leads those active hands,
Who straight, as *Cæsar* gave in charge to him,
With those light-armed cohorts 'gins to climb
Th' ascent so steep and hard, that to the foe
Did seem impregnable, but prov'd nor so,
Brought on their ruin; death there enter'd in,
From whence with greatest ease he might have been
Repell'd by them. But *Curfulenus* now
Entring th' Ægyptian Camp, with small ado
Kils or repels his few resisting foes,
Fear and distraction through the Camp arose.
The works, whilest to and fro th' amazed run,
On every side by the Cæsarians won:
To whom for mercy now they sue in vaine,
Nor does the Generall their swords restrain;

But

But bids them kill, and in their slaughter free
The World from so much fraud and treacherie.
Part of th' Ægyptian Camp had been before
Romes legionarie Soultiers and brought ore
Under *Gabinius*, there in Ægypt left
Were by her pleasures softened and bereft
Of militarie vertue, and became
Degenerate staines unto the Romans name,
Like the Ægyptians they were growne to be
In manners, baseness, fraud, and treacherie.
Not fat from thence, unto the river side
A little vessel by a rope was ti'd,
Whither the King in this tumultuous heat
Of flight, escaped from the Camp, doth get;
And now aboord, commands his slender train
With all their strength to launch it out amain,
His purple robe upon the shore he throws;
To flie disguis'd; but cruell Fate allows
No flight nor safetie to him; nought at all
Gains his disguise but a Plebeian fall.
For lo the flying multitude espy'd
(That from the Camp prest to the rivers side)
That bark, contending all to get aboord
To save themselves, respectless of their Lord.
He cries the King is here, do no intrude;
There is no safetie for a multitude
In one small vessell, why should you destroy
(Losing your selves) the life of *Ptolomey?*
Though Fortune work my ruin, do not you
Mu der your King, but *Cæsar's* men pursue.
Amazement stops their ears, and fear of sword
Had banish'd all allegiance to their Lord.
Till, the ore laden vessel sin king down,
Themselves together, with their King they drown.
Mixt with Plebeian deaths a Monarch lies
The royal rich of the ancient *Ptolomey's*

Under no covert but his Nilus cold waves,
No Pyramids, nor rich Mausolean graves,
Nor sacred Vaults, whose structures do excell:
As his fore-fathers ashes proudly dwell,
And dead, as living, do their wealth expresse
In sumptuous gorgeous Palaces.
Unhappy *Ptolomey*, how short a date
Have fates allowed to thy kingly State?
No otherwise didst thou a Crown obtaine
Than sacrifices, crowned to be slain.
Happier mightst thou have di'd, before thy reign
(Though short it were) had left that lasting stain
Of *Pompey's* death upon thy name, and shew'd
To future times thy soul ingratitude,
Depriving him of breath, who did before
Thy banish'd (*s*) Father to a Crown restore:
And now to that dead Roman worthies Tomb
Art thou enforc'd a Sacrifice to come
T' appease his Ghost, and offer'd up by him,
In whose behalfe thou didst that heinous crime.
Who chooses rather to revenge, then owe
To thee so base a ruin of his foe.
Cæsar, possest of this great victory,
By land through Delea, marches speedily
To Alexandria; but supposing there
How much the City his just wrath might feare,
He sends before to comfort them and free
Th' inhabitants from feare and jealousie.
To be with joy received, he declares
That all his wrath is ended with his wars;
That he, as Romes dictatour would preserve
Their lives and liberties, and still reserve
The Crown of Ægypt free, rightly to place
Upon the next of Lagus roiall race.
And that no other now was his intent
Than to confirm (*t*) *Antonius* (*u*) Testament.

Anno-

Annotations to the first Book.

(a) *Thus* Dion; Cæsar *believed that the Ægyptians had truly desired peace, disheartned with their designes not succeeding (for he had heard they were a people by nature timorous and unconstant:) but howsoever their intentions were, he resolved to grant their request, lest he should seem to withstand an offered peace; he sends therefore their King to them; for by his presence he knew there was no increase of strength brought to them, considering his age and bad education: by this means he supposed he might afterwards conclude a peace with the Ægyptians upon his own terms, or find a just pretence of conquering the country, and giving the Kingdome to* Cleopatra: *for he was not at all afraid of their strength now, having received his army out of Syria,* Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *The young King educated in false and deceitfull disciplines, that he might not seem to degenerate from the manners of his Nation, weeping intreated* Cæsar *that he would not send him from him; for enjoying of a Kingdom could not be to him so pleasant as the presence of* Cæsar. Cæsar *moved with his teares comforted him, and promised if there were need shortly to visit him; but* Ptolomey *at liberty, began immediately to warre against* Cæsar *with so fierce and eager desire, that the teares which at the parting he shed, might seem to be teares of joy.* Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexan.

(c) *None of the Roman ships came at all to the succour of* Euphranor, *either because they durst not partake of the danger, or because they had a strong confidence in the great vertue, and extraordinary felicity of* Euphranor, *which in all his other fights had ever attended him: so that he only at that time behaved himselfe well, and perished alone with his victorious Galley.* Commen. de bello Alexan.

(d) *Of this Town Canopus, and the Temple of Serapis*

there, thus Strabo speaks in his seventeenth book; Canopus distant from Alexandria an hundred and twenty furlongs by land, was so called from Canopus Menelaus his Master of his ship, who was buried there: in it is the Temple of Serapis, with great devotion honoured amongst them, insomuch as the Noblemen put great affiance in that god, and came thither to take dreams both for themselves and others: some of them have written of divers cures which have been there wrought, and many miracles in severall kinds: but above all other things, wonderfull is that number, who upon festivall times come downe thither by the Lake from Alexandria: for night and day is that Lake full of boats, in which men and women with songs, and gestures of all manner of Lasciviousnesse do recreate themselves; and in Canopus it selfe, divers Inues there are upon the Lake side to entertain passengers with such levities and vain delights. Strabo lib. 17.

(e) This young King Ptolomeus Dyonisius son to Ptolomeus Auletes the last of all the race of Ptolomey's, by the wicked counsell of his followers, as Photinus the Eunuch, Achillas Captain of the guard, and Theodorus Chius the Rhetorician, had unthankfully slain Pompey the Great, flying to him in his necessity, who before had been the greatest means of restoring his father Auletes to the Crown of Ægypt. Dion. Plutarch. Appion.

(f) Auletes Ptolomeus the ninth Ptolomey from the son of Lagus, who after the death of Alexander the Great possessed Ægypt, was a man (saith Strabo) of most dissolute and wicked manners, for which he was expelled his Kingdome by the people of Alexandria; who made the eldest of his three daughters Queen over them; his two sons being both infants, had by this means lost all hope of succession in their fathers Kingdome: the Queen elected was married to one Cybiosactes of Syria, who derived his pedigree from the ancient Syrian Kings: but the Queen within few daies strangled her husband, and not able to endure his sordid and base

base nature; and married her selfe to Archelaus, who fained himselfe the son of Mithridates Eupator; but was indeed the son of that Archelaus, who had warred against Sylla, but was afterwards honoured by the Romans, and grandfather to him who reigned last in our times over Cappadocia: this Archelaus living then with Gabinius, whom he promised to aid in a war against the Parthians, was by some of his friends (unknown to Gabinius) brought unto the Queen, and declared King: at that time the banished King Ptolomeus Auletes was fled to Rome, and there kindly entertained by Pompey the Great, and by him commended to the Senate: Pompey advised them to restore Auletes to his Kingdome, and put to death those Embassadours that were come to thither to plead against their Prince, of which Embassage, Dio the Academian was chiefe. Auletes therefore brought back to his Kingdome by Gabinius overcame, and killed the Queen his daughter, and Archelaus his son in law; dying shortly after, he left behind him two sonnes, and two daughters. Strabo lib. 17.

(g) Ptolomeus Auletes by his Testament had willed (according to the incestuous custome of that family) that his eldest son Ptolomey should marry his eldest daughter Cleopatra, and with her enjoy the Crown of Egypt: the procuration of this testument was by him assigned to the people of Rome, which Cæsar as Dictatour had power to execute. Dion. lib. 42. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexand.

The Second book.

The Argument of the second Book.

Fair Cleopatra *is espous'd, and led*
A wife in name to her young brothers bed:
Great Cæsar's *heart her tempting beauties fire,*
who reaps the wanton fruit of his desire.
The scatter'd reliques of Pharsalia
Scipio *unites again in Africa.*
The strength of Varus there; each nations name,
That under Juba's *royal standard came.*
Cæsar *from Egypt gainst Pharnaces goes,*
And vanquishes, as soon as sees, his foes:
Erects a trophee there; and crossing ore
More swift then thought, arrives on Libya's shore.

THe Alexandrian Citizens releast
From al their fears by *Cæsar's* pardon, feast
With joy; extol the goodness of the skies,
And to their gods devoutly sacrifice
With usual rites: Alas, you do not know
Fond Alexandrians, to whom you ow
Your Cities safetie; not those deities,
That you with vain and barbarous mysteries
Adore, have wrought it; nor could all your Towrs,
Your stately Temples, Tombs of Conquerours,
Nor *Alexander's* bury'd dust, which more,
Than your religion *Cæsar's* thoughts adore,
Prevail so much in purchasing his grace,
As beauties charmes in *Cleopatra's* face.

It

It was the glance of her bewitching eyes
Had power to help your helpless destinies;
Nor was it fit such people, rites and laws
Should owe their safetie to a better cause.
Great *Cleopatra* mistres of the State,
To give the conquering author of her Fate
High entertainment, to his eye displays
Th'Ægyptian wealth in such luxurious ways
As might excuse even Rome, and make the riot
Of her degenerate Senate seem the diet
Which th'ancient *Curii*, and *Camillus* us'd,
Not what her Asian victories infus'd.
The gorgeous Pallace with such lustre shone
As wealthy Kingdoms neer their ruin, grown
Use to expres; which shew the present crimes,
And speak the fortune of precedent times.
But *Cæsar's* eyes in all that wealthie store,
Which he so lately had beheld before,
No pleasure find, nor wish delight views he
The golden roofs, nor precious imag'rie,
Rich Eben pillars, boords of Citron wood,
Which on their carved Ivorie tressels stood;
Nor curious hangings do his eyes admire.
For *Cleopatra's* beautie, and attire
Did quite eclipse all objects, and out-shone
All other splendours; on her looks alone
His eyes are fix'd; which, though beheld before,
The more he views, do ravish him the more.
All other objects lose a second sight;
But womans beautie breeds the more delight
The oftner seen: he views that snowie neck,
Those golden tressels, which no gems can deck,
The wealth, she wore about her, seem'd to hide,
Not to adorn her native beauties pride.
Though there bright Pearls from th'Erythræan shores
From all the th'Assyrian lakes, the wealthie

Of silver Ganges, and Hydaspes shone;
From Ægypts Eastern Iles the gold like stone,
And cheerful Emeraulds gather'd from the green
Arabian rocks were in full splendour seen.
Pale Onyx, Jaspers of a various die,
And diamonds darkned by her brighter eye.
The Saphirs blew, by her more azure veins
Hung not to boast, but to confess their staines
And blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their die
When her more rubie lips were moving by,
It seem'd (so well became her what she wore)
She had not robb'd at all the creatrues store,
But had been natures selfe, there to have show'd
What she on creatures could or had bestow'd.
But *Cæsar*'s heart enflamed long before
Burns with fresh furie, and resolves no more
Now to conceal, but feed the pleasing flame (fame?
What power (quoth he) controles my wish, what
What would the sowrest seeming vertue do?
Arm'd with a power like me, and tempted so?
By such a beautie as from guilt would free
A Ravisher, and make adulterie
No crime at all, but such a piece of vice
As former times unto the Deities
Did oft impute; had *Cleopatra* been
By those renowned Græcian writers seen,
Whose Deathless Poemes in the skies above
Have fix'd to many paramours of *Jove*;
Before the daughters of fair *Pleione*,
Atlanta, *Maia*, and *Taygete*, she
Had there been grac'd: her Tresses far more fair
Had shew'd in Heaven then *Berenices* hair.
Calisthо's Wain had not in skies been set,
Nor *Ariadnes* shining Coronet,
Till *Cleopatra's* Star had found a place,
And chose what part of Heaven she meant to grace.

Let

Let *Jove* my warrant be; whom powerful love
So oft as forced from Heaven; or let it prove
The Thunderers excuse to future times
That *Cæsar* now partakes the Thunderers crimes.
There is no cause thou should'st misdoubt thy suit
No waking Dragon keeps that golden fruit
Thou mean'st to taste, nor need'st thou fear to find
That beautie guarded by too chast a mind.
Yet wanton love, and *Cupids* childish fires,
Which warm Plebeian hearts, and move desires
In rural Girles, and lowly Shepherds swains
Aid not thy suit, Oh *Cæsar*. She disdains
That common cause should make her beautie yield
To thy embraces; her proud breast was fill'd
With higher thoughts; desire of Soveraigntie
Aspiring hopes of State and Majestie
In *Cleopatra's* breast had now controll'd
All other passions; had her bloud been cold.
Yet when ambition pleadeth on thy side,
Her chastitie had yielded to her pride.
That reason *Cæsar*, that did first subdue
Thy loyaltie to Rome, made thee embrue
Thy parricidal hands in her sad wounds,
And die with bloud Thessalia's guiltie grounds
Proves now the selfe same cause that conquered
This Queen and drew her to thy wanton bed.
Let not the guiltie greatnes with thy mind
Be by vain men extoll'd; since here we find
A womans breast the same impressions moves
Ambitious pride, and Soveraignties dire love
A like in thee and *Cleopatra* plac'd
Made thee disloyal prove, and her unchast.
Cæsar, left Rome should judge he first did move
This war alone for *Cleopatra's* love
To win for her, not for his Countries sake
(For conquer'd Ægypt he intends to make

No

No (a) Roman province) and on th' other side
Too much suspecting that th' Ægyptians pride
His bounteous favour would far lesse esteem,
If that a woman wore their Diadem,
Whilst yet a male-child liv'd of *Lagus* blood;
Thus cleares both doubts; to make the action good
One colour serves: young *Ptolomey*, whom he
Before had married to *Arsinoë*,
A child of eight yeers old, must now supply
The room of his dead brother *Ptolomey*,
And weare two shadowes both of love and State,
Of Ægypts King, and *Cleopatra's* mate.
What more then names, poor boy, dost thou obtain?
As vain thy marriage is, as is thy reign.
And but in title nothing is thine own:
Cæsar thy bed possesses, thee thy Crown.
Nor canst thou yet so much as rivall prove
In *Cleopatra's* reign, or *Cæsar's* love.
Yet happy art thou that thy tender age
Cannot enjoyth' incestuous marriage:
For if the match for thee had been more fit,
Thou hadst contracted greater guilt from it,
And with foul incest stain'd a brothers name; (blame,
But whilst thou want'st the fruit, thou want'st the
Now without care thou dost a crown obtain,
And an incestuous marriage without stain.

Now nights black mantle had the earth o'r-spread,
And all the host of stars in *Phœbus* stead
(Though with lesse light) adorn'd the spangled skye:
When *Cæsar* fill'd with love, and raised high
With *Meroës* sparkling wine, pursues his suit,
And soon obtains the with'd and wanton fruit
Of his late wars and toils; his fame and glory,
His power, and gifts the strongest Oratory
Had woo'd, and won the Queen to his delight.
Within whose arms he spends the wanton night.

Nor,

Nor, *Cleopatra*, was't a crime in thee;
Th' incestuous custome of thy family,
Where sisters, wives on brothers are bestow'd,
And mixture of the neerest names allow'd,
Makes this a vertuous love: thou hadst been led
With greater guilt to such a nuptiall bed;
And 'tis thy fate, thy beauty cannot be
Better enjoy'd than by adultery.
Yet from the burden of her fruitfull womb,
Both hers, and *Cæsar's*, punishment shall come.
For young (*b*) *Cæsario*, whom their loves short joy
With adverse Fates begets (unhappy boy)
Untimely slain, shall be in future time
Augustus Cæsar's parricidall crime,
And *Cæsar's* house with *Cæsar's* blood shall blot;
Thy guilt, *Augustus*, is that night begot,
Which shall hereafter those rich triumphs stain,
Which thou from Ægypts conquest shalt obtain;
Unlesse that flattery be taught for thee
To wrest all natures lawes, and policy
Of State, together with the peace of Rome
Alleag'd to justifie thy bloody doom.
Whilest *Cæsar* thus a wanton conquerour
In Ægypt staies, the Senates scatter'd power,
And flying legions from Pharsalia
Scipio again unites in Affrica,
(*c*) Great *Pompey's* father in law, who now o'r all
Is by consent elected Generall.
Stout *Labienus* most engag'd of all
In hate to *Cæsar*, (though against the Gaul
He under *Cæsar's* colours oft had fought)
Serves under him; and matchlesse *Cato* brought
By no engagement of a private cause,
But for his Countries libertie and lawes.
(*d*) *Petreius* falsely there takes arms again
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, by *Cæsar* once in Spain

Pardon'd

Pardon'd before; there Attius (2) Varus ſtands,
Who all the Roman Provinces commands
In Affrick, once proud Carthage ſcodars:
Who brings his punick forces to the wars,
Subtle in warlike ſlights, with Targets light,
Short ſwords, and breaſts unarm'd they uſe to fight:
And ſtill in battell weare their Caſſocks red.
To hide the colour of the blood they ſhed.
Drie Barces ſcorch'd, and ever-thirſting ſands
Send men to Varus; there the warlike bands
Of hot Cyrene ſtand, the progeny
Of *Pelops* ſtain'd and tragick family,
That from Mycens came; there th' Aæans ſtood
Mixed of Libyan and Sicilian blood;
And thoſe of Tabraca, th' old Tyrians brood.
The men of Leptis, and at Hippo bred,
Where the Phænicians firſt inhabited
When they to Affrick came; Hippo, whoſe ſite
Made it the ancient Libyan Kings delight.
And there in arms the men of Thapſus be,
That from the Latines draw their pedegree.
Juba to theſe his mighty army brings,
Juba, the greateſt of all Affrick Kings,
Who had already given a fatall blow
In *Curio's* ſad and mortall overthrow
To *Cæſar's* ſide: No Lybian King alone
Commands ſo large and vaſt a region.
Th' extent of his dominion lies as farre
As Thera's plains, and horned Ammons are
From Mauritania's weſtern lands,
Where neer the Gades heaven-propping *Atlas* ſtands,
With whom to war ſo many Nations went
Of manners, rites, and habits different;
Fierce Mauritanians, which derive their race
From th' ancient Medes, who peopled firſt the place.
The Naſonians ever bare and poor,

Till

Till wracks at Sea enrich their fatall shore
With mankinds ruine; the scorch'd swarthy bands
Of Garamantians, on whose barren sands
No shady trees ere spread, no flocks do feed,
Nor ought but serpents, and dire monsters breed:
With these Marmarians march, whom nature makes
As antidotes against those mortall snakes.
Then march the vagrant bold Numidians
On well-rein'd Steeds; and light Massylians,
Who evermore their horses bitlesse ride;
And them alone with slender wands can guide.
The strong Getulians that no dwellings know,
But with their herds do wander to and fro;
That in no sports but dangerous delight;
And singly dare with raging lions fight,
The light Autololes, whose winged speed,
In running far out-strips the swiftest steed,
Equals the winds themselves, and as they passe,
Scarce bend the standing corn, or slender grasse.
The cole-black Mibian next, upon whose brow
And curled locks the scorching sun doth shew
His lasting tyranny; who to the war
Does lightly goe, his breast and body bare,
And never iron nor brasse armour wears;
Great linnen Turbants on his head he bears.
In stead of helms: his arrows mortall points
With venom'd juice he treacherously anoints.
Shaggy Cyniphians too were armed there
Who Goats roughskins upon their shoulders weare,
Their beards o'r grown and horrid: near to these
With painted shields the Asyrmachides
Arm'd on the left side onely, not the right;
And swords, like sickles crook'd they use in fight.
Of diet course and rude; their meat upon
The sands is roasted by the scorching Sun.
Besides the Troups that were from Vaga sent,

That

That from Ruſpina and fair Zamah went,
From all theſe ſeveral places *Juba* draws
A royal Armie 't aid th' Senates cauſe,
Ioyning himſelfe with Roman *Scipio.*
With all theſe forces they intend to go
When firſt the ſpring her verdant face ſhall ſhow,
And comfortable gales of Zephyre blow
T'invade their native Country, and ſet free
Subjected Rome from *Caſar's* Tyrannie:
And their great deſign from the event
Of old examples found encouragement.
Since ſad experiences did often ſhew
Romes ſtrength, neer Rome, 't was eaſieſt to ſubdue.
They knew the barbarous Cimbrian, furious Gaul,
The force of Carthage led by *Hannibal*
Beat off in forren parts by Roman powers,
In Italie prov'd eaſie conquerours,
With theſe they ſadly call to mind how ſoon
Cinna, Sertorius, Carbo, Marius won
Rome by ſurpriſe, though beat in forren lands
With eaſe by *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* hands,
And laſt of all when this ſad war begun,
And *Caſar* firſt had croſſed Rubicon,
Pompey without one conflict fled away.
And Rome to him became an eaſie prey.
But *Caſar's* fortune fruſtrates their intents;
His wonted ſpeed and ſtrange ſucceſs prevents
Their expedition, and as every where
He had before, ſo plac'd th' aſſailant here
Too ſoone, alas, ſhall you in Affrick ſee
Who you intend to ſeek in Italie.
But *Caſar* plung'd in Ægypts ſoft delights
Inſnar'd by beauties, and the charming ſlights
Of *Cleopatra*, could almoſt forget
How many armed foes, and forces, yet
Oppoſe his growing fortunes, and remain

Threat-

Threathing the height of his usurped reign.
As when *Alcides* with ill fate had seen
The tempting beauties of the Oechalian Queen,
His brawny shoulders straight forget to wear
The lions skin, his awfull hand to bear
The monster-taming club; from his rough head
The poplar garland falls; no tyrants dread
That world-avenging strength; which had well-nigh
Been sunk into a fameless lethargie.
And *Juno's* hopes of great *Alcides* fall
A womans beautie further'd more than all (vent,
Those monstrous plagues, which she had power t' in-
Or could from air, earth, seas, or hell be sent.
But Fortune finds alarums to awake
The soul of *Cæsar* from this dream, and make
Compleat for him the work she had begun,
Whither she hasten'd Romes sad ruin on;
Or rather blush'd such liberties and laws,
Should owe their safetie to so base a cause
As *Cæsar's* sloth; and judg'd it better far
Than keep it so, to lose it by a war:
That war alone, which built up Romes high reign,
Should now have power to ruin her again.
Nor were the Fates pleas'd that the wanton love
Of *Cleopatra* should more helpful prove
To Romes affairs, then all those justled drawn swords,
Which once Thessalia, Libya now affords.
Yet was it now no strength, no armes of Rome,
No part of Civil war drew *Cæsar* from
Ægypts delights; (*f*) *Pharnaces* feeble power
Provok'd him first to make him conquerour
Of greater forces then his own; as when
A sleeping Lion's couched in his den,
The horned heards securely graze along
The verdant pastures; till that Lion stung
By some presumptuous little Gnat awake,

And

And wanting there his full revenge, doth make
Thoſe cattel feel his wrath; whoſe lives anon
Do rule the little Gnat's preſumption.
This falſe *Pharnaces*, who from *Pompey's* hand
Receiv'd (as price of parricide) the land
Of rich Cimmerian Boſphorus, was ſon
To *Mithridates* whoſe tear'd power had won
From *Nicomedes* his Bythinia,
Conquer'd Armenia, Cappadocia,
And wealthieſt Græcian Iles, whoſe ſwelling fame
Began to rivall Romes victorious name,
And long withſtood her growing Fate; at laſt
By *Pompey's* force from all his Kingdomes chac'd,
He fell by treaſon, to increaſe the ſhame
Of his falſe ſon, and leſſen *Pompey's* fame.
Pharnaces now with vain ambition ſwell'd,
Deceiv'd by flattering hopes, when he beheld
Romes broils, and ſaw how her divided bands
Againſt themſelves imploi'd their conquering hands,
Sought to regain what once his father had,
And 'gan the Roman provinces invade:
In Aſia minor, (his firſt enterpriſe
Fortune beholding with propitious eies)
Domitius fall, who with ill Fate imploi'd
The ſwords of *Cæſar*, rais'd his boaſting pride.
Nicopolis, whoſe loftv walls were there
Founded as *Pompey's* Trophees, ſtill to beare
Name of his conqueſt, and the place to ſhew
Of *Mithridates* finall overthrow,
Beheld the ſlaughter of *Domitius* hoſts
A parentation to the Pontick ghoſts.
Nine times had *Cynthia* now reſtor'd again
Light to her waned horns, when *Cæſar* chain'd
In *Cleopatra's* wanton arms, had ſtay'd
On Ægypt coaſt; her ſwelling womb diſplai'd
At laſt th' effect of an adulterous bed,

Whom

Whom *Cæsar* thus departing comforted,
Fair Queen, sole mistresse of thy *Cæsar's* State,
The fate of him that rules all other fate,
Pharnaces cruel to himself and me,
With his own ruin parts our companie.
His treasons, Love, now call my vengeful steel,
Do not thou grieve; the conquer'd foes shal feel
Our parting griefe, and in their slaughter see
With how much anger *Cæsar* goes from thee.
But that poor King dares not my force withstand,
He onely drawes me from this happie land,
To make a journey rather then a war:
For he at first will flie, and easier far
May I obtain a conquest than a fight.
His dastard troups my name alone shall fright;
And easie triumphs comes; but I from thee
Go griev'd to triumphs, sad to victorie.
From thee, whose eys make Ægyps swarthie face
Brighter than that white path the Gods do trace:
Without whose light no lands breeds my content,
And Rome it self to me is banishment.
But Fate to us far greater conquests ows;
How much, alas, would *Cleopatra* lose
If *Cæsar* stay'd at home? we have not yet
Fully attain'd that world commanding height;
That most enthrone thy beautie in a State
High as it self, for all to wonder at
Like some new Constellation; those that ne'r
Th' Antartick pole, ne'r see the Northern Bear
Descend into the Ocean; those that lie
(Enduring winters lasting tyrannie)
Under the frozen wain, and lose the sight
Of bright Canopes; whose desired light
Cheers this Horizon still, shall both adore
Fair *Cleopatra's* name; the farthest shore
That *Peleus* silver-footed wife doth know

Shall honour thee; even Rome her selfe shall bow,
And with her Eagles shall thy State maintaine,
Whilest Kings do wait on *Cleopatra's* traine.
For such effects, fair Queen, (if *Cæsar* know
His fate aright) shall this our parting now
Return to thee when I in triumph come:
By this deare part of *Cæsar*, which thy womb
Encloses here, thou shalt engage our speed:
Therefore farewell; we must pursue in deed
Our consultations swiftly as we thought.
But *Cleopatra*, whom loves Queen had taught
All winning wiles; and best with such a face
As teares became, and griefe it selfe did grace,
Thus with a seeming griefe, and teares replies:
I dare not hope to change the Fates, or prize
My worthlesse prayers at so high a rate,
As to have power at all to change the State
Of *Cæsars* great resolves, on which depend
All nations fates, and all the States attend.
If by their prayers frail mortality
Should hope to alter what the gods decree,
'T were a proud piety. I'll rather lose
My suit, and check my love, then interpose
It so, and rather to my selfe deny
The happinesse of *Cæsar's* company,
Than love it with so great presumption,
As, for mine own delights, to hinder one
Of his resolves; yet pardon, mighty Lord,
If to mine own desires I do afford
One place in love: cannot Great *Cæsar* thrive
In these his wars, if *Cleopatra* live
Neer to his person? Can it overthrow
His fortune to procure my safety so?
There's no retreat in all the world for me,
So safe as thy victorious camp will be.
But I am pleas'd to stay at thy command

In

In Ægypt ſtill, and ſtill ſuppoſe this land
Within Great *Cæſar*'s reach; whoſe powerfull hands
From ſilver Ganges to the Barrick ſands,
From Pole to Pole extend their conquering force:
No diſtances of place can long divorce
Us two, if *Cæſar* in his love can be
As ſpeedy as in war and victory,
And march as fat to find his friends as foes:
This pledge, which I within my ſelfe incloſe,
Aſſures my longing mind againſt delay,
That *Cæſar* long will not protract his ſtay.
Then with a kiſſe he bad the Queen adieu;
And wing'd with haſt, into Armenia flew
Swifter then lightning, or the Southern wind
Along through Liby'as yielding aire, to finde
Pharnaces out; whom he (paſt thought) o'r took
Neer Zela wals, and vanquiſh'd with a look.
Soon beat, he left behind him nought at all
That might deſerve a mention, but his fall:
Nor can there ought of this ſhort war be ſaid,
But *Cæſar* (*g*) came, and ſaw, and vanquiſhed.
How much did *Pompey*'s honour ſuffer there,
When *Cæſar*'s troups beheld that Nations feare?
And ſaw how eaſie 'twas to conquer them?
How undeſerv'd did his great triumph ſeem
O'r Pontus and Armenia? More was loſt
Than poor *Pharnaces* Crown, and feeble hoſt
The fame of *Pompey* was o'r thrown that day,
When *Cæſar* boaſting could finde cauſe to ſay;
Oh *Pompey* happy thou, that by defeat
Of theſe baſe Nations, got'ſt the name of Great;
Whilſt I ſubduing the fierce Gaules, deſerv'd
No name, enjoi'd no Triumph: hadſt thou ſerv'd
Beyond the frozen Alpes, or paſt the bound
Of Rhenes ſwift ſtream, the big-bon'd Germans found,
A difference 'twixt our acts thou then hadſt ſeen,

Our civil wars perchance had never been.
Yet ere that he from thence to Affrick pass,
Though haste important urge him, in the place
A stately Trophee he elects to show
To future times *Pharnaces* overthrow,
Not far from that proud Trophee, which before
Great *Mithridates* for his conquest ore
Triarius, had erected; that his glorie
Might quite eclipse old *Mithridates* glorie,
Or please his Manes, that the field there won
Took punishment of his unnatural son.
But greater wars call *Cæsar* thence away;
Scipio not far from Adrumetum lay
With all the power of Rome, but did not (*b*) now
Since Winters furie rag'd, expect a foe.
For *Phœbus* lamp to our Horizon low,
The shortest daies and coldest did bestow
From *Capricorn*, cold Winter gaz'd the flouds,
And purl'd with frost the fields and naked woods.
But *Cæsar's* heart, admitting no delay,
Whose speedie march no season ere could stay;
When he his Dictatorship at Rome
Had tane, and thence to Sicilie was come,
Lest any time should to his fame be lost,
Even then the Seas from Lilybæum croft,
And sailing by the Libyan shores, espies
Great Carthages half-ruin'd edifice;
And Clupeas fatal station passes by
With griefe, remembring how unhappily
Bold *Curio* there did with his legions land
A woful prey to *Juba's* barbarous band.
Then from this omnious place he sailes away
Westward along, and leaving Utica
(Where *Cato* then in Garison did lie;
Cato the soul of Roman libertie;
Who from the Town must shortly take a name

And

And leave the Town, in lieu, eternal fame)
At Adrumetum lands; upon which coast
Scipio encamps with all his Roman hoast.

Annotations to the second Book.

(a) Dion *relates it thus*; Cæsar *having subdu'd Ægypt, would not subject it, as a Province of the people of Rome, but bestow'd it wholly upon* Cleopatra, *for whose sake he had made the whole war in Ægypt; yet fearing lest the Ægyptians under the reign of a woman would rebell again, and that he might perchance alienate the hearts of the Romans from himself by reason of this, and the familiarities which he was known to have with* Cleopatra, *he gave her in marriage to her younger brother, and confirmed the Kingdome to them both; which was indeed but a show, for* Cleopatra *wholly possessed the power; her husband being a Child, therefore under a pretext of marriage, by which she should joyn with her brother in the Kingdome, she both reigned alone, and enjoyed the bed of* Cæsar. Dion. lib. 42.

(b) *This* Cæsario, *both* Dion *and* Plutarch *report to be the son of* Iulius Cæsar *by* Cleopatra, *when after the Alexandrian war and before his expedition against* King Pharnaces, *he stayed in Ægypt (according to* Dion) *nine monthes: after the victory of* Augustus Cæsar *against* Marcus Antonius *and* Cleopatra, *this* Cæsario *being sent away for safety into Æthiopia (saith* Dion) *was intercepted in the journey and slain by* Cæsar's *command: the reasons that moved* Augustus *to this cruelty, were partly the counsel (according to* Plutarch,) *of* Arius *the Philosopher, his tutor, who told him it was not safe to suffer too many* Cæsars: *partly the remembrance of what* Antonius *had done, who before had commended this* Cæsario *to the old Souldiers, advising them rather to honour the true and natural sonne of* Iulius Cæsar; *then* Octavius *who was but an adopted heir.*

(c) Scipio *was chosen General of all the Roman forces in Affrica that meant to continue the war against* Cæsar,

partly by reason of his dignity, and partly by an absurd perswasion (saith Dion) that no Scipio in Affrick could be unfortunate: which thing when Cæsar perceived might encourage the enemy and discourage his souldiers, he took along with him a certain obscure man descended of the race of the Scipio's, and of that surname (but his name was Salatio) and with him to thwart the other superstitious fear, he landed at Adrumetum before the enemy expected him, it being then an unseasonable time of the yeare. Dio. l. 43.

(d) Varus had governed so long those Countries, and was so puffed up by the victory of Juba (saith Dion) that he contended with Scipio himselfe for the chiefe command; but by the authority of Cato it was swaied on Scipio's side. Cato, when all the Souldiers offered to him the chiefe command, or at least to be joined Generall with Scipio, refused both; accounting it just that he which by the lawes had attained the highest dignity, should have now the greatest command; but he himselfe had never attained to so much dignity in Rome, as Scipio; to him therefore of his own accord he yielded place, and gave him also that army which he had brought into Affrick. Dion. lib 43.

(e) Petreius had before been vanquished by Cæsar in Spain. Lucan. lib. 4. He was then pardoned and set free upon oath never to war against Cæsar again; which oath here he violated.

(f) Cleopatra (saith Dion) had staied Cæsar longer in Ægypt or else accompanied him to Rome, if Pharnaces had not been the hinderance: this Pharnaces the sonne of Great Mithridates was King of Bosphorus Cimmerius; but moved with an ambitious desire of recovering all his fathers Kingdome, while Rome was intangled in civill war, he had rebelled: and during the time of the Civil and Ægyptian wars had with small adoe subdued Colchis, and all Armenia in the absence of Deiotarus, besides many Cities of Cappadocia, Pontus and Bithynia. Cæsar busied then in the affairs of Ægypt, and hoping to subdue Pharnaces by

a Lieutenants hand, sends Domitius Calvinus to that war, commanding him to take the regency of Asia, and of those Armies which he found there. Domitius joining the Kings Deiotarus and Ariobarzanes to him, marches directly against Pharnaces, who was then at Nicopolis, where in fight Domitius was vanquished. Dion. lib. 42.

(g) Those three words, Veni, vidi, vici, did afterward in Cæsar's triumph expresse his sudden conquest of Pharnaces, and that then he uttered such a speech concerning Pompey, Appian is my authority.

(h) Cæsar in the midst of winter sailed into Africa; by which speed of his (saith Dion) in comming unawares upon his enemies, he had often prospered in his greatest affairs: nor was there any other so great reason, why Cæsar so much excelled all other Generals of those times, as his wonderfull speed in all expeditions. Dion. lib. 42.

The third Book.

The Argument of the third Book.

Juba from Scipio *to his Kingdome goes.*
Cæsar escapes the ambush of his foes,
And till th' arrivall of his full supplies,
Himselfe within Ruspina fortifies.
Sage Cato's *counsell to Great* Pompey's *son.*
Juba's *return*; *the whole war meets upon*
Vtzita's plains, and is remov'd from thence
To Thapsus fatall fields: *what dire ostents*
Forego the battell; Cæsars *victory*;
To severall coasts the vanquish'd Princes flie.

NOW near this mighty war began to draw:
Those blood-stain'd swords, which dire Pharsalia saw
With no lesse guilt in Libya meet again,
To draw that little blood that did remain
In Romes afflicted State: Why did you spare
It then, oh gods, to make a second war?
Was it cause one, though ne'r so great a blow,
The Roman Empire could not overthrow?
Or must moe lands behold her fall? moe grounds
Drinke in the blood of her unnaturall wounds?
Or must this second war declare to all
The State subsisted after *Pompey's* fall,
And once again her freedome might have seen,
Had *Cæsar's* war alone 'gainst *Pompey* been,

Rome

Rome now in Affrick is; thoſe ſcorched grounds
That once her conqueſt ſaw, now ſee her wounds.
Where once the *Scipio*'s with triumphant Fate
Advanc'd her Eagles 'gainſt a rivall State.
This *Scipio* now inſtead of barbarous foes,
In Romes behalfe 'gainſt Romes dictator goes.
But fate awhile, content with meaner play,
Reſpits the tryall of ſo great a day.
So many lives as there reſolv'd were met,
Muſt not be thrown into the hazard yet.
Nor muſt ſad *Thapſus* give the fatall blow
Of *Juba*'s fall, and *Scipio*'s overthrow,
Untill Rhuſpina, and Uzzita's Walls
Have felt the force of both the Generals,
And other parts of Affrick have beheld,
Some bloody prologues to ſo great a field.
Fortune a while from helping *Scipio*,
Diverts King *Juba*'s ſtrength, inforc'd to go
With ſpeedy marches to his Kingdomes aid;
Which (*a*) *Sittius* now and *Bocchus* did invade.
And *Cæſars* troops remaining on the ſhore
Of Sicily, himſelfe had croſſed o'r
Into a land poſſeſſed by his foes,
With one weak new-fill'd legion; nor to thoſe
That ſtay'd behind, could he appoint the Port
Where they ſhould land, or whither to reſort,
(As he in former wars had ever done)
Committing all to Fortunes rule alone,
So much on her protection he rely'd;
Nor had ſhee ever fail'd his greateſt need,
Could it not ſeem to thine ambitious thought
Cæſar, enough, that fortune ever wrought
Th' accompliſhment of all thy higheſt hopes,
When e'r in field inviron'd with thy troops,
Thou fought'ſt againſt thy greateſt foes; but ſhe
Without an army too muſt ſuccour thee?

And

And all thy rash adventures rectifie?
Was not thy scape from Ægypts treachery,
Thy safe arrivall on Brundusium's shore,
(The stormy seas so boldly ventured o'r
From Greece by night) enough for her to do?
How oft shall fortune more her favour show
From private dangers in protecting thee,
Than in bestowing th'earths sole Monarchy.
From Adumetum, where in Garrison
Considius lay, whose truth could not be won
From *Scipio's* side, does *Cæsar* march away
With his small army, but in fair array.
Since now his highest hopes were not to get
The Town, but thence in safety to retreat.
Nor was that granted him, *Considius* horse
With furious sallies oft molest his course,
And vex his Armies rear; t'encounter those
Assaults, does *Cæsar* in the rear dispose
The ablest men, and marching slowly on
Safe to Ruspina brings his legion.
Nor did that act of war, though seeming small,
But well become so great a Generall.
From thence removing, Leptis him receives,
In which a little Garrison he leaves,
And to Ruspina marches back again;
That only Town in Affrick did remain
A safe retreat for *Cæsar's* feeble power:
Nor thither then unlesse a Conqueror
Could he arrive; danger beset the way.
Fierce *Labienus* and *Pacidius* lay
In ambush there; in which, though timely spi'd,
Was *Cæsar's* skill and fortune wholly tri'd.
He breaks with Conquest through the adverse troops,
Fortune but mocking *Labienus* hopes.
Who now with losse forlakes the field, and bears,
To Adrumetum his hurt Souldiers.

Cæsar returning with his little band
Into Rhuspina, takes a work in hand
Of wondrous toile (since now resolv'd no more
To march from thence, till on the Libyan shore
His legions all arrive; whom every day
Chiding the winds and fortune for their stay,
His eager thoughts expect) two trenches down
To the Sea-shore he draws, one from the Town,
Another from his Camp; on either side
With sharpned stakes, and engines fortifi'd,
So well, as that, without the Garrison,
They might by land secure both Camp and Town,
And make the shore between at his dispose;
But there inclos'd by his insulting foes
(For *Scipio* now with his great strength drew nigh)
He paies, in wants, for that security.
Nor can his men from out their trenches go
To fetch provision in by land; the foe
Cuts off all passage there; and in disdain
Of *Cæsar's* weakenesse, on the spatious plain,
Scipio oft sets his battels in array,
Who 'mongst themselves in wanton skirmish play,
And exercise their Elephants, in sight
Of *Cæsar's* trenches, and unarmed fight
In Roman armies; those beasts ne'r had been
Till *Pyrrhus* warr'd with Rome, by Romans seen;
Nor e'r in triumph to the people shown,
Till the Dictator *Curius* had o'rthrown
The Samnites, Sabines, and King *Pyrrhus* power:
The like *Metellus* Creets fam'd Conquerour,
From his Sicilian victory did bring,
And *Pompey's* Triumph o'r Numidia's King.
Uncertaine aids in war they ever prove,
And with like danger to both armies move,
As well their own annoying as the foes,
Fitter for other labours (sure) than those;

Nor,

Nor, though their ſtrength be wondrous, for that end
Did prudent Nature thoſe great beaſts intend.
The Nabathæan lands, where they are bred
Are recompens'd with thoſe rich teeth they ſhed,
Through all the world a wealthie marchandiſe
Which on their deaths oft ſets a greedy price;
But greater far the Eaſtern countrey yields,
Than thoſe within the Mauritanian fields,
And far more fierce; ſuch as in India
Great *Alexander's* frighted Souldiers ſaw.
These mightie beaſts, as they in bulk exceed,
And paſs in ſtrength all other far, that feed
On earths vaſt boſom, do as far excel
(If ancient Authors have obſerved well)
In apprehenſion, and large faculties
Of ſoul 'gainſt beaſts they onely exerciſe
Thoſe qualities (or like to them) which we
In men ſtile vertues; perfect equitie
They keep, and laws of juſtice have no uſe;
To which all morral virtues we reduce.
Nor are theſe creatures thought by ſome to be
Quite void of th' intellectuall facultie,
But that they can diſcern and underſtand
The language ſpoken in their native land;
And might diſcourſe, if to ſo ſtrange a wit
Nature had pleas'd to lend them organs fit,
Not ſpeak as Crows and Parrets oft have done
By imitation of a ſound alone.
If we ſo much to Elephants ſhould give,
Why ſhould we call them creatures ſenſitive:
We muſt extend the facultie of ſenſe
To larger bounds and put leſſe difference
'Twixt that and reaſon; or betwixt the two
Find out a middle region to beſtow
Their knowledge in; as ſome things that live,
We place 'twixt ſenſe and vegatation give.

[But

But in a higher kind (as ſome relate)
Do Elephants with men communicate.
(If you believe it) a religion
They have, and monethly do adore the Moon,
Beſides the loftie Nabathæan wood
Of vaſt extent Amylo's gentile floud
Gliding along, the ſandie mould combines
Thither, as oft as wexing *Cynthia* ſhines
In her firſt borrowed light, from out the wood
Come all the Elephants, and in the floud
Waſhing themſelves (as if to purifie)
They proſtrate fall; and when religiouſly)
They have ador'd the Moon, return again
Into the woods with joy. Nor half ſo vain
Is this devotion which theſe beaſts preſent,
As that which men more brutiſhly invent;
Nor (as the mad Ægyptians us'd) do they
To Dogs and Snakes, and vileſt creatures pray,
Nor to the ſenſeleſs Leeks and Onyons bow,
Such Gods as yearly in their Gardens grow;
Nor yet to wood or ſtone devotion doe
More ſenſeleſs than the ſtones they bow unto;
A far more glorious creature they adore.
Should this be true of Elephants, far more
Wiſe in religion are thoſe beaſts then men:
But if that this a fiction be, why then
Did mens invention fain a beaſt to be
Wiſer, than are themſelves in Pietie?
While at Rhuſpina both the Generals
Encamped reſt; in Utica's ſtrong wals
Cato remains with *Pompey's* eldeſt (*b*) ſon,
Whom thus ſage *Cato* ſharply ſets upon:
Awake young man, and now in time redeem
Thy youth from ſloath-bred ſcorn; from diſeſteem
Go vindicate the name of *Pompey* now:
Go try all Kingdomes, ſearch all Seas to know

How great thy father was; what Fame he won,
How ſtrong he leaves thee in thy name alone:
Try if the ſeas, which his brave hand did free
From Pyrats, can deny a fleet to thee.
That ſtock of glory which thy Father wonne,
And left behind for thee to ſpend upon,
Arms thee with ſtrength enough (though nought beſide
So good a cauſe could lend) 'gainſt *Cæſar's* pride.
Go try the fartheſt Weſt, ſollicite Spain;
The name of *Pompey* is enough to gain
Thoſe Nations to thy ſide: if nought at all
Thy groaning Countries ſuff'rings, nor the fall
Of Roman Liberty affect thy mind:
Although thou could'ſt endure a Lord, and find
Content in ſerving, yet the wrongs which thou
Alone from *Cæſar* ſuffereſt, were enow
To rouz thy ſpirits, and ſtir thine enmity.
If thy great Father for Romes Liberty
And Lawes alone fought in Pharſalia,
As great a Fortune didſt thou loſe that day
As on a private Citizen could light:
But if thy father for himſelfe did fight;
Thy loſſe was more, and *Cæſar* then from thee
By Conqueſt took the worlds ſole Monarchy.
But would'ſt thou know the true inheritance
Which he did dying leave thee, to advance
The name of *Pompey*; which may ever be
Thine own, in ſpite of *Cæſars* enmity,
Which honour bids thee claim, and Rome now needs?
The imitation of his noble deeds
Is thine inheritance: 'twas his brave fate,
When great bad men had ſeiz'd th' afflicted State,
When *Marius* faction did the wals invade,
And Rome it ſelfe a ſlaughter houſe was made,
To ſave his Country bleeding then, as now,
And not ſo much in debt to years as thou.

When

When he no honours yet, no titles had,
No power at all but what his Vertue made,
He rais'd an army, reſcu'd Italy,
By him did *Carbo* in Sicilia dye;
By him did Spain behold *Sertorius* fall:
And then in triumph to the Capitoll
He, but a Gentleman of Rome did bring
Hyempſal vanquiſh'd the Numidian King.
All this before he had attain'd unto
Thy age, young *Pompey*, did thy father do;
Which to his future greatneſſe made the way,
And ſleep'ſt thou here? What help in Affrica
Lend'ſt thou to Rome more than one private hand?
Go gather Forces in another land;
Repair the ruins of thy houſe, or dye
Great as thy birth hath made thee. No reply
Young *Pompey* made at all; but, as if from
Some ſacred Oracle the ſpeech had come,
Or Romes own voice from *Cato*'s breſt had ſpoke,
His modeſty obey'd, and ſtraightway took
A long (*c*) farewell, never to meet again,
But find a Tomb in Europe, and to Spain
Carry as great a part of Romes ſad wounds
As dire Theſſalia's blood-diſtained grounds,
Or fatall Thapſus ſaw. Though deſtiny
Have not allotted, brave young man, to thee
So great and long a race of happineſſe
As to thy Father, yet thy fall no leſſe
Than his ſhall be in weight, nor ſhall the field
Of fatall Munda, to Pharſalia yield.
Caſar ſuppli'd with ſtrength from Sicily
Marches away, to take and fortifie
Thoſe lofty Hils (in ſpight of enemies)
Which from the champian, neare Uzzita, riſe:
Which hils he takes and fortifies with eaſe:
Though *Labienus* vain-laid ambuſhes

To

To their own ruin did moleſt his way,
By *Ceſar's* Scouts diſcover'd where they lay
Too ſoon; and ſo by changed fate call'd on
In ſtead of his, their own deſtruction.
So a Getulian *Lion* when beſet
By weak arm'd Hunters, whoſe vain force doth whet,
Not daunt his courage, with collected ire
Breaks through, and makes his wounded foes retire:
His ſeeming danger nought but anger moves,
And fatall onely to the Hunters proves.
Iuba return'd and join'd with *Scipio*,
With all their forces to Uzzita go:
Now the whole war was met; Uzzita's Walls
Beheld the Camps of both Romes Generals:
Thrice there did *Scipio* his whole ſtrength diſplay;
Thrice *Cæſar* ſet his battels in array
Eager of fight; and thrice provok'd his foe
To tryall of the day; but *Scipio*
Would not th' advantage of the place forſake.
Nor did the deſtinies intend to make
Uzzita guilty of ſo great a ſtain,
Which did for Thapſus fatall fields remain.
Whither, diſlodging from his Camp by night,
(When *Scipio* could not be provok'd to fight)
With proſperous Omen, *Cæſar* marches on:
There then *Virgilius* lay in Garriſon,
Faithfull to *Scipio* and the Senates ſide,
The place by nature ſtrongly fortifi'd.
Scipio and *Iuba* follow, though the aire
Gave ſad preſages of the future war,
The earth and ſkies the like; his mourning face
The Sun with clouds obſcured: in whoſe place
Ruin portending Comets did diſplay
Their blazing Lamps, and made a diſmall day:
And lightning through the uncertaine aire gave light
More full of horrour then the ſhades of night.

The

The thunders voice was heard there where the aire
From clouds was free; and th'horrid noise of war
From thence resounded: Helms of brass did sweat,
Some Piles and swords did melt; nor could they get
By strength their heavy Standards from the ground:
Which swarms of Bees o'r-spread; a hallow sound
Of Lions sadly murmuring was heard
About the Camp: the Mountains all appear'd
To move, which did about Uzzita stand.
And from the farthest part of Libyan land,
The Maurtanian *Atlas* seem'd to shake
His skie supporting top: Birds seem'd to take
Unusuall flights; sad entrails did appear,
And fill'd the sacrificing Priests with feare:
Nor mean the gods, when these portents they show,
To teach fraile mortals to prevent the woe,
But feare it onely. The unhappy troops
To Thapsus march distraught 'twixt feares and hopes,
Where this great war shall shortly find an end,
On which so many ruins do depend.
The Libyan Thapsus a sea-bordering Towne
An Isle almost by situation,
Is by that Sea, which Affrick doth divide
From Sicily, environ'd at one side;
The other side a spatious fen o'rflowes,
Guarding that part from all approach of foes;
Betwixt the sea, and that great fen doth stand
(The onely passage to the Town by land)
A little Isthmos, which (although not wide)
A standing lake doth in the midst divide,
And makes two narrow passages of one;
Within these straits, not far from Thapsus Town
Cæsar is entrr'd now with all his troops,
And with strong works, and deep digg'd trenches stops
All means of sallies from the Town, that might
Perchance infest his armies rear in fight.

Scipio encamp'd there where the Isthmos ends
Within the continent, with speed intends
To draw a trench down to the shore, and so
Within that neck of land shut up the foe:
But till the work be perfected, to hide
What he intends, or battell to abide,
In fair array he marshals all his bands:
Himselfe with his Italian legions stands
In the mid battel; *Juba's* legions
Mixt of so many severall Nations,
Make the right battell; on the left doth stand
Stout *Labienus* with a warlike band
Of Gaules, which he had from Brundusium led,
And German troops, which from Pharsalia fled,
Old foes to *Cæsar*: thither *Varus* brings
His Libyan Cohorts: but before both wings
The mighty Elephants are plac'd, to fright
The foes first on-set; and by them the light
Numidian horse, and Mauritanian too:
Behind the beasts the light arm'd souldiers go,
His poison'd quiver the black Mibian bears,
The strong Mazacians their wel-brandish'd Spears,
Of aim as sure as Parthian shafts; by these
With crooked Swords of Adrymachides.
But seeing *Cæsar's* army in array,
And now not likely to protract the day.
Thus *Scipio* speaks: True Romans, if a Cause
So just, so great, as to this battel draws
Your far-engaged hands, could need at all
Any incitements from a Generall,
The wrongs of Rome, the foes impiety
Afford too large, too sad a scope for me
To play the Oratour, and though the fall
Of our sad State and Lawes in generall,
Should not affect your minds; cast but an eie
Upon those blood-stain'd fields of Thessaly,

Think

Think on Pharſalia's ſlaughter, and learn there
What each man ſuffers in particular,
Beſide the publique loſſe: let every Ghoſt
Of friend or kinſman, that that day was loſt,
(Yet unreveng'd) excite your valour now:
On us the gods and Fortune here beſtow
A juſter cauſe than there, for *Cæſar's* guilt
Was not ſo great before that blood was ſpilt:
Nor could that honour, Souldiers, have been gain'd
In Theſſaly, that may be here obtain'd
By *Cæſar's* fall; now his eſteem is more,
Although his ſtrength no greater then before,
And we are bound to fortune, who in this
On equall hazards ſets a greater price.
Nor need you fear that ſhe ſhould now forſake
Her Romes defence, whom ſhe has toil'd to make
Head of the world ſo long, becauſe you ſaw
Cæſar ſubdu'd Rome in Pharſalia.
The date of *Pompey's* fortune was expir'd,
His many triumphs, which her favour tir'd,
So long had laſted, as it had been thought
(Had *Cæſar* fall'n when that great field was fought)
Not Romes, but *Pompey's* fortune had prevail'd:
And Rome then only her long favour fail'd,
As loth a private man ſhould think her his,
And ſhe depriv'd of publike ſacrifice.
But think not, Romans, the rebellious Fate
Of one proud man, ſhall ſtill out-weigh the State:
Nor does the anger of the gods appeare
(If this good Omen we may truſt) that here
On Affricks Sun-burnt face you meet the foe
Under the conduct of a *Scipio*.
I need not boaſt what every Nation knows,
With what triumphant Fate the *Scipi'os*
In Affrick have advanc'd Romes power and fame,
How well her Fortune pleas'd her in that name?

And what forbids us hope the like, since we
As lawfully are armed here, and he
Whom now our loyall valour copes withall,
As great a foe to Rome as *Hannibal*?
Into your hands the gods have put their dome;
Nought but your vertue can restore to Rome
Her lawes, and banish'd Citizens again;
For banished are you, and must remain
For ever so, unlesse you conquer here;
He that would see his native land, his neer
And dearest pledges, by the sword must now
Redeem them all in *Cæsar's* overthrow.
Their spirits were rouzed; and the Roman troops
Inflam'd with love of fight, and fill'd with hopes;
No lesse did *Juba's* barbarous Nations,
With rude and different acclamations
Desire a signall, and precipitate
With eagernesse their own unhappy fate.
Cæsar perceiving that the gods gave way
To his desire, and now the wish'd for day
Of fight was come, advances, and thus cheers
With confidence his forward Souldiers.
The time is come, brave Souldiers, that must crown
And guerdon all the service you have done,
That must conclude the labours of the sword,
And (maugre envy) to your heads afford
All those triumphant Bayes which hitherto
Have been deferr'd, deserv'd so long ago,
For conquer'd Gallia, Britain, Germany,
Treacherous *Pharnaces*, and faile *Ptolomey*;
All these has fortune but detain'd till now,
To join with them proud *Juba's* overthrow,
Great as the greatest; and this field when done,
Confirms or loses all that we have wone;
But 'twere a crime to doubt it, since I see
Those looks that never fail'd of victory.

Let yon' torn remnant of Pharſalia know
Their Conquerours. More would he ſay, when lo
From the right wing not ſtaying his command,
The Trumpets ſound a charge, and from their ſtand,
(Although the Tribunes and Centurions ſtrive
To keep them back) the ſouldiers ruſh to give
The on-ſet ſtraight; nor them in vain to ſtay
Does *Cæſar* ſtrive, but gives their courage way:
As when two Chariots are prepar'd to run,
And one too haſty from the liſt is gone,
In vain the Charrioter their courſe would ſtay,
The ungovern'd horſes hurry him away.
Then with a rage as great as if two ſeas
(Some god removing, for the Sailers eaſe,
The long Malæa) ſhould each other meet,
Both hoſts incounter, and begin the fight
With horrid ſhowts, that all the mountains nigh
Reſound aloud, and back from Sicily
High Lilybæum to the Libyan ſhore,
Return's again their eccho'd clamours o'r,
As much afraid to harbour but the ſound
Of ſuch a war within that quiet ground:
Their noiſe not that of Thracian *Boreas*
Among the Pines of Oſſa, can ſurpaſſe,
Nor that which Nilus falling water makes
Precipitated down the Chataracts,
When with his foam he ſeems to lave the skie,
And ſtrikes a deafneſſe through the dwellers nigh.
Miſchiefe and fury rage; revenge doth one
Excite, the other indignation:
That after *Pompey's* death the war at all
Should laſt, and find another Generall.
Blood all th' adjoining fen diſcolours o'r,
And makes a flood, where ne'r was flood before,
And from the moiſture of ſo many wounds,
Combines the mould of Affricks thirſty grounds.

Through both the hosts *Enyo*'s blazing light
Like fatall lightning flashing flies t' excite
Their thoughts to fury; the Tartarian god
Set ope the vaults where Libyan ghosts abode;
And from th' infernall caverns set them free
To view a while this fatall Tragedy.
And glut their dire revenge with Roman blood:
Upon the mountains gloomy tops they stood,
Blasting the day, and round about the hosts
Making a balefull ring, the cruel ghosts
Of *Iugurth*, *Syphax*, and Great *Hannibal*;
Who for their own, and Carthages sad fall
Did then excuse the gods, when they beheld
The Roman fury in that mortall field.
Yet in Romes ruin Libya suffers too:
More wrack, alas, shall this sad battel doe,
Than after ages can repair with ease.
More desolation now, more wilderness
The wasted face of Affrick shall o'r-spread,
And beasts possesse the seats of Nations dead;
Where feared Monarchs once gave lawes to men,
Shall Lions reign, and Tygers make their dens;
The slimy Serpents all alone shall crawle,
And wanting men, shall be no plague at all.
Cæsar foreseeing th' Elephants that were
In front of *Iuba*'s battell, would strike feare
Into his troops, doth such a cure provide,
As quite converts upon the other side
The Fate that threatned his; to the right wing
His choicest bowes, and missile armes he brings,
And sets them at fair distance, opposite
To th' Elephants; who there begin the fight
With such successe, as makes those beasts to be
The only cause of *Cæsars* victory.
For gaull'd with shafts, confusedly they run
In spight of their distracted guides, upon

Their

Their own unhappy troops, to ſudden rout,
Putting all *Iuba's* quarter round about.
And bearing down all that before them lay
To *Cæſar's* conqueſt make a ſpeedy way;
Their mighty ſtrength, ſince now ungoverned,
Is by the hand of fortune only led,
And brings advantage to that ſide alone,
Which ſhe is pleaſed to beſtow it on.
The Mauritanian, and Numidian horſe,
Which there were plac'd by th' Elephants rude force
O'rthrown, were cruſh'd to death, or headlong down
Into the trenches, with their riders thrown,
Some few eſcaping by diſorder'd flight;
The light-arm'd ſouldiers mixt with theſe to fight,
'Reft of their ſhelter, now by heaps are ſlain,
And to the foes, a prey, not war remain;
And tire (as ſtanding not to fight but die)
With their bare throats the murd'ring enemy:
Nought there alas, can weak Bamurians do,
With their fire-harden'd Darts; nought can the Bow
And poiſon'd Shafts the cole-black Mibian wears
Avail their Maſter; vain thoſe brittle Spears
Are in the hands of light Autololes,
And crooked Swords of the Adyrmachides:
The weak Cyniphians find that skins of Goats,
Are too light armour to protect their throats;
When Braſſe and Iron no defence affords,
Againſt the force of the Cæſarian ſwords.
The purple field ſo great a ſlaughter ſtrows,
Blood from ſo many different people flows,
That while King *Iuba* takes a ſad ſurvey,
In how great bredths his Empires ruin lay,
No private deaths diſtinguiſhing at all,
He ſcarce can count how many Nations fall:
Nor doth he think, his Camp, after ſo great
An overthrow, can be a ſafe retreat;

But leaving that to gredy enemies,
A wealthy spoile, he with *Petreius* flies,
King *Juba*'s Camp by the pursuing foe
Is soon possest, and the Cæsarians know
Before their victory be fully done,
How great a prize their bloody toils have wone.
But fortune, where the Italian legions fought,
And *Scipio* stood, had not so quickly wrought
Her *Cæsars* end's; their strength by strength repell'd,
And fury join'd with equall fury, held
The ballance streight, whilst doubting victory
Seem'd, not a while, resolved whose to be;
Or else deter'd it only to declare
That highest fury reigns in Civill war,
That Country men in fight are cruell'st foes,
Or greatest courage from worst causes grows.
On equall hopes they both engaged were,
And in no quarter of the war but here,
Did it at all into a question come
What should be Romes estate, or *Cæsars* dome.
Nor was the question here determined,
Till with his Libyan Cohorts *Varus* fled,
And *Labienus* too, when he beheld
His slaughter'd Gauls and Germans strow the field,
Reserv'd a while by Destinies to see
Another ruine great as this, to be
A bleeding part of Romes third mortall wound;
And lye enterr'd in Munda's tarall ground:
As long meant Fortune to prolong their fall,
As Rome with *Cæsar* could contend at all.
Scipio perceives his army overthrown,
And now the losse irreparable grown:
Horror distracts his thoughts, what should he do?
Survive his battell? and not rather go
Upon the swords, and there in height of all
His honour die at Romes chiefe generall,

And by the ruine of ſo great a name
Enoble *Cæſar's* conqueſt? Or give fame
To Thapſus fatall field? For what has Fate
Power to beſtow on ſuch a wretched State,
That can at all his minde to live invite?
With this reſolve in fury of the fight
Had *Scipio* dy'd; but flatt'ring hope withheld
(Even ſuch as from Pharſalia's mortall field
Made *Pompey* flie to meet a ſadder fate)
His eager ſoul, that the afflicted State
Though ſeeming dead, after this fatall hour,
Might once more ſtruggle againſt *Cæſar's* power:
Then mounted on a Lybian Steed he flies;
And o'r the field his routed companies,
Mixt with the Horſemen take diſord'red flight;
Some legions hoping to retire from fight
To *Juba's* Camp, and it to fortifie,
And finding that ſeiz'd by the enemy,
After the uſuall manner caſting downe
Their armes, they render a ſubmiſſion.
But all in vain; no ſafety at the hands
Of the enrag'd, and fierce Cæſarians.
(Oh ſhame of war!) could their ſubmiſſion get,
Although that *Cæſar* did himſelfe intreat,
Grieving that in his power it lay not then,
To ſave from death his wretched country men,
And by his ſpeech and actions did declare,
That he was then no part of civil war.
He cries aloud, Oh ſpare the yielding foe,
They are no longer foes, but Romans now:
You more than loſe your valour, and to me
Do purchaſe envy here, not victory:
They, that in conqueſts of ſo many lands
Ne'r diſobey'd his moſt ſevere commands,
Nor e'r refus'd what he would put them too,
In this alone their diſobedience ſhow

Now

Now his commands are good: all o'r the plain
Are *Scipio's* Souldiers miserably slain,
That, to this Tragedy compared, light
Were all the slaughters of the former fight.
And now the mourning fields with slaughter strow'd,
And cover'd o'r with horrid ruine, show'd
A full and perfect conquest was obtain'd,
That for the sword no further work remain'd;
When *Cæsar* Master of his highest hopes,
From the pursuit cals back his wearied troops,
And recompences with the wealthy spoils
Of Kings and Nations, their successfull toils.

Annotations to the third Book.

(a) Cæsar *having but a small force in Affrica and much troubled at the report of the great army of his enemies, that all King* Juba's *forces joined with* Scipio, *found help from an occasion little expected: for (as* Dion *relates it)* Publius Sittius *(if we may attribute it to* Sittius, *and not rather to fortune) brought unto* Cæsar *not onely a timely safety, but a great victory: this* Sittius *expelled before out of Italy, and joining to himself some other exiles, passed over into Mauritania; there obtaining an army from King* Bocchus, *he resolved to aid* Cæsar *in this warre; though he had neither received any benefits from him, nor was at all known to him; but because he heard that* Cæsar *was far from him, and could then give him no great help (for* Cæsar's *forces in Affrick were then but small) watching the time when King* Juba *drew his army out of his own Country, he invaded Numidia, and Getulia, another part of* Juba's *Kingdome, wasting and spoiling both the Countries; by which accident King* Juba *was forced to omit his expedition, and march back againe with the greater part of his forces to the rescue of his own Kingdome; for he had sent part of his strength to* Scipio *before; so that*

it

it is certain if King Juba *by Fortune had not then been diverted from joyning with* Scipio, *Cæsar had not been able to have ſtood againſt their united forces, nor maintained himſelfe then in Affrica.* Dion lib. 43.

(b) *The Roman Armie remaining in Affrica, hearing that Spain was vexed with diſſentions and ſeditions, ſent thither* Cneius Pompeius *the eldeſt ſon of* Pompey *the Great, as thinking that he for his fathers ſake would bee received in Spain with greateſt honour; adviſing him, that when he had ſettled his affairs there, he ſhould march to Rome; and they themſelves intended with all their forces to meet him there, and make the war in Italy, this counſel was had while* Cæsar *as yet lingred in Ægypt according to* Dion lib. 42. *but* Hirtius *in his commentaries relates it after that time.*

(c) Cneius Pompeius *chid by* Cato, *and adviſed to go into Spain and raiſe forces, with thirtie ſhips of all ſorts, putting to Sea at Utica, ſailed to Mauritania, and entred the Kingdome of King* Bogud: *there ſetting his armie on ſhore, which conſiſted of about two thouſand ſlaves, and Freemen, part armed and part unarmed, he marched toward the Town of Aſcurum; in which Town there was then a Garriſon of the Kings, the Garriſon ſuffering* Pompey *to paſſe quietely till he approched the very walls of the Town, ſallying out then, on the ſudden overcame them, and ſome they killed, ſome they forced into the Sea;* Pompey *himſelf with a few of his men getting to their Ships ſailed away, after which he never more arrived on the ſhore of Affrica. but went to the* Balarick *Iſland, and from thence to Spain,* comment. de bello Affricano.

The

The fourth booke.

The Argument of the fourth book.

To his imperial Zamah Juba *flies,*
And thence exclude, with Petreius *dies*
Amidst their banquets bleeding. Scipio *slain*
By his own hands, within the waterie main
Intombs himselfe: the death of Cato *fames*
Old Utica; Cæsar *laments, and blames*
His wilful Fate; and from the Libyan coast
Is shipp'd for Rome with his victorious host.

But all the wrack, that Thapsus fields had made,
The fields could not containe; nor could so sad,
And great a ruin in such narrow bounds
Be circumscrib'd: the high Imperial wounds
Which there were given, in other regions bled,
And those great names, which from that battel fled,
As loath to mixe with vulgar Funerals,
Must bear the fame of their renowned fals
To other lands, lest this great loss should be
In storie told as one calamitie.
With winged speed by nights obscuritie
From Thapsus *Juba* and *Petreius* flie,
To reach strong Zamah the Imperial seat
Of *Juba*'s Realm, a Citie fair and great;
In which, when first the war began, he lay'd
His wealth, and deerest pledges had convey'd;

But

But now the gates were shut? the men deny'd
Their King an entrance; and with scoffs diride
His threats and prayers, for his changed Fate
Now gave them leave freely to shew their hate;
And all too late is *Juba* forc'd to see
The curs'd effects of former tyrannie.
Oh wretched state of Tyrants that ne'r see,
Untill their sight in vain and bootless be,
Their just esteem; nor ever till too late,
Can know what men deserve their love or hate.
In wretched times your friends are only known;
But when that knowledge comes, the power is gone,
Your State requital, or revenge denies,
And fortune, but to grieve you, opes your eyes.
The King oppress with griefe, and fill'd with ire,
Unto the countrie Palace doth retire,
Not far from thence; with him *Petreius* goes,
And a small troup of Horse; there, they repose
Their warie bodies and vex'd minds, untill
A great resolve their breasts with comfort fill;
Then he commands his servants for to prepare
Forthwith a stately banquet, and with rare
And sumptuous cates a full repast they take;
When thus King *Juba* to *Petreius* spake;
Roman thou seest how fortunes utmost spight
Pursues our actions, and hath 'reft us quite
Of any future hopes; nothing can be
Safetie to us but *Cæsar's* clemencie.
But thou and I in all the Civil war
'Gainst *Cæsar's* side, have been engag'd too far
To hope for mercie; which, I might have,
By all our gods, I should disdain to crave;
For love of *Pompey* I was *Cæsar's* foe,
And in the great'st extreame dare still be so.
Had he prevailed, a welcome friend to Rome
With greatest honour *Juba* might have come:

Nor

Nor shall she now behold me captive there
And led as *Syphax* and *Jugurtha* were, (power
Like slaves through her proud streets, to grace the
Of an insulting laurilel'd Conquerour:
No let Rome rather hear how *Juba* dy'd,
Disdaining *Cæsar's* pietie, or his pride.
I do not want a Hand, a Heart, a Sword,
Or whatsover else may death afford;
But do invite *Petreius* as my friend,
To share in this last act of fame, my end:
Our cause, our Fortunes are alike in all;
Then like our selves, brave Romans let us fall,
But use each others helpe: unsheath thy Sword,
And let our friendship strive who shall afford,
First freedom to his friend, love shall ingage
My valour against thee, as much as rage
Against a foe. *Petreius* draws his Sword,
And thus in short returns: brave Libyan Lord,
Worthy whom Rome with honour still should name,
To whom *Petreius* gladly ows his fame;
Nor (though a Roman Generall) do I
Blush to be taught by *Juba* how to die;
It was the Roman genius prompted thee
To this, lest Rome should be inforc'd to see,
That King a captive, and in triumph brought,
That had for her, her laws and freedom fought;
That had with *Scipio* and the Senate stood;
And thy disgrace prove *Cæsar's* conqueſt good
Against his Countrey; no great King, of thee
Rome still shall hold a dearer memorie;
With *Massanissab* shalt thou ranked stand,
When our sad Annals *Cæsar's* deeds shall brand,
And marke his partie with as black a stain
As *Catiline*, and his rebellious train.
The rest my Sword shall speak for me, and prove
How much thy freedom, and mine owne I love.

With

With that they both in equal furie meet,
And with such fierce assaults each other greet,
As who had seen the combat, might suppose
That, so much valour had not fought to lose,
But guard by conquest a desired life:
At last to end this hot dispiercing strife,
Juba a bootless conquest did obtain;
Under whose force was weak *Petreius* slain:
Keep in (quoth *Juba*) life awhile, and see
A life let out to bear thy companie:
If not, before thou cross the Stygian Lake,
My fleeting soul thy ghost shall overtake.
Farewel you fading glorie that attend
A Kingly state, too feeble to defend
Your proud possessours from the storms of Fate:
What rest upon the slipperie heights of State
Finds man? What stay on fortunes restless wheel
Oh treacherous Zamah, may thy false neck feel
Romes yoke as hard, as thou to thy true Lord
Disloyal prov'st; then falling on his sword.
From forth his strugling breast his Spirit flies,
And night eternal closes up his eyes.
But see, from Thapsus fatal overthrow
A nobler death darws neer, Great *Scipio*
Romes General, that had so lately led
The Senates war 'gainst *Cæsar's* fortune fled
From that sad battel in a poor disguise,
And one small bark, the Seas of Libya tries,
To find from thence safe passage into Spain
Where *Pompey's* sons with all their strength remain,
But by a storm was driven into the Bay
Of Hippo, where the Ships of Sitius lay,
Left there in *Cæsar's* name to guard the coast,
Scipio perceives himselfe and Bark are lost,
The weather cross, cuts off all hope of flight:
The winds (quoth he) and Seas for *Cæsar* fight;

Why

Why did I ſcape the ſtormie main? Oh why
From Thapſus fatal battel did I flie,
And not in height of all mine honour fall,
Fighting for Rome to die her General;
Oh would Pharſalia's battel had deſtroy'd
This ill kept life, before that here imploy'd,
The Senats war with ill ſucceſs I led,
And Affrick ſaw *Scipio* vanquiſhed.
You noble Souls of my dead anceſtours,
That hither oft have led the Roman powers
With glorious fame, as Carthages great fall,
As captive *Syphax*, vanquiſh'd *Hannibal*,
And ſay Rome can witneſs bluſh not now
At this your Nephews hapleſs overthrow;
No Libyan forces, but the ſtrength of Rome,
Has Rome it ſelfe, and *Scipio* overcome;
By her own ſtrength ſubdu'd, with her I die,
To wait upon expiring libertie:
By this occaſion Fate with kind intent,
To me neceſſitie of death is ſent,
Leſt I my freedome might perchance out live;
Nor could the gods a fitter bountie give,
Let *Pompey's* ſons now trie their Fate, and gain
Our laws and State again, or loſe in Spain
As much from Rome, As here in Affrick I,
Or their Great Father loſt in Theſſalie,
My courſe is run; and though this armed hand
Shall teſtifie I could have dyed by land,
The Ocean likes me beſt, within the main:
U known for ever *Scipio* ſhall remain.
Oh let my floating carkaſs never com
To land leſt Affrick ſhould beſtow a Tomb,
And to her ſons in after ages ſhow
A monument of vanquiſh'd *Scipio*:
With that a Pond'rous in his hand he took,
And with a ſtrength of arm ſo certain ſtrook

His

His willing breaſt, that thence the guſhing bloud,
Made on the Decks a crimſon pretious floud:
But he, while yet his vital parts retain,
Some ſpirits, leaps into the curled main,
And her blew waves with purple ſtaining, dies.
Unbury'd *Scipio's* noble bodie lies
Within the Seas deep boſom; th' Oceans frie
Devour the fleſh of that brave familie
In which great Rome may make her fulleſt boaſt;
If all her actions, all her fame were loſt;
If all thoſe ſeverall vertues, pietie,
True fortitude, admired conſtancie,
Impartial juſtice, frugal temperance,
That through the world her honour did advance,
In all names elſe had been forgot and gone,
In this renowned familie alone
All might be found; nor did the Roman fame
Ere ſhine more bright then in a *Scipio's* name:
Why did thy country want an urn for thee?
Ore which the peoples untaught pietie
Might truly mourn, and pay the teares they ow
Unto the ruin'd race of *Scipio*.
By this the flying companies, that were
From that ſad battel ſcap'd, had every where
Fill'd Liby'as Town and with terrour and diſmay:
At Utica thē noble *Cato* lay
In Gariſon; who free from private fear,
Not for himſelfe diſmay'd at all, to hear
The fatal news of *Scipio* overthrown,
Exhorts his Souldiers to defend the Town,
'Gainſt *Cæſar's* entrie; but perceiving then,
Th' aſtoniſhment, and faintneſs of his men,
He with the ſame unſhaken conſtancie
Forgives their fear, and counſels them to flie:
Provides from all the neighbouring ports a fleet
Uſing his utmoſt diligence to get

Them safely all aboord, and timely gone,
Careful for every safetie but his own.
The Citizens of Utica he cheers
With hope of *Cæsar's* Clemencie, and cleers
All dismal clouds of fear and jealousies
That might within their fainting breasts arise;
And such to them with cheerful looks (although
Resovl'd to die) did *Cato* strive to show,
As if himselfe had not at all disdained
To beg, or take a life at *Cæsar's* hand.
He whose austerer vertue nere before
Had given him leave to hide, or colour ore
His least intention, whom no fear had taught
How to dissemble, or once swerve in ought
From his profest, and rigid path of right,
For love of death now plays the hypocrite.
Nights silent reign had robb'd the World of light
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,
Repose and sleep; when every mortal breast
Whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.
But *Cato's* breast was not alone set free
From perturbation and anxietie,
By vertues constant use, for soft repose
Or sleep, the common end, but to compose
And raise it selfe unto an act more high,
The contmplation of eternitie.
In contemplation the untroubled soul
Parts from the bodies bonds, free from controul
Of fleshly passions, by no cares distracted,
(Not as in sleep she does, to lie contracted
Within her self, and from all action cease)
But to imploy her purest faculties
At nobler distance, where no sense of sight,
Or outward organ can direct her flight;
There by her selfe the Soule can take survey
Of those high glorious bodies, which display

(Objects

(Objects too bright for ſenſe) in their own light
Some beames and glimpſes of that infinite
Eternall eſſence, from whoſe fulneſs they
Derive their beauties: there the ſoul would ſtay,
Or wiſhes that from lets corporeal free
She might (what now ſhe cannot) plainly ſee
Thoſe formes; and does in that deſire imply
Her own undoubted immortalitie.
But ere the mind of man can fitted be,
To ſearch the depth of true Philoſophie,
It muſt be purg'd by moral rules, and freed
From impious luſts, from vice of thought and deed.
And as a wiſe Phyſitian ever gives
Before his medicines, clean preparatives;
So let no ſoul contemplate, till it be
Prepar'd and purg'd by ſound moralitie.
Firſt let it practiſe vertue here, before
With contemplations wings it dare to ſoar,
In ſearch of that, which is the perfect'ſt good
And height of all that can be underſtood;
Leſt, as in Phyſick, the unpurg'd humours may
Diſtract the medicins working force; ſo they
Not purg'd from vices through falſe glaſſes ſee,
And oft deceiv'd in ſpeculation be;
Unto thy ſelfe firſt moral Phyſick give,
And then ſecurely be contemplative.
So cleans'd was *Cato's* ſoul; and fit was he
For ſtricteſt precepts of Philoſophie,
Since vertues paths, which rough to others ſeem,
Long uſe had made habitual to him.
To whom the Fates preſent, as now on high
His thoughts were ſoaring to eternity,
An Object fit; caſting his eye aſide,
Divineſt *Platos Phædon* he eſpy'd,
Oh welcome booke ſent from the Gods (quoth he)
To teach a dying man Philoſophy;

And though thou canst not further, or controule
The resolution of my fixed soul,
Since Fate has doom'd my end, yet mayest thou give
Comfort to those few hours I have to live.
Mans soule immortall is; whilest here they live Plat.
The purest minded for perfect knowledge strive, Phæd.
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
From whom all life proceeds; in this abode
Of flesh, the Soul could never reach so high;
So reason tells us; if the Soul then dye,
When from the bodies bond she takes her flight,
Her unfulfill'd desire is frustrate quite,
And so bestow'd in vain: it follows then
The best desires unto the best of men,
The great Creator did in vain dispence;
Or else the Soul must live when gone from hence;
And if it live after the body fall,
What reason proves that it should dye at all?
Since, not compounded as the body is,
And mixt of ever fighting contraries,
But one pure substance, like it self, and may
(By Reasons rules) subsist alone for aye
And though we yeeld, that God, who did create,
Can, if he please, again annihilate
The soul; and nothing in that sense can be
Indissoluble, save the Deitie,
Yet souls, which in their nature did agree
So near with that shall never dissolved be,
Till they at last their wished end attain,
And so immortal by themselves remain.
True grounds (quoth he) divine Philosopher;
Else what were vertue, or true knowledge here
But waking dreams? Why more then beasts should we
Oblige our selves to laws of piety,
Or curb our lusts? Or why should vertue be
Judg'd, by the the wisest, true felicity,

Before wealth, honour, pleasure? Virtue here
Does not (alas,) so bountiful appear,
But poor, and wretched rather: nor is she
(Unless, which in this life we do not see,
Some fairer substance or true form she have)
Ought but an empty name, or Fortunes slave.
The wisest men are glad to dye; no fear
Of death, can touch a true Philosopher;
Death sets the soule at liberty, to flye,
And search the depth of that Divinity;
Which whilest imprison'd in the bodie here,
She cannot learn: a true Philosopher
Makes death his common practise, while he lives,
And every day by contemplation strives
To separate the soule, far as he can,
From off the body: what's the death of man
But separation of those two? Should he
That every day did strive in some degree
To gain this freedome, fear it at the time
When nature has allotted it to him?
Would birds incag'd, that with all motions tvie
And seek all waies to gain their liberty,
The cage set ope refuse to flie from thence?
Nay more, have lovers in impatience
Forc'd out their lives, and violently fled
Into the other world to find their dead
Dear loves? And should the soul, which here before
Clos'd in the body, every day did woose,
And court that knowledge, which is perfect blisse,
Refuse to go, and find it where it is;
Then when the gods have open'd her the way?
But here till then, the soul is bound to stay;
Nor must she leave her station, till that God
Do call her hence, that gave her this aboad.
Here Cato stopt, and paus'd: his death (quoth he)
Unlawful then till rude necessity

Inforce a man to taste it? And must I
Wear this loath'd life, till *Cæsar* bid me die?
Is not the fatall overthrow so late
In Thapsus fields, and ruin of the State,
Necessity of death enough for me?
May I not think the gods in that decree
The death of *Cato*? But must hold my hand
Expecting till the Conquerour command?
And give more pow'r to him, whose lawlesse might
Already has usurp'd above his right?
Or begge for life, acknowledging him so
My Lord, whom justly I adjudg'd Romes foe?
So save my life by sinning, or else dye
With one sin more, if mercy he deny?
But this sure hand shall save that hazard now.
Plato and all divinest Lawes allow,
Rather then act a crime, a man should dye.
Should I take life from *Cæsar's* clemency,
It would be judg'd by all (what e'r were meant)
I did approve of *Cæsar's* government,
How great a crime might mine example prove?
How great a wrong to Rome, and all that love
Her Lawes and Liberties? Great *Pompey's* sons
That now do arm the Western regions,
And for their Country yet intend to fight,
Might think themselves excus'd if I submit,
And from their justest resolution swerve,
When old free *Cato* were content to serve.
I'll try (since most assur'd the soules do live)
What lawes to us the other world will give:
For sure the gods, 'mongst soules departed hence,
'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.
Those happy Soules, that while they lived here,
By pure and perfect contemplation were
Abstracted from the body, that with true
Desires did oft the heavenly beauties view,

Shall thither go, when they from hence are fled
To have their joys and knowledge perfected:
within the heavens shall they for ever be
Since here with Heaven they made affinity.
But those dark Soules, which drowned in the flesh
Did never dream of future happiness,
That, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd
Nothing but what the bodies taste approv'd,
when they depart from hence, shall fear the sight
Of Heaven, nor dare t' approch that glorious light;
But wander still in dismal darkness, neer
Their bodies, whom alone they loved here.
Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to sight
Of frighted people doe appear by night
About the Tombs and graves, where dead men lie,
Are such dark Soules condemn'd t' accompany,
Their bodies there; which Souls, because they be
Gross and corporeal, men do therefore see.

How different shall the Soules condition be,
If this (quoth he) be true Philosophy,
As true it is, nor do I think it less,
If vertue be the way to happiness;
And that be vertue, which we men have thought,
What inbred reason to our Soules has taught
And laws commanded us; if such thou be
Oh vertu, *Cato* still has followed thee,
And never from thy hardest precepts swerv'd;
Ne're has this Soule the bodies pleasure serv'd.
What doubts can shake my long security,
But doubts, where fraility is, will ever be:
Farewel frail world; what here we cannot see
I go to find, clear truth and certaintie:
Then with a fatal stroke he pierc'd his breast:
At noise of which his servants vainly prest
In, to prevent the Fate; nor could they lend
Help to his life, but trouble to his end;

Who ſadly ſhew'd death could not be deny'd,
And rending wider his large wound, he dy'd;
The Citizens with honours did interre
That ſpotleſs manſion of a Soule ſo clear.
Cæſar from Thapſus now ſecur'd from foes
By that ful conqueſt, to Hizzira goes,
With eaſe poſſeſſing there all *Scipio*'s ſtore
Of corn and arms, and where the Sword before
Threaten'd his march, where horrid dangers lay
And ambuſhes, he now findes quiet way
To Adrumetum back; where he beſtowes
A cheerful pardon on his yeelding foes,
Since now all Affrick from his fears was free,
And Fortune had ſecur'd his clemencie.
Marching away to Utica from thence
Humbly receiv'd by all the Citizens,
Who when ſolemniz'd *Cato*'s funerall;
He ſigh'd, and thus complain'd; Why did'ſt thou fall
Oh envious man? Rather than not deprive
Cæſar of honour, *Cato* could not live.
How ſadly cruel haſt thou been to me
A gainſt thy ſelf to wrong my clemencie?
And ſhew thy death a greater enemie,
Than all thy living power or arms, could be;
To kill my joys thou dy'ſt, chooſing to be
Lamented rather then imbrac'd by me,
It is my ſorrow not my love is fought,
What ſtrange rewards have all my mercies got;
That greateſt Romans rather chuſe to flie
To death it ſelf, then to my clemencie?
So hapleſs *Pompey*, while he fled from me,
Durſt rather truſt th' Ægyptian treacherie,
And there to periſh by ignoble hands
Than live with *Cæſar*, thinking barbarous lands
Better then Rome with us: but he again
Hop'd to repaire his ſtrength, thou in diſdain

Of

Of *Cæsar* dy'st; but yet my goodnesse shall
O'r-come thy envy, and quite frustrate all
Thy scope in death; I'll give all dues to thee;
Thy son in honour shall remain with me,
And to the world shall witnesse thou didst die
By thine own envy, not my cruelty.
Then to his grace he takes th' inhabitants
Of Utica, and for his armies wants
Commands provision, and, while there he staies,
The Cities wals, and fortresses surveys.
Walking not far from off the Town, he saw
Upon the sandy bank of Bagrada,
Which slowly there his muddy waves doth move,
(Within that Countrey rare) a stately grove
Not wide in circuit, where an awfull shade
The meeting boughs, exiling *Phœbus*, made:
That shady grove, whilst with a curious eie
Cæsar survey'd, he chanced to espy
Within a deep and vast descent of ground,
The jaws of *Tænarus*, that balefull bound
'Twixt earth and hell, is not a blacker room;
To which, they say, the ghosts infernall come.
A cave there was, in which no cheering light
At all e'r peep'd; but sad and drery night;
A squallid filth, and mouldinesse had made,
From whence exhaled stinches did invade
The upper air; Whilst *Cæsar* in amaze,
Doth neerly view the horrour of the place,
His longing thoughts a Libyan standing by
(Taught by tradition) thus doth satisfie.
This den, Oh *Cæsar*, which for many a year
Hath empty stood, and freed the land from fear,
A monstrous Serpent, by Heavens vengeance bred
The plague of Affrick, once inhabited.
The earth a greater Monster never bare;
Nor *Hydra* might with this dire snake compare,

Nor

Nor that great Dragon whose still waking eies
Medea charm'd, when Colcho's golden prize
The venturous *Jason* bore to Thessaly;
Nor that, as great and watchfull too as he,
Whom great *Alcides* conquer'd to possesse
The glittering Orchard of th' *Hesperides*;
Nor, though the Sun that mighty *Pithon* slew,
Did e'r the Son a greater Serpent view.
The severall Snakes, that out of Libya's slime
Are bred, might all have been combin'd in him.
Nor could *Medusa's* head, had all the blood
At one place fall'n, produce a greater brood.
A hundred ells in length was his extent;
When he upon this side the river went,
With his long neck stretch'd out, what e'r he spi'd,
With ease he seazed from the other side.
With Lions here he fill'd his hungry maw,
That came to drink the streams of Bagrada,
And fiercest Tigers all besmear'd with blood
Of cattell slain, became themselves his food.
When first the Roman armies sailing o'r,
And threatning Carthage on the Libyan shore
Were led by *Regulus*, whose tragick fall
Sadly renown'd the Spartan Generall,
Here then this hideous monster did remain:
The army marching on yon spatious plain,
Three Roman souldiers, by ill fate drew neer
To quench their fiery thirst, the river here,
And tempted by these shady trees, to shun
Awhile the scorching fury of the sun,
Entring the wood, down to the stream they stoop,
And take in helmets the cool liquor up;
When suddenly surpriz'd with chilling feare,
A horrid hissing through the aire they hear,
And from the den the Serpents head appears,
At once amazing both their eies and eares.

What

What should they do? For help to call;
The Serpents hissing loud had filled all
The wood; nor strength nor hearts had they to fight,
Nor scarce did any hope appear by flight.
Nor could their trembling hands the helmets hold;
When strait the Serpent from his scaly fold
Shot forth and seized one, who calling on
His fellowes names in vain, was swallow'd down
And buried in the Monsters hungry maw,
His horrid destiny when th' other saw,
They leap'd into the stream to save their lives:
But that (alas!) to them no safety gives:
For forth his long twin'd neck the Serpent stretch'd,
And swimming *Havens* in the river reach'd;
Who, though too late he strived to be drown'd
In Bagrada, a Fate more cruell found.
Marus at last, while *Havens* death did stay
The Monsters speed, had time to scape away;
And to th' amazed Generall relates
The Serpents greatnesse, and his fellowes fates.
But ere his faultring tongue had fully told
The Tragick story, they from far behold
The scaly Monster rowling on the sands
In spatious windings: *Regulus* commands
The army straight their piles and spears prepare
To charge and march against it as a war,
And ready all their battering engines make,
That strongest wals and bulwarks us'd to shake:
The Trumpets then as to a battell sound;
Which noise the serpent hearing, from the ground
Where he in spatious rings enfolded lay,
Aloft his head advances to survay
The Champion round, and to their eies appears,
Long as that Dragon 'twixt the heavenly Bears.
Fire from his threatning eies, like lightning, shot,
And Stygian blasts exhal'd from his dire throat;

While

While he advanc'd, you would suppose from far,
A moving Castle made offensive war:
And shooting forth he in a moment flew
Upon far distant faces; at whose view
The starting horses could no more be held
By bits, but snorting flew about the field;
Whil'st this dire serpent sad massacres makes
Among the men, some 'twixt his jawes he takes,
And crushes there, some into aire he flings,
Who falling dye: and while his spatious rings
He does unfold with fury, sweeping-round
The sands, he bears whole cohorts to the ground.
The army now gave ground, and 'gan retire,
When noble *Regulus* inflam'd with ire
To see that shame, cries out, Oh stand the field;
To Libyan Monsters shall Romes vertue yield?
If so, I singly will the combat try,
And expiating Romes dishonour dye.
Then all alone, devoid of feare he goes,
And his strong pile against the serpent throws
With well tane aime, whom not in vain he struck;
In his tough forehead the steel'd jav'ling stuck.
The hideous Monster, whose long age before
Had ne'r felt steel, sent out a yelling roar,
And shooting forth, impatient of the wound,
With his long tail he lash'd the suffering ground.
A shout the souldiers raise, incourag'd now,
And altogether storms of javelins threw;
Some harmlesse lighting on his scaled back,
Such noise, as haile on tiled houses make;
Some pierce his breast, and softer belly wound;
Those parts alone they penetrable found.
Black gore from thence distains the swarthy sands;
At last two javelins sent from lucky hands
In both his fiery threatning eies did light,
Depriving him, though not of strength, of sight;

Whose

Whose yet blind rage drawes many a ruine on,
Untill at last a huge and massie stone,
Shot from a bulwark-battering engine, stroke
His bowed back with such great force, it broke
That many-jointed bone, nor then could he
Lift, as before, his speckled creſt on high;
But while he strugling lay upon the plain,
Another stone dash'd out his poisonous braine;
The sands discolour'd with black filth appeare,
And that so lately feared Serpent there,
Stretch'd out at length his balefull life expires;
His vast extent the Generall admires:
But straight a groan the mourning river gave;
A dolefull noise the wood, and hollow cave
Resounded forth; the Naiades, that kept
Slow Bagrada, for their dead servant wept;
Nor did the Augurs then forbear to shew,
The Roman troops his death should dearly rew,
And *Regulus* become a captive prey
To his insulting foes; on whom (said they)
The Nymphs, and wrathfull Naiades would take,
That dire revenge for their slain Serpents sake.
Cæsar enough delighted to behold
The Cave, and pleas'd with what the Libyan told,
Returns to Utica; thence marching on
With speed through *Juba's* lost dominion,
Arrives at wealthy Zamah, Libya's pride,
Where late a powerfull Monarch did reside;
And hearing there of *Juba's* wretched fate,
Laments the frailty of mans highest state:
Then he commends the Citizens, and o'r
The Country leaves *Salustius* Governour,
Which from a Kingdomes state is now become,
A subject province to Imperiall Rome.
Then marches back to Utica againe,
And launching forth his fleet into the main,

Sailing

Sailing by Sardos, on th' Italian coast.
He safe arrives with his victorious host.

Annotations upon the fourth Book.

Lucius Scipio, *Generall at Thapsus, perished at Sea by the report of all that write that story, but the manner of his death, as I have here related it, is to be found only in Appian, which I have read, that he first wounded himselfe with a Sword, and afterwards leaped into the Sea, as loth that his dead body should either suffer despight, or receive favour from his enemies.* Appi. lib. 2. de bello civili.

THE

The fifth Book.

The Argument of the fifth Book.

What unaccuſtom'd honours by decree
The Senate give to Cæſar's *victory.*
His four rich triumphs ſhew'd o'r Gallia,
Conquer'd Pharnaces, Ægypt, Affrica.
Whoſe pompous ſhows diſplay the captiv'd fate
Of ſeverall Princes: Cæſars *high eſtate*
To throw into the hazard once again,
Great Pompey's *ſons revive the war in Spain.*

WHen *Cæſars* conqueſt born by winged fame,
Had enter'd Rome, & to the Senate came,
Th' affrighted Fathers in pale haſt declar'd
Their forced joy; and while the Prieſts prepar'd
For Sacrifice, officiouſly decreed,
(Though Rome it ſelfe in that daies fate did bleed)
That ſupplications to the gods ſhould be
Twice-twenty daies for *Cæſar's* victory;
Through all the Roman Temples they invoke
The gods for him, and all their Altars ſmoak
With thankfull incenſe, more then when the fall
Of Carthages ſo feared *Hannibal,*
Or that defeat of all the Cymbrian powers
By *Marius* hand, that ſav'd Quirinus Towers,
Firſt pierc'd their joyfull eares; no vanquiſh'd foe
Ere caus'd ſuch ſeeming joy. Rome's forced now

To

To thank the gods for her ſubjection more,
Than all the greatneſſe ſhe had won before.
To that great triumph, which ſo long before,
His ten years labour had deſerved, o'r
The conquer'd Gaules, and well deferr'd till now,
The forward Senate grant three triumphs moe,
T' expreſſe more pompous ſtate than e'r before
The people ſaw, or lawrell'd Roman bore;
That all the ſeverall vanquiſh'd nations
From East to Weſt, from both the Poles at once,
By his triumphant Charriots might combine,
The yellow Germans with black Libyans joine,
Gauls with Armenians meet, the Sun-burn'd bands
Of Meroë with cold Pannonians,
The painted Britains, curl'd Sicambrians,
With cole-black Mibians, and Mazacians.
Thoſe that at fartheſt diſtance never yet
Each other view'd, at *Cæſar's* triumph met,
Might there acquainted in ſad bondage grow,
And waile in chains their common overthrow:
That the Imperiall Tyber might at once
All floods, that bleſſe ſo many regions,
In *Cæſar's* rich Triumphall tablets ſee
Diſplai'd, bewailing their captivity.
And bridled there by his proud conqueſt, join
Seven-channell'd Nilus with the German Rhine,
The ſwift Danubius with ſlow Bagrada;
And all thoſe winding ſtreams, which every way
From North to South into the Ocean roule
'Twixt fartheſt Thule, and Tritonia's poole;
From whence *Minerva* dain'd her name to take,
When firſt within the quiet Chryſtall lake
Come down from Heaven, ſhe view'd her virgin face,
Nor ever ſo did any triumph grace
Romes power (as this had done;) nor yet in all
Thoſe former Baies which deckt the Capitoll,

If here her ſelfe no part at all had been
Of the ſubdu'd, had ſhe more glory ſeen.
But leaſt theſe honours ſhould not ſeem to be
Enough for *Cæſar* by a new decree
The Senatours, before he enter room,
Make him Dictatour for ten years to come,
And three years Cenſor; that it might be ſhown
How *Cæſa'rs* conquering power had o'rthrown
Their Liberties, together with the fall
Of barbarous Nations: In the Capitoll
He in a Chariot was advanc'd to ſit,
To *Jove* himſelfe directly oppoſite:
A Globe terreſtriall not far from thence,
Diſplay'd in ſhort the vaſt circumference
Of all the earth; on which his ſtatue trod,
With this Inſcription, *He's a demy-god.*
Swell'd with the Senates flattering decrees,
And fortune of ſo many victories,
Does *Cæſar* now in pomp triumphant come,
His lofty Charriot through the ſtreets of Rome
By ſnow-white horſes drawn, more bright by far
Than thoſe fam'd Steeds, which in the Trojan war
From ſlaughter'd *Rheſus* tent *Tydides* took,
Before they drunk of Xanthus Chriſtall brook,
Or cropt the Trojan paſtures, a vain aid
To falling Ilion, the firſt night betrai'd.
Declare, ye ſiſters of the Theſpian ſpring,
(For you remember well, and well can ſing)
In thoſe four triumphs, which the people ſaw,
O'r Ægypt, Pontus, France, and Libya,
How many captiv'd people ſadly went
In habits, tongues, and viſage different,
Before Great *Cæſar's* Charriot, ſhewing there
With different geſtures their diſdain, or feare,
How many lands, and ſtately Cities there,
Diſplai'd in his triumphal tables were,

Where skiful hands had woven to delight
So many nations, ſeveral kinds of fight,
With his proud conqueſts, and ſucceſsful toil;
By which were born the arms, and wealthy ſpoiles
Of vanquiſh'd Princes, Crowns of brutiſh'd gold
For all the wondring people to behold.
But if ye Muſes in ſo high a State,
Diſdain to mourn for each Plebeian Fate;
Yet paſs not ſleightly by that Princely Gaul,
Stout *Vercingetorix*, for whoſe great fall
Some hearts relented there; whoſe ſtubborn thought,
Could not at all in nine years war be taught
To brook with patience the proud yoke of Rome;
Who now reſerv'd for death by *Cæſar's* doom;
Before the Chariot a chain'd Captive went,
Striving in vain t' orecome the diſcontent
Of that daies ſhame; and though his hands were ty'd,
Shaking his black curl'd locks, he ſought to hide
His angry front, whil'ſt his undaunted look
Seem'd more to wiſh, then fear deaths fatal ſtroke.
Another object, though unlike to this,
Yet fall'n alike from height of worldly bliſs,
Mov'd the beholders hearts they earn'd to ſee,
The tender beauties of *Arſinoë*,
A virgin (a) branch of *Lagus* royal Stem,
That once had worn th' Ægyptian Diadem,
By fortune thrown into ſo low a ſtate
Of bondage now; pitying her changed fate:
Thoſe ſnow-white arms that did a Scepter hold,
(Oh, mock of Fortune!) mannacl'd in gold:
Although for her a gentler doom than death
Remain, and *Cæſar's* pitty ſpare her breath,
Or elſe his ends in love reſtore her back
Again to Ægypt for her ſiſters ſake.
How much (alas,) had there her blood been ſpilt,
Had fortune ta'n from *Cleopatra's* guilt?

For

For all the favour, which t' *Arsinoë*
Rome show'd, repriv'd her but a while, to be
In after-times her sisters crime, and dye
By *Cleopatra*'s foul impiety.
But that in Libya's triumph, which above
All other Objects might deserve to move
A just compassion (if true innocence
In misery may justly move the sense)
Was Young Prince *Iuba*, led in chaines, the son
Of that great *Iuba*, whose dominion
From Mauritania's farthest Western end,
To Thera's sands so lately did extend:
Whose puissant hand a prouder Scepter bore,
Then ever Libyan Monarch did before.
This poor (*b*) young Prince by fortune seem'd to be
Brought as a spectacle of misery,
Depriv'd so lately of so many lands,
And ere, his years could act a crime, in bands.
But Oh (how blind are mortal eys?) that day
Of seeming woe first made the glorious way
To *Iuba*'s future happinesse; and he
Was far more blest in that captivity,
Then if his fathers greatness still had stood,
Train'd up at Rome he gain'd a truer good;
And freed from barbarisme, was taught to know
What Rome, or learned Athens could bestow;
Adorning so his mind, as wisest men
In every age admir'd his happy pen.
So that to grace his future prosperous raign,
(For great *Augustus* hand restor'd again
This captive *Iuba* to a kingly Throne)
A lasting name his histories have won,
And fame unto his native Libya give;
Where with himself those mention'd Kings shall live,
When brazen Monuments are eat with rust,
And Marble Columns time shall bruise to dust,

And had the Pontick King (c) *Pharnaces* been
In person there, and by the people seen,
That object well had ballanc'd with delight,
The others ruth; but he was scap'd by flight,
Whose absence one proud sentence must supply,
I came, and saw, and vanquish'd th' enemy.
But those sad stories, which the table show,
More then the living spectacles could do,
Affect the peoples hearts; for there (although
No vanquish'd Roman might a captive go)
The bleeding wounds of Rome it selfe are spread;
And each man there his own dear loss may read.
For mixt with forreign conquests, with the falls
Of barbarous Captains, Princes of the Gauls,
With dying *Iuba*, drowned *Ptolomy*
Those envious Tables to the eyes display
Domestick loss; and in sad figures tell,
By *Cæsar's* sword what vanquish'd Romans fell.
Here with King *Iuba* old *Petreius* dies,
Here slaughter'd *Sylla*, there *Affranius* lies:
There *Damasippus* and *Torquatus* fall;
And here (Oh woful sight!) Romes General,
The noble *Scipio* by his own hand slain
Falls bleeding down into the watry main;
And sinking leaves a noble crimson dye
On *Neptunes* face: but what true Roman eye
Retrain'd from tears, when he beheld the fall
Of matchless *Cato*, who in spight of all
His friends prevention, dy'd, and wider tore
With his own hands the wounds he made before;
Yet 'mongst so many woful stories shown,
One noble name was spar'd, one fate alone
Was thought too sad; nor to the peoples eye
Durst they present Great *Pompey's* tragedy,
For fear so great a sorrow might out-weigh
The pompous joyes of that triumphant day:

But

But that conceal'd, which most of all was sought,
Remain'd more deeply fixt in every thought,
And they, without a picture can supply
Each part of his lamented history.
What tongue, what pen can at the height relate
Each sumptuous part of that so envi'd State?
The publick feasts, rare spectacles devis'd
And games by all the people exercis'd;
Who without number flock'd to do him grace:
When all the Senate from the Julian place
Waited him home, and seem'd not then to be
The worlds high Lords, but *Cæsar's* family.
And as they pass, to guild their pompous way,
Numberless lights the Elephants display
Upon their captive backs, and moving through
The streets, like heavenly Constellations show,
Like those great beasts, which in th' Horizon plac'd
Through every part with glorious stars are grac'd.
Nor in vain shows was this magnificence
Alone consum'd, but real Monuments,
Which his great power to after-ages prais'd,
A stately Temple he to (*d*) *Venus* rais'd,
Or in devotion, or in pride to grace
That Deity from whom he drew his race,
That now the Paphian Queen by *Cæsar's* reign,
Might seem a truer conquest to obtain
Ore blew-ey'd *Pallas*, and the wife of *Iove*,
Than when they for the golden Apple strove,
And *Paris* fatal judgement did bestow
The prize on her to Iliums overthrow.
For Rome and all the conquer'd world far more,
Are forced now to honour and adore
Her name than theirs, so much it was to be
Th' original of *Cæsar's* pedegree,
More than the daughter, or the wife of *Iove*:
The Temples structure in rare beauty strove,

With what the height of fancy could expreſſe,
Or any pens moſt graceſull happineſſe
Deſcribe aright: upon the Walls did ſtand
In Parean marble wrought with curious hand,
That amorous ſtory where the Phrygian boy
The beauty of a goddeſſe did enjoy:
The vale of Ida there was ſhadow'd ſuch,
As Poets made it, Ida vale ſo much
Indebted to the Muſes, ſeemed now
Unto a Painters hand as much to owe:
The bower of love was richly carved there
That happy bower and bliſſe and pleaſure, where
Venus deſcended from the Chriſtall skie,
To generate the Julian family;
Was as a Bride in all her glories led,
To fill with beauty young *Anchiſes* bed.
Neer them their noble Iſſue, in whoſe blood
A goddeſſe mixt with man, *Æneas* ſtood;
Such was his ſhape, ſo ſhone his cheerfull face
As young *Apollo's*, when he goes to grace
His native *Delos*, and in height of ſtate
That Feſtivall intends to celebrate;
Or *Bacchus*, when from conquer'd India,
The yoked Tygers his proud Chariot draw,
Trojan *Æneas* whoſe fam'd hiſtory,
Great *Maro's* Muſe did after raiſe as high,
As th' old *Meonian* did *Achilles* fame;
But that moſt pious poſture more became
Æneas far, when at the fatall ſack
Of Troy, he ſtoop'd, and on a willing back
Flying from thence, carri'd his aged Sire
From the Greeks Swords, and all devouring fire,
Together with his gods, whom he priz'd more
Than *Priam's* wealth, and all Troys burning ſtore.
Behind was young *Iülus*, and did ſeem
With ſhort unequall ſteps to follow him,

That Prince from whom the Julian family
Deriv'd their name, as well as pedigree,
Who the foundations of long Alba laid,
And o'r that land a powerfull Scepter swai'd,
By him the Scepter'd issues of his blood,
In their successive order carved stood;
Till Alba was destroy'd by *Tullus* doom,
And all her people were transferr'd to Rome;
From Alba's sack the pedigree went on,
And was deduced lineally down
To *Cæsars* time; in whose successe and reign
Alba had seem'd to conquer Rome again.
But into th' hazard once again to throw
A state so strong, so sure as *Cæsar's* now,
Seem'd to the world to be, a furious (e) war
More full of threats, of doubt and danger far
Than ever had as yet oppos'd his reign,
The two young *Pompeys* raise in farthest Spain,
There where the great *Alcides* pillars stand,
And proudly boast to bound the farthest land.
That part of Spain must prove the third sad stage
Of Civil war, and Romes selfe-wounding rage.
Those, that inhabit that far Western shore,
Vainly suppose that they alone, before
The setting Sun forsake this hemisphere,
Do view his face at neerer distance there
Than other men, than other countries can;
And that he falls into their Ocean,
As Poets taught; or else his lofty Sphere
Bowes down more near the Globe terrestriall there,
Because his beauteous Orb, before the set,
Unto their eies appear more large and great,
Those misty fogs and vapours that arise
From that great Sea, which interposed lies,
Breaking diffuse the raies, from th' eies that went,
Or else enlarge the objects figure sent,

And make the ſetting Sun ſeem greater ſo,
As bright things largeſt in the water ſhow:
Whence they ſcarce any twilight have at all,
Either at *Phœbus* riſing, or his fall;
Day breaks together with the riſing Sun,
And day together with the ſet is done.
All Spain, in figure of a bullocks hide,
Is by the Ocean waſh'd on every ſide,
And made almoſt an Iſle, ſave where her ground
The Pyrenæan hils from France do bound:
From whoſe Eaſt end (for old deſcription makes
Five ſides of Spain) the firſt beginning takes,
And Weſt-ward thence unto the Gades extends,
But by the way to South obliquely bends;
And is inviron'd by the mid-land ſeas,
Where ſtand thoſe Ilands Balearides,
From whence *Metellus* took his famous ſtile,
Fair Ebuſus, and that ſmall ſnaky Iſle.
The ſecond ſide from Gades, (of ſmall extent)
Is to the ſacred promontory bent;
In which ſhort ſpace, two rivers, of no ſmall
Account in Spain, into the Ocean fall,
Bætis and Anas; far their channels ſpread,
And from the ſilver mountains both take head:
Both their great channels do at laſt divide,
And make two Ilands by the Oceans ſide:
From thence the third ſide in a line extends,
And at the Nerian promontory ends,
From South directly North it goes; this bound
Of Spain doth Weſtward know no further ground:
That all along the boundleſſe Ocean laves,
Thither the golden Tagus roules his waves,
Winding through Luſitania, and into
That Ocean doth in one great channell flow:
From thence the Northern ſide of Spain extends,
And at the Pyrenæan mountains ends,

Bounded

Bounded along by the Cantabrian Sea;
Within thoſe ſhores the wildeſt Nations be
The barbarous Celtæ, rough Aſturians,
And (thoſe that name the Sea) Cantabrians:
But laſt of all, the fifth and North-eaſt ſide
The Pyrenæi make, which do divide
Gallia from Spain, which by their wondrous height
Might ſeem to threat the skies, and once more fright
The gods with a Gigantick war: that ſide
Of thoſe high mountains, which ſurveys the pride
Of wealthy France, doth bare and barren ſhow,
Cloth'd with no graſſe, no trees at all there grow:
The other ſide, which barren Spain o'r-ſees,
Shews like a fruitfull Summer, cloth'd with trees,
Which never do their verdant colour loſe:
And ſo to both th' adjacent Countries ſhowes,
As if to cloth himſelfe, he had robb'd Spain,
And loſt his own, to make France rich again.
That lofty Mountain (if we truſt to fame)
Did from the fair *Pyrene* take his name,
When great *Alcides* moved by the fame
Of King *Geryon's* ſtately cattell, came
From Greece, to fetch that wealthy ſpoil away,
Entring the bounds of Spain, he there made ſtay.
King *Bebrix* then o'r all thoſe mountains reign'd,
And there with feaſts *Alcides* entertain'd:
The conquering gueſt by fate unhappy, ſpi'd
Pyrene daughter to the King; and fri'd
With inward flames; at laſt, while there he ſtai'd,
His charming words had won the roiall maid,
He vows his love ſtill conſtant ſhall remain,
And when with conqueſts he returns again,
Eſpouſall Rites: but cruel Fates deny,
And make *Alcides* ſlow in victory,
Too ſlow, alas, nor could the fight be try'd
Ere faire *Pyrene* miſerably dy'd.

Her

Her ſwelling womb now 'gan the fact reveal,
Nor could ſhe longer her ſtoln love conceale:
When fearing her ſtern fathers wrathfull ſpight,
Into the woods ſhe takes a ſecret flight:
There all alone to caves and ſenſleſſe trees
Shee wailes her fate, and cals great *Hercules*,
Or falſe or ſlow; till ſome fell beaſts that were
More ſavage than their kind, had ſeized her,
And whileſt in vain, alas, ſhe did implore
Her abſent lover, her to pieces tore.
Seven times had *Cynthia* fill'd her wained light,
When he return'd with conqueſt from the fight;
And laden with *Geryons* wealthy ſpoils,
The recompence of his ſucceſſefull toils,
Sought for *Pyrene*, but inforc'd to find
What oft before his ſad miſgiving mind
Made him ſuſpect, diſtraught with griefe and woes
Among the woods, and craggy hils he goes
In ſearch of her, and with a mournfull ſound,
Calls his *Pyrene*; all the hils rebound
Pyrene's name; the hils themſelves did ſhake,
The ſavage beaſts, and mountain-robbers quake,
No Tygers prey'd, nor Lions durſt to move,
Whilſt great *Alcides* ſought his wretched Love.
But wandring through the ſolitary wood,
When he had found her limbs, and underſtood
Pyrene's wretched Fate, Oh Love, (quoth he)
'Twas my accurſed abſence murther'd thee:
What ſavage beaſts durſt this? What power above
Suffer'd ſo much againſt *Alcides* love?
Oh would *Geryons* ſpoils had all been loſt,
And I ne'r ſtirr'd from this beloved coaſt:
Then gathering up thoſe ſad dear reliques, there
Within the mountains ſide he did interre
His Love and ſorrow. This ſmall Tombe (alas)
When times ſtrong hand (quoth he) ſhall quite deface,

Thy

Thy ſtate ſhall greater be, and time to come,
Shall reckon all thoſe hils, *Pyrene's* Tomb:
The Fates conſented, and by laſting fame
Thoſe mountains ever bore *Pyrenes* name.
The two young *Pompey's* with their powers, not far
From Gades now marching, meant to ſeat the war
In that rich Country, where faire Bætis flowes,
And on the region his own name beſtowes,
(Though Turdetania, from the men that came
To plant it firſt, be yet another name.)
There they the tatall Munda do poſſeſſe,
A Town yet famous for their dire ſucceſs,
With other Towns not far, Aregua,
And Ucubis, and ſtately Corduba
That old Patritian Colony, whoſe name
The births of great and learned Romans fame:
The Turdetanian region may for rare
And wondrous gifts of nature well compare,
With any piece of earth; no other ſoil
Does more reward the induſtrious plough-mans toil
With rich increaſe; no other paſtures keep
Moe horned herds, moe wealthy-fleeced ſheep;
Thoſe many branches, which from Bætis flow,
Such wealth on all the neighbouring fields beſtow;
Whoſe yellow banks no leſſe then Tagus is,
Are ſtor'd with metals of the higheſt price
In every place; more gold no barren ground
Affords, then in that wealthy glebe is found:
Which nature ſeldome does together give;
And happy might the Turdetanians live,
But that their Country too too happy is,
And on their conqueſt ſets too high a price,
Their wealthy grounds are oft the ſeat of war,
And prey to every powerfull conqueroure:
There Rome and Carthage fought, and did maintain
Their rivall forces with the wealth that Spain

Afforded

Afforded there, while fortune doubted yet
Which land to make the worlds Imperiall seat.
When like to Tytius fruitfull liver, they
Sustain'd those birds, to whom they were a prey;
And suffering Spain by those great factions rent,
That vulture fed which did it selfe torment;
Nor lies the gold of that rich region
Deep in the bowels of the earth alone,
Thence to be digg'd up with a toile as great
As is the value; there they need not sweat
In gathering wealth, nor need they far to flie
From day, or threaten Pluto's Monarchy
With their deep labours; the rich metal's found
Upon the glistering surface of the ground,
And lies on rivers banks, commixt with sand,
Or else with dust upon the drier land,
And mountains tops: what reason can be found
Should so enrich the upper part of ground.
Unlesse you trust a tale? When *Phaëton*
Did erst misguide the Charriot of the Sun,
And scorch'd the earth; the nature then of all
These grounds Sulphureous was, and Minerall;
The metals melted by the Sun, fry'd up,
And so with ease are gather'd at the top.
To *Pompey's* army, while they there remain,
The severall Nations from all parts of Spain
(Besides those scattered troops from Thapsus fled,
Which *Labienus* there and *Varus* led)
Adjoin themselves; the fierce Cantabrians,
That think it base to yield to Natures hands
Their lives, as if bestow'd for war alone;
Gallecians skill'd in Divination;
The Callaicians too, whose men intend
Nothing but war, and still in rapine spend
Their vent'rous lives, using the womens hands
To all workes else, to sow and plough the lands:

From

From old Ilerda, that ſo lately try'd
Romes Civill wars, comes aid to *Pompey*'s ſide:
From Minius bankes come bold Aſturians,
From golden Tagus Luſitanians;
Fierce Ceretans, *Alcides* Souldiers,
The light arm'd Vaſcon, that no helmet wears:
And Concani, that in their drink expreſſe
Themſelves deriv'd from wild Maſſagetes,
Their greateſt thirſt with horſes blood they ſlake.
The Celtiberians, that mixt birth did take
From Gauls and Spaniards; who do ever burn
Their friends dead bodies, and extreamly mourn
(Accounting it the worſt unhappineſſe)
If Wolves or Vultures their dead limbs ſhould ſeize.
From Suero's banks come Hedetan ſupplies,
And from the lofty towers of Sætabis:
The Vettones, the Oretanians too,
And th'enſignes of Parnaſſian Caſtulo,
With all the Spaniſh Nations elſe, whom love
Of old dead *Pompey* to the war did move.

Annotations upon the fifth Book.

(a) *This* Arſinoë, *which had in the tumult of Ægypt been ſaluted Queen by the Souldiers (as was before declared) and afterwards by* Cæſar *apprehended, and here led in triumph, (according to* Dion*) and releaſed at the ſuit of her ſiſter* Cleopatra, *then Queen of Ægypt, was afterwards murthered by the ſame* Cleopatra *(as* Joſephus *reports) for* Cleopatra *in the time of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumvir, did by her cruelty extinguiſh the roiall blood of the* Ptolomeys, *and impatient of any that might afterwards prove rivals to her in that government, did not only poiſon young* Ptolomey *her brother, whom* Cæſar *had made her husband, but cauſed her ſiſter* Arſinoë *to be murdered as ſhe was at her Devotion in the Temple.* Joſeph. l. 15. de antiq.

(b) *This*

(b) This Juba (*saith* Plutarch) *was happy in his captivity, and losse of his so great an inheritance; for at Rome he obtained happy education, and instead of a barbarous Prince, became a learned and judicious Writer; he is mentioned by divers of those ages; he wrote Commentaries of the Lybian Kings, and divers observations of his own times; he was industrious in the study of naturall Philosophy, and searching the natures of herbs and plants; he was the first that found out the vertues and malignity of the herb Euphorbium, and called it by the name of his chief Physitian: he served* Augustus Cæsar *in his wars against* Marcus Antonius, *and was afterwards by his bounty restored to a Crown (though not to all the Dominions of his father) and married* Cleopatra *the daughter of* M. Antonius *&* Cleopatra *Strab. l. 17*

(c) Pharnaces *had escaped by flight, and was slain by* Asander, *who rebelled against him, to whom he had committed the government of Bosphorus in his absence: so that his Person was not led in triumph; the conquest of* Pharnaces (*saith* Dion) *though it were not glorious by reason it was so easily obtained, yet* Cæsar *much gloried in it by reason of the speed, and that he might carry those three words in Triumph,* Veni, vidi, vici. Dion. lib. 42.

(d) Cæsar *was especially magnificent in doing honour* (*saith* Dion) *to* Venus, *whom he accounted, and desired to have it generally believed, the originall of his pedigree; from her also* (*as* Appian *reports*) *he would glory that he had received beauty of body, she being the Queen of Love and Beauty.*

(e) Cæsar *after all these triumphs, and assurances of greatnesse was yet threatned by a third war in Spain; a war* (*saith* Dion) *not to be contemned; nay, far greater and more full of danger than all his former wars: the battell of Munda* (*saith* Florus) *for fury, slaughter, and cruelty as much exceeded Thapsus, as Thapsus did Pharsalia, &c.*

THE

The sixth Book.

The Argument of the sixth Booke.

Varus *by* Didius *on the stormie main*
Is vanquished: Cæsar *arrives in Spain,*
And raises Pompey's *siege from* Ulia's *walls;*
He takes Ategua: *both generals*
Remov'd from thence; the war to Mundo *bears:*
Cæsar's *despaire; his mens unusual fear;*
A bloudy conquest they at last obtain.
Young Pompey, Varus, Labienus *slain.*

BUt ere the Trigick war arriv'd in Spain,
And did with bloud the continent distain,
The Ocean bore it, and was first the stage
Of this third furie, and revived rage;
There where th' extended Libyan coast doth meete,
Almost with Spains Tarteſſus, *Varus* Fleet
Guarded the straightned Sea in *Pompey's* name;
Thither or *Cæsar Didius* Navy came;
Two shores their furie at neer distance saw,
Fearing to whether land the war would draw;
But Affrick bled before; what did remain
Of Romes dissentions, Fate decreed to Spain;
That narrow point of Sea on all four sides
Great lands from lands, great Seas from Seas divides,
In breadth the Libyan continent and Spain,
In length th' Iberian and great Western main.

The

The Navies scarce their furious fight began,
When all in waves the threatning Ocean
Swell'd up; and they encounter'd from the Sea
As great a danger as the war could be.
The Southern wind from Tingitania blows;
And from the Western Ocean *Corus* rose;
Fierce *Boreas* met them forth the Spanish coast,
And now the Sea on every side was tost,
Their several waves the different winds did move,
As if that *Æolus* and *Neptune* strove
A war so sad and wicked to prevent,
Or drown both Fleets while they were innocent.
But greater was their dire desire to fight
Then was the Oceans rage, or winds despight;
To impious war through stormes as rough they go
As would the greediest venturing Merchant do
For Parma's wealthy fleeces, Spains rich ore,
Or highest gemmes from the Ærythræan shore.
But when no space almost at all divides
Both eager Fleets, the rowers take their sides,
Tugge at the oar, and (though the Ocean raves)
With armes unweary'd cut the curled waves;
The horrid shouting of the Souldiers drown'd
All noise of rowing and shrill Trumpets sound,
Yet all these sounds, and all the noise of war
The winds, and louder stormes out-roared far,
With which, and Darts, the air is darkned round;
Ships against Ships, beaks meeting beaks resound;
Some by their own indeavours meet their foes
Others the wind and stormy Seas expose
Before they thought, to trial of the war,
Dashing together with more furie far
The adverse ships, than else they would have met;
Now grew the horrour and confusion great;
Their fears were different; some, while others fought,
Repair'd those ruins which the storm had wrought.

And

And stopp'd their leaking Ships, preventing so
The certain danger of a neerer foe:
Nor could stout *Didius* now his Souldiers cheer,
Or guide his Fleet; the tempest every where
Is onely heard; but leaving his commands
Puts all into the winds and fortunes hands;
No more could *Varus* for young *Pompey* do:
Guided by chance against each other go;
Th' amazed Fleets; some vessels sides bor'd through,
By sharp and brazen stems; nor do they know
Surely to whom they do their ruin ow,
Whether the weathers furie or the foe.
Nor did confusion of all sounds affright
The ears alone; but through that horrid night
Wch showr-black clouds, & skies tempestuous brought
With no small terrour the wing'd lightning shot:
No other light to them the day could give;
No other fire in such a storm could live.
Some ships now almost taken by the foes,
The Swelling Sea with violence o'r throws,
And vindicates their honour from surprize;
Some sink, when boorded by the enemies,
Drowning the victors, and the vanquish'd see
A quick revenge of their captivitie.
Fortune did seem against both sides to fight
A while, and wreak in common her despight;
But long it held not; She at last decided
The day, and shew'd for whom she had provided
So great a labour of the troubled Main;
And *Cæsar's* forces a full conquest gain:
Though *Didius* blush it should be thought that he
Ow'd to such aids as those the victorie.
Varus perceives the Fates themselves conspire
On *Cæsar's* side, and forced to retire:
When now he saw part of his hapless powers
Orewhelm'd part seized by the conquerours;

With his poor remnant flies, and gets into
Carteias harbour; thence by land to go
To *Pompey's* Camp; *Pompey* at Ulla stay'd,
And siege in vain to that strong Citie lay'd.
Cæsar with more than his accustom'd speed
(By which his great designes did still succeed)
Hasts to the war in Spain, and gone from Rome,
In seventeen dayes was to Saguntbus come,
That true Saguntbus, whose so Tragick fall
Did once upbraid the Heavens, and envie call
Upon their justice, till the offenders fate,
And final ruin of the Punicke state
Absolv'd the gods again; with Chrystal waves
The Cities Western side fair Durias laves,
Clothing with verdant grass th' adjoyning plain,
And gently slides into the Iberian Main.
His quick arival, unexpected there,
With sudden joy did all the Souldiers cheer:
With speed as great from thence he marches on
Thorough the Celtiberian region,
Nor Durias stream nor mount Idubeda,
Nor Sucro's rapid flood his course could stay,
Nor that high glittering Mountain, that for fame
Of his great wealth retaines the silver name;
From whose descent rich Bætis takes his head;
Along the shore of Bætis *Cæsar* led
His cheerful Souldiers on to Corduba;
Either to take that wealthy Town, or draw
Pompey from Ulla's siege; the first in vain
Cæsar assay'd, the last he did obtain:
For *Pompey* straight, although within the Town
His brother *Sextus* lay in Garrison,
Abandons Ulla, and 'gainst *Cæsar* goes,
Who from the walls, of Corduba arose
Before his foes approch, both there to trie
The utmost hazard of a war so high.

But

But passing thence ore Salsus stream, does lay
With more success, siege to Ategua,
And winnes the Town, maugre the feeble aid
Munatius brought: but there while *Cæsar* stay'd
A fair ostent the Gods were pleas'd to shew,
A rowring eagle long ore *Cæsar* flew
Till seeming wearie, with a fair descent
It gently pearch'd on young *Octavius* tent,
Who follow'd then his Father to the war
A good presage the augurs all declare,
And not alone to shew the wars success,
But young *Octavius* future happiness:
But not so soone, alas, could they foresee
The full effect of this fair augurie:
How many civil wounds did yet remain
Ere Rome with patience brook a *Cæsar's* reign,
And for her safetie be inforc'd to flie
To great *Augustus* happy Monarchie;
For thee, great Prince, and thy insuing State
Was Rome oppress, and *Julius* fortunate;
For thee were *Marius* crimes and *Sylla's* wrought:
For thee was Thapsus and Pharsalia fought
That Rome in those dire Tragedies might see
What horrid dangers follow'd libertie:
And thou at last a welcome conqueror,
Might'st those high titles without envie wear,
Which mightie *Julius* with a toil so great,
With so much bloud and envie striv'd to get;
Thou then anew that powerful State shalt mould,
And long the worlds high Scepter safely hold
Above all Rivals plac'd; thy god like State
No force shall shake; when shuting *Janus* gate,
Thou shalt set ope the sacred Thespian spring,
And there securely hear the Muses sing,
Whose stately lays still keep thy deathlesse fame,
And make immortal Great *Augustus* name;

Nor ever did the Arts so truly reign,
Nor sung the Muses in so pure a strain
As then they did, to grace thy glorious time;
As if the Muse before lack'd power to clime,
Or else disdain'd her highest notes to raise,
Till such a Monarch liv'd to give the Bayes.
Griev'd for Antegua's loss, and fearing now
That other Towns would following Fortune, go
To *Cæsar's* partie, and his cause forsake
Pompey resolves with all his strength to make
A speedie trial of a war so great,
And on one hazard his whole Fortune set.
To Munda's fatal fields was *Cæsar* gone;
Th ither young *Pompey's* armie marches on:
The Town was his: and neer the Town arose
An high and spatious hill: where *Pompey* chose
T' encampe his men; from whence he might survay
The plains below where *Cæsar's* armie lay.
No prodigies forespake the black event
Of that daies wondrous battel, no ostent
At all was show'd from seas, earth, air, or skies,
No entrails spake, no birds gave auguries:
Those sad portents, that us'd to strike a fear
At other times in men, were spared there.
Yet were their fears far greater; they suspect
The silence of the Gods, loth to detect
So great a ruin as did then ensue;
Horrour invades their brests; although they know
No cause from whence those strange amazments grow.
No outward signes appear'd, their threatnings now
Were inward all; they make by sad surmise
Within themselves a thousand prodigies.
In *Pompey's* camp th' amazed Souldiers
Sad silence kept, distraught 't twixt desp'rate fears,
And Tragick hopes; pale horrour to their eyes
Seems to present the future Tragedies,

An

And the dear ghosts of slaughter'd friends appear;
Yet know not they whether themselves should fear,
Or hope their hands should make th' ensuing Fate.
On one side *Cæsar's* Fortune does abate
Their confidence too much; on t'other they
Resolve, overcome, not to outslive the day;
But (Oh strange fate,) the bold Cæsarians,
Grow faint and heartless; and those active hands,
That had so often drawn their Countries blood,
And 'gainst all Laws for *Cæsar's* fortune stood;
That had before to their succes-ful toils,
Promis'd the Worlds sole sway, and wealthy spoiles
Of every nation, quake, and faulter here,
Nor from each other can conceal their fear.
How dear this field would cost, what 't was to go
Against the furie of a desperate foe,
Their trembling thoughts revolve, nor to their friends
Shame they to utter it; those daunteless minds,
That met with joy Pharsalia's dreadful day,
Those that at Thapsus battel could not stay
The Generals command; preventing there
The signal, now both fight and signal fear.
But that the fear, which did his camp invade
Might not seem strange, *Cæsar* himselfe was sad
Before the battel, and that cheerful look,
That usual vigour, whence his Souldiers took
Happie presages still, was changed there;
Nor did his wonted confidence appear;
Perhaps revolving the uncertain Fate
Of things, and fralitie of man's highest state,
And now unceasant storms do beat upon
The loftie Cedars, learns to fear his own
By others mightie falls lately wrought;
Or fortune else presenting to his thought
Her many favours, and his long succes,
He weight'd the time of *Pompey's* happines,

Who in her favour claim'd as great a ſhare
As he could now, before Phaſſalia's war.
That he arrived now as high in State
As *Pompey* was; might feare Great *Pompeys* fate:
Whoſe fall (though wrought for him) had let him ſee
Fortunes great power, and ſtrange unconſtancy:
But leſt his ſadneſſe ſhould too much diſmay
The Souldiers hearts before ſo great a day,
He recollects himſelfe, and with fain'd chear,
And forced looks, taught to diſſemble feare,
Thus to his army ſpeaks; Victorious troops,
On whoſe known valour more then *Cæſars* hopes,
His certain State depends, ſee here in Spain
This fainting *Hydra* yet ſhoots forth again
His laſt weak heads; let that Herculean might,
That lopt the firſt, and ſtrongeſt off in fight,
Make perfect your great labour, which requires
The laſt hand here: of all your large deſires
You are free maſters, when this field is fought,
Though all the world for freſh ſupplies were ſought,
In Fortunes power it lies not to expoſe
Your quiet State again, or find you foes.
But what are theſe that once again ſhould dare
Moleſt our peace with unexpected war?
What can theſe barbarous half-arm'd Nations do?
Or what unfain'd affection can they ow
To *Pompeys* ſide? or do they fear his name,
And have not heard enough of *Cæſars* fame?
Have not the wars by old Ilerda taught
Our ſtrength to Spain? what Roman powers are brought
Thither, but young raw Souldiers, and unskill'd
In Militarie arts, that ne'r beheld
A foe before? and thoſe poor ſ[illegible]hat know
The war, are ſuch as have been beat by you;
And bring more fear then help unto their ſide.
Will *Varus* troops your well-known ſtrength abide?

Or that so often vanquish'd runnagate
False *Labienus*, long maintein the fate
Of his young Generall? Brave souldiers on,
Perfect that work that is so neerly done.
His speech no shouts, no acclamation finds,
Nor could it raise their sad dejected minds:
And though, the signall given, all Trumpets sound,
And *Pompeys* Army from the upper ground
Make down to charge, the cold Cæsarians
Dare not approach, nor follow the commands
Of their great Generall; when *Cæsar* fill'd
With griefe and rage, seizing a Spear and Shield;
This day quoth he (no more my Souldiers)
Shall end the life of *Cæsar*, and your wars;
Remember whom you leave; then forth he flies
Alone to charge th' amazed enemies;
Who, till their wonder was expell'd by hopes,
A while made stand; at last from all the troops,
'Gainst *Cæsars* head whole storms of Javelins come;
Some in his shield he does receive, and some
Avoids, declining of his body down;
Till shame, not courage brought his souldiers on
To save their Generall; and 'gainst the foe
They do begin a fight so (*a*) furious now,
As if with this new rage they would appear
To recompence their ignominious (*b*) feare.
Th' auxiliary troops on either side
Gave backe, and left the battel to be try'd
By none but Roman hands; who man to man
And foot to foot a constant fight began
With so great horrour, as who had beheld
Pharsalia's fight, or Thapsus bloody field
Would have esteem'd those furies light, and thought
He ne'r saw war till Munda's field was fought.
Both Generals alike 'twixt hope and fear,
With needlesse speeches their fierce Souldiers cheer;

Till wearied with the toil they both retire,
And from two little hils behold the dire
Encounter of their men; when *Cæsars* eyes,
That dry, had view'd whole Nations Tragedies,
Began to melt; and whileſt bright victory,
O'r both the armies hover'd doubtfully,
Cæsar and *Pompey* had forgot their hopes,
And only pitied their engaged troops,
Fearing both armies in the place would die,
And leave no conqueſt, but one Tragedy.
A balefull ſilence on the ſudden then
Poſſeſt the field; no ſhowts of fighting men
Were heard; as if they labour'd to keep in
Their ſpirits for action; hands alone were ſeen
To move, and write in bloody Characters
Their deep reſolves: young *Pompeys* ſouldiers
Beyond this day diſdain to hope at all;
And *Cæsars* men promiſe, in *Pompeys* fall
To all their toils a rich and quiet cloſe,
And that the world no more can find them foes:
At laſt the battels fortune ſeem'd to lean
To *Pompeys* ſide, and *Cæsars* fainting men
Gave back apace, nor ſcarce with all their might
Could the Centurions ſtay their open flight:
When *Cæsar* arm'd with high deſpaire, preparing
The fatall Ponyard which he wore, and baring
His manly breaſt, thus ſpeaks; Oh Fortune, now
I ſee thou wants not power to overthrow
What e'r thou build'ſt: but I accuſe not thee;
Enough already haſt thou done for me:
Enough have thy tranſcendent favours grac'd
My lives whole courſe: ſhouldſt thou not change at laſt,
Perhaps the erring world might cenſure me
More then a man, and thee no Deity:
I that ſo long have thy high favours known,
Can thus ſecurely entertaine thy frown.

There

There had he dy'd; but as kind mothers do
Oft let their children neer to dangers go,
That then, when they perceive them most afraid,
They may the more indear their timely-aid:
So Fortune finds an unexpected way
To save his fate; whilest yet his men made stay
And kept the field, King *Bogud* that without
The battell stood, wheels suddenly about
To seize young *Pompeys* Camp; which to prevent,
Leaving his station, *Labienus* went,
And with him drew five cohorts from the fight:
Which action chang'd the battels fortune quite;
Whilest hapleſſe errour through both armies flew,
And *Pompeys* battell suddenly o'rthrew;
For misconceit that *Labienus* fled
Had quite disheartned his own side, and bred
In *Cæsars* souldiers most assured hopes:
Nor could young *Pompey* stay his flying troops,
Too late alas it was to make them know
What hapleſſe errour caus'd their overthrow;
For routed once o'r all the field they flye
A prey to the pursuing enemy.
Unhappy *Attius Varus*, where he stood
Environ'd round with carcasses and blood;
Varus, that twice before a war had led
'Gainst *Cæsars* fortune, and twice vanquished:
When he had labour'd long in vain to stay
His flying men, loth to out-live the day,
Or longer keep that often conquer'd breath,
Now rushes boldly on to find a death
A mid'st the thickest of his enemies,
And gladly there on all their weapons dies.
But when (alas) sad *Labienus* view'd
How great and swift a ruine had ensu'd
Upon his hapleſſe action, curſing Fate,
And his own dire misfortune, too too late

Seeking

Seeking to ralley his diſorder'd troops,
He cries, 'tis I that have undone the hopes
Of wretched Rome; 'tis I have loſt the day:
Through this dire breaſt take your revenging way,
And expiate this fatall overthrow,
Or *Cæſar's* ſwords ſhall take revenge for you:
Then (like a Libyan Lyon round beſet,
Arm'd with a high deſpair, and rage as great)
Careleſſe of wounds or weapons forth he goes
To ſell a loathed life dear to his foes:
Till by a thouſand ſwords at laſt he dies,
And to the ſhades his angry ſpirit flies.
Pompey perceives his army overthrown,
And now the loſſe irreparable grown,
And though he ſee no cauſe that ſhould invite
Him to out-live the fury of the fight,
His own freſh youth perſwades him t' entertain
A future hope to raiſe his ſtate again:
High mounted on a Spaniſh Steed, he flies
(Leaving in field his routed companies)
With ſpeed, Carteia's harbour to attain,
And ſail from thence, but to diſaſtrous Spain.
Stern Fates the death of this young man decree;
And he ere long the ſelfe-ſame deſtiny
Forc'd to endure on Spains unhappy ground,
That his great Father in falſe Ægypt found.
His brother (c) *Sextus* ſcap'd from that ſad day
Fortune long hides in Celtiberia
To raiſe his State again, again to breath
Freſh war and ruine after *Cæſar's* death,
And once again with faction rend the State
In that ſad time of Romes Triumvirate.
The fight was done, and nothing now enſu'd
But impious rage, and murder, the purſu'd
To *Pompeys* Camp and Munda's wals (alas)
For refuge fled, but vain that refuge was.

So

So horrid now was the Cælarians rage,
That neither pity could their heat asswage,
Nor strength defend their wretched enemies
From their dire force, on every side the cries
And groans of dying men are heard alone:
Never so savage cruelty was shown
Against the worst of forreign foes, as then
The vanquish'd felt from their own Countreymen:
Which most appear'd, when to surprize the Town
(A thing amongst Barbarians never known)
The works they rais'd against it to maintain
The siege, were carcasses of Romanes slain.
Cæsar, that nere before did truly see
How hard it was to gain a victory,
(Since fortune still his wish with ease had wrought,
And he for glory, not for life had fought,
Till Munda's field) recounts what he had lost,
Grieving to find what this sad conquest cost;
He sometimes wail'd his own slain Souldiers then,
Sometimes the slaughter'd foes, as Countrymen,
And wishes some, to whom he now might show
His mercy, had surviv'd the overthrow;
And almost taxes fortune, who that day
Had wrought his ends by such an envy'd way.
Never till now did *Cæsars* pensive breast,
Truly revolve how tragicall the best
Successe will be that Civill war affords,
And how deep wounds his sadly conquering swords
Had made in th' entrails of afflicted Rome.
Now Thapsus battell, now Pharsalia come
Into his sad remembrance; and almost
He wishes all his triumphs had been lost,
Rather then with such horrid slaughter won,
And that he ne'r had crossed Rubicon:
Scarce can the glories, that it brings, out-weigh
The inward sorrow for so black a day.

While

While thus Great *Cæsars* troubled thoughts were (led,
Cenonius enters and presents the head
Of Noble *Pompey*, whose now piti'd state
Call'd to remembrance his great Fathers fate,
In treacherous Ægypt; and no lesse than his
Inforced tears of ruth from *Cæsars* eies.
How did he dye (quoth he) relate to us
His tragedy: when thus *Cenonius*; (troops
When Munda's fields strew'd with his slaughter'd
Young *Pompey* saw, and void of present hopes,
Fled to Carteia, to embark from thence
For forreign coasts, fearing the Citizens
And our pursuit, he left the Town again,
And quite bereft of all his scattered train,
Wounded and lame, retir'd into a wood,
That not far distant from Carteia stood,
Hoping the covert of that shady place
A while might yield him shelter from the chace.
We enter'd in, and long the wood survai'd
With curious eies, and long in vain we strai'd:
But far within, a spreading Beech there stood,
Where weari'd now, and faint through losse of blood,
Alone he sate; he that had fought so late
'Gainst thee, O *Cæsar*, with long doubtfull fate;
He whom so many Roman legions
Did lately guard, so many nations
Obey'd and serv'd, now all forsaken sate
A sad example of mans frail estate.
When I approaching bad him yield to me
In *Cæsars* name: never alive (quoth he)
Let *Cæsar* see my head, for ne'r can that
Be my disgrace that was my fathers fate,
By this unhappy token let him know
The heir of *Pompey*, and perceive a foe
That might have proved worthy of his fear,
So let me go to him rather then beare

A conquer[illegible]s disdaine, or blushing be
The Pitty'd subject of an enemy;
Nor shall you find, I prize, so cheap a life
(Though vanquished) as without any strife
To send it him: then with a courage high
Above his strength, above the misery
Of his forsaken state, amongst us all
He flies; or to prevent, or sell his fall
Dear as he could; alas, for victory
Fortune forbid him hope; nor did it lie
Within the power of his unwilling foes,
To save that life which he resolv'd to lose.
But meeting wounds away at last it fled.
Cæsar, with sighs, beholds the noble head,
Pitying his fall, and bids *Cenonius* bear
It thence to find the body, and interre
Them both in such a manner, as became
Th' unhappy ruines of so great a name.
And thence, secur'd from fears, marches away
By Bætis stream, to stately Corduba,
Now the Herculian Gades, faire Hispalis,
Munda, so lately fatall, Ucubis,
Ategua, and all the other Towns
Which fence the wealthy Bætick Regions,
Breath nought but peace, nor longer to oppose
Cæsars prevailing fortune, harbour foes.
Nor do these only their subjection yield
To *Cæsar*, but the fartherst, the most wild,
And savage nations, rough Asturians,
Fierce Callaicians, bold Cantabrians
From all the fartherst distant shores of Spain
Do humbly sue his favour to obtain:
The love they bare to *Pompeys* name before,
Was quite o'r-borne by Fate, and could no more
Maintein a faction against *Cæsars* power;
Who now a sole unrivall'd conquerour,

From

From that ſubjected coaſts haſts to be gone
To viſite Rome, which now was his alone,
And there in fearleſſe triumphs to diſplay
The wofull glories of black Munda's day.

Annotations upon the fourth Book.

(a) *How truly the manner of this battell is here expreſſed, or how far it may be lawfull for one writing by the way of a Poet to digreſſe, I leave it to the judgement of the Reader: and that you may briefly ſee it without the labour of ſearching books, thus the cruel battel of Munda by two Hiſtorians of credit is deſcribed (to omit others for brevity ſake.)*

Dion Caſſius l. 43. *thus: At the firſt conflict the auxiliaries on both ſides fled away; but the Romans forces encountring fiercely continued the fight long, not regarding at all what became of their aſſociats, every man thinking that the whole victory depended upon his hand: they gave no ground, nor left their ſtations, but killing, or dying, made good the place: there were no clamours nor military ſhowts heard, nor hardly groans, only theſe ſpeeches, ſtrike, kill;* Cæſar *and* Pompey *both on horſeback, from two hils beheld the battel, and knew not what they ſhould reſolve, but were equally diſtracted between fear & confidence. And afterwards thus: ſo long & fiercely with equal hopes both armies fought, that unleſs* King Bogud, *who ſtood with his forces without the battell, had turned about to ſurpriſe the Camp of* Pompey, *and* Labienus *had left the battell to prevent him, they had all without doubt died in the battell, or night had parted them upon equall terms.*

Florus *relates it thus: Doubtfull and ſad was this battel, Fortune ſeeming to deliberate, and not reſolving what to do:* Cæſar *himſelfe was ſad before the battell contrary to his cuſtome, either conſidering the frailty of mankind, or ſuſpecting the long continuance of his proſperity, [illegible] fearing the*

the fate of Pompey, *being now grown to the height of* Pompey : *but in the battel it self (what ever before had been known to happen) while both the armies were in their height of fury, a ſuddain ſilence, as if by conſent, was throughout the field? and laſt of all (a thing not uſual in* Cæſar's *army,) the old ſouldiers began to give ground, and that they did not abſolutely flie, it ſeemed to bee ſhame, not valor that withheld them; Concerning the deſpair of* Cæſar *and this his action,* Appian *is my warrant, and* Florus *partly teſtifies as much.*

c Sextus Pompeius *did long lurk in Celtiberia, till after the death of* Iulius Cæſar, *he levyed forces, and ſurpriſed the Iſland of Sicily, he commanded the Seas in thoſe parts and ſaved many Roman that fleds to him from the proſcription of the triumviri: he was at laſt vanquiſhed at Sea by* Marcus Agrippa *the cheife General for* Auguſtus Cæſar, *and ſlain in Aſia by the Souldiers of* Marcus Antonius *the Triumvir.*

THE

The seventh Book.

The Argument of the seventh Book.

What different passions 'mongst the people rise
At Cæsars *new transcendent dignities:*
He, to decline the envy of his reign,
Designes a war against the Parthian.
Cassius *consults with* Brutus *to set free*
The State again by Cæsars *Tragedy.*
The Lords conspire: unto the Capitoll
Cæsar *securely goes (though of his fall*
By fatall prodigies foretold in vain)
And entring there is by the Senate slain.

THat civill fury, that so long had torne
Romes state, and through so many regions born
Her bleeding wounds, it selfe had wasted now;
And long'd for peace did seem again to show
Her cheerfull face; the people hop'd for rest,
Since now unrival'd *Cæsar* was possest
Of all the honours, Rome could give, alone,
And the world knew no other power but one.
The o'r-joi'd people wish it ever so:
(His power was grown above their envy now)
And to the gods they willingly forgive
The losse of that unsafe prerogative,
Their liberty, and gladly would adore
A safe and peacefull Scepter; for the more

His

His might in war their terrors did increase,
The more his vertues now secure their peace;
No better guardian, wish they to the State
Then mighty *Cæsar*, whose unconquer'd Fate
So long prevail'd 'gainst all opposing powers,
And crush'd so many great competitours.
Nor do the poor Plebeians wish it so
Alone; these hopes the weari'd Senate too
(Except some few) do harbour with delight,
And gladly give consent to *Cæsars* height:
They most of all desire a calm, since most
The highest Cedars by rough storms are tost;
They wish the shadow of that freedome gone,
Whose substance long ago was overthrown.
For what since *Marius* times, since *Sylles* reign
Did they of ancient liberty retain,
But the bare name? For which so deare a price
They paid, and saw so many tragedies:
And therefore not alone from flattery,
But from true joy to *Cæsar* they decree
More height of honour, and more state then can
Fit the condition of a private man,
Least he perchance might seem in his own eies,
Lesse then a Monarch: to those dignities,
Which after the defeat of *Scipio*
He had receiv'd, they add far greater now,
Divine and humane, that throughout all lands,
And all the Kingdomes which great Rome commands,
Not only sacrifices should be had
For him, and offerings in all Temples made,
But Temples to himselfe they do decree
To consecrate as to a Deity:
But one more sumptuous then the rest, and high
Erected is to him and Clemency
Joyning their Deities, where hand to hand
Does *Cæsars* image with the goddesse stand:

And (as his Countries saviour) every where
His rich-wrought Statues oaken-Garlands wear.
They stile him Consul for ten yeares to come,
Dictator ever, Father of his Rome;
And that in every cause, for ample state,
He, as Supreme, and Soveraign Magistrate
Should judgement give from a tribunall high
Of burnish'd gold, and polish'd Ivory.
That those chast maids, which keep the vestall flame,
And all Romes Priests should vow in *Cæsars* name,
And for his safety offer every year,
And he himselfe a Robe Triumphall weare
At publike sacrifice; that thanks should be
Giv'n to the gods for his each victory,
And the daies sacred. Who could e'r have thought
That day on which Pharsalia's field was fought,
Or that of Thapsus, or sad Munda's war
As holidaies should fill the Calendar?
And *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Pompey*'s tragick fals
Be kept with joy as Roman Festivals.
The moneth Quintilis, to his lasting fame,
(Which gave him birth) must bear great *Julius*'s name.
What more deserved honour could there be,
More fit, more gratefull to posterity,
For *Cæsar's* future memory to weare,
Then mention in his own amended yeare?
That he, whose wisedome from confusion
Had freed th' accounts of time, and to the Sun
Had squar'd his yeare, from all those errors freed,
Which negligence insensibly did breed,
In that should live, while people every where
Throughout the world, observe the *Julian* yeare.
And more to heighten his transcendent State,
They make decree, that every Magistrate
Shall (when elected) swear not to withstand
What ever *Cæsars* Edicts shall command,

Making

Making his power so great, there's nothing now
But he himselfe, may on himselfe bestow.
What now should *Cæsar* feare? What ill successe
Can shake so strong a grounded happinesse?
Or what should Rome now in a State so blest
Suppose can rend her peace, or reave her rest?
Asks it a greater vertue to maintain
A settled fortune, then at first to gain?
Or is it easier to the powers on high
To give, than to preserve prosperity?
Or would the gods else let proud mortals see
By this so fatall mutability,
Their frail estate, and find the distance so
Betwixt Celestiall powers, and powers below?
Cæsar to mould the State anew begins
With wholsome lawes, and by his mercy wins
(If mercy could such envy overcome)
The peoples hearts, calling from exile home
Those banish'd Lords that had against him fought,
To make all hatred, with the war, forgot;
And through the Empires wide circumference,
Extends his bounty and magnificence;
Carthage and Corinth he re-edifies,
And plants them both with Roman colonies,
And not detracting from th' old founders fames,
Lets them both beare their first renowned names.
But yet (suspecting what the sad event
Prov'd true) how hardly his new government
Will at the first be brook'd, till time allay
That Envies heat, that does as yet out-weigh
His lenity, and nothing more then rest
Matures the plots of discontented brests,
Cæsar resolves with speed to entertain
An honourable war, to wipe the stain
Of civill blood by forreign deeds away,
To fetch again from conquer'd Parthia

(Which yet ſecure did of Romes Trophees boaſt)
Thoſe captive Eagles which ſlain *Craſſus* loſt,
His fixed thoughts on that high action ſet,
Unto a great and frequent Senate met
Thus *Cæſar* ſpeaks; Fathers Conſcript, had I
Meant to abuſe my power in cruelty,
As *Cinna*, *Marius*, and dire *Sylla* did,
What cloſeſt viſor could ſo long have hid
My nature from you, you had found ere this
Some fatall ſignes, but I that ſtill did wiſh
Power, for no other end than to ſecure
The uſe of vertuous deeds, and put in ure
Not what my paſſions but true reaſon taught,
In all theſe wars have for the publike fought,
To make my ſelfe a guardian, not a Lord
Of Rome and you, and with a conquering ſword
Keep out all tyrants, that might elſe intrude,
Working your ſafety, not your ſervitude.
What can this Senate, or the people feare
From *Cæſars* power, whoſe mercy every where,
So many pardon'd enemies have tri'd?
And, ſave in battell, none by me deſtroi'd:
Let thoſe ſurviving witneſſes relate,
How I in war have us'd my proſperous fate;
Let *Scipios* papers burn'd, unread by me
(After the field of Thapſus) teſtifie
How loth I was to find in Rome a foe:
And rather choſe my dangers not to know,
But ſtill to live in danger, then to be
Secur'd by ſlaughter and ſeverity:
Nor, but enforc'd, witneſſe the gods of Rome,
To this ſad Civill war did *Cæſar* come,
And was compell'd (though loth to conquer more
To purchaſe that, which I deſerv'd before,
For which, ten years ſucceſſefully I fought
Againſt the Gauls, and all thoſe regions brought

Under

Under the power of Rome, which lie between
The Pyrenæan hills, the German Rhine
And Brittish Seas, nor did the German Rhine,
And Brittish Seas my victory confine,
Which flew beyond them both, and crossing ore
(Where never Roman Eagles pearch'd before)
I taught the Germans there our yoke to carry,
And made the painted Britanes tributary;
For which my triumphs envy did deny,
To win for Rome, was made a crime in me,
Had not my foes ungrateful injury
Turn'd back those conquering armes on Italy
They had, perchance, Fathers, by your command
Ere this subdu'd the farthest Eastern land.
Our name the Indians and tame Medes had known,
The Persian Susa, and proud Babylon
Had felt our strength, nor on the Parthian coast
So long had *Crassus* unrevenged Ghost
Complaining wander'd; that design for me
Rests now to act (so you the war decree.)
When first the spring dissolves the mountains snow
And Western winds upon the waters blow;
When with his golden horns bright *Taurus* opes
The cheerful year shall these victorious troops
Advance against the Parthians, and there dye,
Or fetch those Eagles home with victory
Which *Cassius* lost; till then you need not fear
The insolency of the Souldier,
That their disorder'd silence here at home
May any way disturb the peace of Rome,
My care already has (besides the spoiles
Of forreign foes) rewarded all their toiles
With those great summes, which there so lately I
(Perchance much envy'd) rais'd in Italy
To keep them still, and did not fear to buy
With mine own envy your security.

Then conscript Fathers, if your wisedome shall
Esteem of *Cæsar* as a General,
Fit to revenge the Roman infamy
'Gainst Parthia's pride, decree the war to me;
I am your Souldier still; nor ere has ought
But Romes renown by all my toiles been sought;
You shall perceive that *Cæsar's* Souldiers are
Not onely fortunate in Civill war.
Cæsar had ended; when the fathers all
To such a war, and such a general
Give glad consent, and with one voice decree
The Parthian war to *Cæsar's* auspicie.
But Fates deny what they so much desir'd;
The date of *Cæsar's* glory was expir'd,
And fortune weari'd with his Triumphs now
Revolts from him; more ruin and more woe
Was yet behind for wretched Rome to tast;
Nor can their quiet happiness out-last
The life of *Cæsar*, whose approching Fate
More Civil warre and wounds must expiate.
No vertue, bounty, grace, or clemency
Could long secure usurped Soveraignty;
For more that power to Citizens born free
Distastful was, than benefits could be
Sweet and delightsome; which soon hastened on
Th' untimely death of *Cæsar*; Nor alone
To this conspiracy did hatred draw
His ancient foes, as *Pontius*, *Aquila*,
Bucolianus, and *Cecilius*,
Ligarius pardon'd once, and *Rubrius*,
Servilius Galba, *Sextus Naso* too,
Spurius, with many of the faction moe;
But even 'mongst *Cæsar's* friends dire envy wrought,
And to his slaughter bold *Trebonius* brought
Casca and *Cimber*, and *Minutius*
His seeming friends; nor thee, Oh *Cassius*,

Could

Could *Cæsar's* favour, nor thy Pretorship
Of Rome obtain'd, from this dire murder keep.
Decimus Brutus too, so highly grac'd
And in so near a ranck of friendship plac'd
With *Cæsar*, to whose truft and governance
The wealthy province of Transalpine France
Cæsar had left, envying his Patrons power
Among the rest is turn'd conspiratour:
Nor seems the knot of this great faction yet,
To be of strength enough, unless they get
Young *Marcus Brutus* in, who then did sway
The Province of Cisalpine Gallia,
Colleague with *Cassius* (as Romes Pretors) the;
And high in *Cæsar's* grace: this brave young man
For his known vertues, and admired parts,
In all the peoples discontented hearts
Did seem most thought of, and mark'd out to be
The vindicator of lost liberty:
Nor did they hide it, but in libels wrote
On his Pretorian cell, expreft their thought,
Taxing his courage as degenerate
From th' ancient *Brutus*, who first freed the State
Of Rome from Monarchy: as if the fame
Of such an act could suit no other name,
And he by fatal birth condemn'd to be
An actor now in *Cæsar's* tragedy.
Now had *Rammusian Nemesis* possest
In all her blackest forms, the vengeful breft
Of fiery *Cassius*, and did wholy sway
His eager thoughts, impatient of delay;
Who by nights silence, enters *Brutus's* house,
Him there he finds alone, and anxious,
Waiting his Countries Fate, and sadder far
Then when the fear of this great civil war
First seiz'd the peoples hearts, and frighted Rome
Was fill'd with fatal prodigies; to whom

Cassius begins; Oh why should *Brutus* spend
That precious time in thought, which he should lend
In active aid, to his sad countries need;
That would again by *Brutus* hand be free'd.
See what the peoples longing thoughts expect
That thou should'st work for them; mark the effect
Of what they write on thy Prætorian Cell:
There may'st thou read that (though contented well,)
They look'd no farther than for vain delights
(As Libyan huntings, and Circensian fights,)
From other Prætors, they expect from thee
A benefit, no less then liberty;
Can *Brutus* think that *Cæsar*, while he lives,
Will ere design so great a power, who strives
To make it more his own; and not content
With a Dictator's name and government,
An Office oft bestow'd, while Rome was free,
Aimes at more certain marks of Monarchy,
The Regal Crown and Scepter, thinking all
The Senate gives, cause they can give it, small,
Why were the tribunes else, for taking down
From *Cæsar's* Statue, late, a golden Crown,
Depos'd? Or why could he by law alledge
Against their persons sacred privilege;
Did lewd *Antonius* put a Diadem
On *Cæsar's* head to be refus'd by him
In publick onely, and not there to trie
How we would all allow his Monarchie?
Besides a thousand more ambitious arts,
He daily finds to sound the peoples hearts.
His death the period of his pride must be,
And must with speed be wrought; for if, till he
Return triumphant from the Parthian war.
We should delay our vengeance, harder far,
And with more envy must it then be done,
When he more honour and more love has won.

To

To shake off *Cæsar's* yoke this is the time,
Or make it not our own, but fortunes crime;
The Noble *Brutus* sigh'd; Oh *Cassius*
If Heavens (quoth he) have not allotted us
A longer date of freedome, how can we
With feeble arms controule their high decree;
They, that in Affrick, Spain, and Thessalie
Condemn'd the cause of Roman libertie,
Will not protect it now; and better far
It should be lost in fair and open war,
From whence at first it spung, and grew so high
Than to be sav'd by secret treacherie,
Such as the ancient Romans scorn'd to use
'Gainst worst of foes. Noble *Fabritius*,
When conquering *Pyrrhus* threatened Rome, disdain
To free his countrey by a traitours hand,
Adventuring rather Romes sad overthrow
By open war; against a forrein foe
Were these respects observ'd al[illegible] by us;
What greater traitour than *Sertorius*,
And foe to Rome? yet he by treason slain
On base *Perpenna* stuck a lasting stain;
What hope was there that one so deep in bloud
As was that Butcher *Sylla*, ever would
Resign his reign to be a private man?
Yet who 'gainst *Sylla's* life attempted then?
'T wixt whom and *Cæsar* was as great an odds
Almost, as 't wixt the Furies and the Gods.
As much as those then living Romans were
Too timorous, too base, and prone to bear
A Tyrants yoke, as much, for this, shall we
Be judged ingrate to *Cæsar's* clemency;
And those old men will more accuse our crime,
That can remember *Sylla's* bloudy time;
But I (of all accurst) that so much ow
To *Cæsar's* favours, am condemned now

To

To be a subject, and from servitude
To free my self by foul ingratitude:
Oh what a torture my distracted breast
Suffers, 't wixt two such sad extremes oppress?
Oh why, when dire *Pharsalia's* field was fought,
And I disguis'd in common armour sought
To reach his life before I was descry'd,
And sav'd by *Cæsar*, had not *Brutus* dy'd,
And free descended to the shades below?
Or if my aim had hit, one happie blow
Had rescu'd Rome from thrall without a stain
(Unless Great *Pompey* had usurp'd a raign)
And had not left our libertie to be
Thus poorly wrought by secret treacherie?
Oh, stay awhile our vengeance, *Cassius*,
See what the gods, and Fate will do for us,
Or what ere long our fatal enemies
The Parthians can do. *Cassius* replies,
Could *Brutus* then be pleas'd, the Parthian foe
Again should triumph in our overthrow?
To have, with publick loss and infamie
That wrought for us, which may with honour be
(And Rome yet safe) by our own hands atchiev'd.
In all thy reasons, yet, thou art deceiv'd,
Mistaking grounds of things, thou dost conclude
Impartial Justice foul ingratitude:
For if the deed be just, no benefit
Receiv'd, should hinder thee from acting it;
That were corruption, not true gratitude:
The greater favours *Cæsar* ere has shew'd
To thee, the more thy justice will appear
In that the publick good thou dost prefer:
'T would take much honour from a deed so high,
If *Cæsar* had been known thine enemie:
Nor could an act, wherein thy private hate
Had born a share, so much oblige this State:

To

To purchase honour, and our Countries good
Private respects of friendship or of blood
Must be forgot and banish'd; is that old
Brutus through succeeding times extoll'd,
By whose strict Justice his own son did dye,
That sought again to bring in Monarchy?
And art thou bound to suffer *Cæsars* reign?
What would old *Brutus* do, if here again?
Or unto thee can *Cæsars* favour seem
A greater bound than nature was to him?
Nor canst thou term it secret treachery,
If by our hands usurping *Cæsar* dye;
Since Fate of warlike power have us bereft,
And no means else to work our freedome left.
Should we awhile defer the action,
It cannot be, perchance, hereafter done
But with dishonour and base Treasons stain,
When we before have both approv'd his reign;
For in the Sibils books 'twas lately read,
The Parthians never can be vanquished
But by a King, which in the peoples ears
Is told already; and his flatterers
By them would have it publickly desir'd;
Our voices, *Brutus*, will be then requir'd;
Which we with greatest perill must deny,
Or else for ever lose our liberty.
When *Cassius* had with his persuasive art
Fully confirm'd young *Brutus* wavering heart
To this sad deed; a noise at door they hear;
Decimus Brutus now was enter'd there,
And all the rest of that conspiracy:
Where 'mongst themselves the fatall knot they tie,
By mutuall oaths, striving (alas) in vain
By *Cæsars* death that freedome to attain,
Which was for ever banish'd by the doom
Of Fate, and never to return to Rome,

Though

Though often ſought; inſtead of freedome now,
More deſolation, Tragedies and woe
After this ſlaughter muſt again enſue;
And all the people that dire action rue
Which they deſir'd. Philippi's balefull day,
Peruſia's ſiege, and fatall Mutina,
With Leuca's fleet ſhall make afflicted Rome
Truly lament o'r ſlaughter'd *Cæſars* Tomb.
The balefull Ides of March approaching nigh
Ordain'd by Fate for this great tragedy,
Th' Etrurians Augurs, who divine by ſight
Of ſlain Beaſts entrails, and the various flight
Of birds, in *Cæſars* danger were not dumb,
But boldly told what they foreſaw to come.
The Ides of March *Spurinna* bids him feare:
Nor did the Earth, the Air, or Skies forbear
Preſaging ſigns (if any ſigns could lend
Means to prevent, what deſtinies intend:)
Affrighting voices in the Air were heard;
The Sun himſelfe in threatning forms appear'd,
Sometimes, as if he wept, his glorious head
With a blew Rainbow round invironed;
Sometimes quite dimm'd, as if he fled the ſight
Of men, and meant to make eternall night.
The windy ſpirits through earths torn caverns break;
Floods change their courſes; beaſts 'gainſt nature ſpeak
The ſwelling Poe o'rflowes th' adjoining plain,
And to his channell ſuddenly again
Retiring back, thouſands of monſtrous Snakes
Which he brought forth, upon dry ground forſakes.
The ſea that had o'rwhelm'd a part of land
By Tyber's mouth, retiring, on the ſand
As many fiſh did in like ſort forſake:
But nearer ſigns great *Cæſars* death foreſpake.
Thoſe ſtately ſteeds, which, when the war begun,
He croſſing o'r the ſtream of Rubicon,

Had

Had consecrated, and for ever freed
From future service of the war, to feed
At liberty along the Chrystall flood,
And quiet wander through the shady wood,
For many daies before their Lord was slain,
Did of themselves their pleasant food refrain;
Their mourning eies presaging sorrow shew'd,
And all the pasture fields with tears bedew'd.
The little regall Bird, the day before,
Flying along, a sprig of laurell bore
Within her mouth; whom straight a multitude
Of birds out of the wood pursu'd,
Till shee had enter'd *Pompeys* Court, and there
The Laurell'd Bird did all in pieces teare.
That night, that usher'd forth that fatall day,
Was come, and with her darknesse did display
Prodigious fears, bringing, instead of rest,
A sad disturbance to each wakefull breast:
Throughout the Palace where great *Cæsar* slept
His last, the arms of *Mars*, which there were kept,
Were heard to yield a horrid ratling sound,
Clashing together of themselves; and round
About the house, the doors flew ope at once:
The air of night was fill'd with dismall groans;
And people oft awaked with the howls
Of Wolves and fatall dogs: ill boding Owls,
Night-jars and Ravens, with wide stretched throats,
From yews, and holleys send their balefull notes;
The shrieches, wailings, and all cries were heard
Of every fatall and affrighting bird.
Shape-faining *Morpheus*, in the dead of night,
Sent from the King of rest, with speedy flight,
Entering the Palace to *Calphurnia*,
Who sleeping in her Lords embraces lay,
Presents his slaughter'd figure in such wise,
As unto all th' amazed peoples eies,

The next day's Sun muſt ſhow; all ſtain'd with blood
Before the bed ſhe dream'd her *Ceſar* ſtood,
His viſage pal'd with death: that robe of State,
Which never foe before could violate,
All torn, through which his gaping wounds appear,
Calphurnia weeps, then ſhricks aloud for feare,
And ſtretching o'r the bed her loving-arms
T' embrace the flying ſhade; though free from harms
She find her Lord, who was awaked now,
Scarce dares ſhe truſt her waking ſenſes ſo
As ſhee beleeves the viſion; in her thought
So much that too prophetike dream had wrought.
Ceſar with kiſſes wipes away her tears,
And asks the cauſe of her ſo ſudden fears;
She trembling yet, the fatall dream declares
Which had diſturb'd her ſleep (nor could the cares
That roſe from thence, be baniſh'd) with the ſtory,
Mixing freſh teares, and loving oratory,
Perſwades her *Ceſar* to remember now
What the Augur's skill ſo lately did fore-ſhow,
And what the learn'd *Spurinna* bad him feare
From th' Ides of *March*, which now (ill) preſent were;
She begs of him he would forbeare to goe
That morning to the Senate, and beſtow
That one poor day, if not upon his own
Deare ſafety, yet upon her fears alone;
And grant to her as much, as to a wife
Was due, of intereſt in a husbands life.
That he thoſe Spaniſh guards would entertain,
Which had ſo lately been diſmiſs'd, again;
That ſafe prevention of a danger neer
Was noble ſtill, and could be ſtiled fear,
No more then ſcorning the gods threats could be
True fortitude or magnanimity.
Ceſar replies; Ah dear *Calphurnia*,
Dearer to me, than that life-breath I draw,

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou forbear thy griefe, it could not lie
Within the power of any prodigy
To make this day a ſad one: ſhould I here
Begin to learn that ſuperſtitious fear
Of fatall daies and houres, what day to me
Could ere hereafter from ſuch fears be free?
I only ſhould my wretched life torment,
And not my deſtin'd time of death prevent,
But live for ever with vain fears diſeas'd,
When ere Aſtrologers or Augurs pleas'd:
Every beaſts entrails were a care to me,
And flight of every bird a malady.
If *Cæſars* danger grow from diſcontent
Of Rome, not one daies abſence can prevent,
Nor ſcarce reprive my fate; and once to dye
Better than ever fear conſpiracy:
What good can ſtrongeſt guards on me confer,
But make me live perpetuall priſoner?
Why ſhould I fear the peoples diſcontent,
Who now enjoy under my government
More wealth, more ſafety, and proſperity,
Then by my death they could? the death of me,
That have already reach'd the height of all
Glory and State that can to man befall,
And wrought my fartheſt ends, can never be
So much mine own as their calamity;
Who will again with Civill jars be rent,
And wiſh a ſafe and ſetled government:
Oh do not fear thy dream *Calphurnia*,
Nor ſad preſages from ſuch trifles draw:
If dreams were fatall, Love, ſleep were not reſt;
Since moſt our cares would be by ſleep increaſt;
But if they were preſages, tell me then,
For our two dreams to night have different been,
Which ſhould prevaile? Me thought I flew above
The lofty clouds, and touch'd the hand of *Jove*,

And

And to my selfe did seem more great and high
Then e'r before: what but felicity
Should this portend? I dare not now suspect
In calmest peace, those powers that did effect
My roughest wars; Oh let no sad surmise
With causelesse griefe distain *Calphurnias* eies.
Aurora now from *Tithons* purple bed
Arose, and th' Eastern skie discoloured,
Gave cheerfull notice of th' approaching Sun;
When forth, through Rome th' officious clients run,
The Palace all with early visitants
Was fill'd, to wait when *Cæsar* would advance
Forth to the Senate; striving to be seen
Neer th' earthly Sun, and in his raies to shine:
Some to do grace, and grace receive from him,
Some, like malignant clouds prepar'd to dim,
Or in eclipse eternall bury quite
Before the set of *Phœbus*, *Cæsar's* light.
Among the rest did *Decimus* attend
With fained service, and the name of friend
To fatal ends abusing, hasten'd on
Perswaded *Cæsar* to destruction;
Though, ere they go, the Sacrifices all
Threatning and black appear'd, and did appall
The fearfull Priests, who from those entrails show
Portent of dire calamity and woe.
Some Buls they could not at the Altar stay,
Who breaking thence fled through the streets away;
In others, which were slain and open'd there,
None but th' infernall gods deign'd to appear:
The hearts were perish'd, and corruption flow'd
Through all the vitall parts, black was the blood.
The burning entrails yielded onely fume,
No flame at all, but darkly did consume,
Mouldring away to ashes, and with black
Unsavoury clouds through th' air a darknesse make.

But

But *Cæsar*, maugre what the entrails threat,
Undaunted passes on (how wondrous great
Is destinie?) and as he goes, neglects
The Scroll presented to him, which detects
The whole conspiracie: which, as of small
Import, he pockets up not read at all.
And enters *Pompey's* bloudy Court, led on
By powerful Fate to his destruction:
Where Ominously receiv'd, he mounts his high
Dictator's Cell of Gold and Ivory;
The Lords obeisance make in humblest wise,
When Different passions in their breasts arise;
Even those bold hearts that vow'd his Tragedie,
Almost relent: the mans great Majestie,
That awfull fortune, that did still attend
His deeds, in all extremes a constant friend
Produce a fear t' encounter discontent:
Nor do their fancies onely him present
Invincible in open field, as when
He stood environ'd with his armed men:
But such as when alone he wrought his ends,
Aided by none but fortune, as his friends,
As when he escap'd th' Ægyptian treacherie,
When he appeas'd his Souldiers mutinie,
On when the stormie Seas he crossed ore
By night, and safely reach'd Brundusium's shore:
And why should not that friendly fortune now,
As then (think they) prevent his overthrow
And to their ruin quite defeat the plot.
But shame forbid them to relent; the knot
Among too many conscious breasts was ty'd
To let them start; and on the other side
Revenge encourag'd by the multitude
Of Actors, enter'd, and all fears subdu'd,
First to his Cell bold *Cimber* made approach,
And seiz'd his Purple robe; at whose rude touch

While *Cæsar's* wrath together with a maze
Began to rise, the rest from every place
Drawn neer, no longer hiding their intent,
The fatal Ponyards to his breast present:
The first wound on him *Casca* did bestow,
Whose Ponyard *Cæsar* wresting to his foe,
Returns a stab back for the stab he gave,
Striving in vain with one poor strength to save
A life assaulted by so many hands;
No succours could approch, no guard, nor bands
Of aiding friends were nigh; that courage quite
Was lost, that neer was lost before in fight;
Untill enfeebled by a deeper wound,
And by invading death inviron'd round,
Hopeless he hides his face, and vexed stands
T' endure the furie of revenging hands,
Repressing groans or words, as loth to shame
His former life, or dying stain the fame
Of those great deeds through all the World expresst,
These silent thoughts revolving to his breast:
Yet has not fortune changed, nor given the power
O' *Cæsar's* head to any Conquerour;
By no Superiours proud command I die,
But by subjected Romes conspiracie;
Who to the World confesses by her feare,
My State and strength to be too great for hers,
And from earths highest Throne sends me to be
By after ages made a Deitie;
Through many wounds his life disseized, fled
At last; and he, who never vanquished
By open war, with bloud and slaughter strew'd
So many lands, with his own bloud embrew'd
The seat of wronged Justice, and fell down
A lacrifice to appease th' offended gown.

FINIS